THE TAILED HEADHUNTERS OF NIGERIA

A. J. N. TREMEARNE

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THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIGERIA

NIGERIAN NATIVES WITH TAILS

A Kagoro woman from Tuku Tozo and an Attakka woman. See p. 104.

THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIGERIA

AN ACCOUNT OF AN OFFICIAL'S SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCES IN THE NORTHERN NIGERIAN PAGAN BELT, AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE MANNERS, HABITS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVE TRIBES

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TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE

One of my aims in writing this book has been to show how much the uncivilised natives of Northern Nigeria resemble some other aboriginal races, possibly even our own remote ancestors, and, incidentally, to prove that they are by no means as black in many ways as they are painted. Having served in different parts of West Africa for the greater part of ten years, first as a Military then as a Police Officer, and subsequently in a Political and a Judicial capacity, I have possibly a wider view of West African things in general than many writers on the country. The native is certainly not the equal of the European, but he is still worthy of consideration.

If in discussing African life and characteristics I have occasionally introduced examples drawn from other lands, it has not been done with any intention of forcing them into an artificial resemblance, but solely for the sake of comparison, for a custom, which at first may seem strange to the average reader, becomes more easily intelligible through the light thus thrown upon it from other sources. I hope, therefore, that the general observations on customs and ideas will be useful to those commencing the "study of man," and that the notes on the head-hunting tribes, being quite new, will interest even those who are more advanced. A description of certain subjects, with which it has been impossible to deal here, will be found in the *Journal* of the Royal Anthropological Institute to be published shortly.

Life in West Africa is a medley of sensations. There are many intensely exciting moments, there are days when one is absolutely in the depths of despair, but even at these times something may happen, with the light-hearted natives about one, which will divert one's thoughts into a totally different channel. Perhaps when under fire, the black soldier—as gallant in many

ways as his white comrade—will provoke a smile by some quaint remark concerning the enemy; or the cook will prepare meals quite unconcernedly within arrow range, singing all the time as if there were no danger to be feared more serious than the burning of the pudding.

One is liable after an absence of a couple of years to forget "the madding crowd" of insects, the annoyances of official correspondence, the irritating revenue returns, the noise, the dust, and the dirt, and to remember only the excitement and the beauty of West Africa; and if he sits down to write in this mood he is likely to see everything tinted *couleur de rose*. It is only by referring to brief entries in note books, and by being thus reminded of the circumstances connected therewith, that I can recall the worries which, though negligible now, seemed serious enough at the time. And, as I do not wish to describe only one aspect, I have in places purposely "laid a complaint," not on account of any grudge against Northern Nigeria, or its people, white or black, but because I wish the book to be a true and living picture of life in that country. The officials of the Colonial Office and of the local Government have done splendid work, but there is no need to expect them to be more than human.

The native is a humorist, sometimes consciously, more often unconsciously, and I have usually been able to understand his joke when with him. And though, when sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, the amusing incidents stand out clearly, while the accompanying pin-pricks gradually fade into the dim distance, it is safe to say that there is plenty of laughter in the air of the West Coast for every one if he can only see it.

A. J. N. T.

Blackheath,
October 1911.

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THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIGERIA

CHAPTER I

IMPRESSIONS OF WEST AFRICA

I HAD always wanted to go to West Africa, and when given the choice to proceed as a Special Service Officer to join the Expedition in Ashanti in 1900 instead of going back to South Africa to join the Australian Regiment, which was due to return home, I eagerly seized the opportunity of visiting that fascinating country. Kumasi, or as it used to be spelt, Coomassie, had always attracted me strongly, and so had Segu, though I should have found it difficult to say why (unless it had a faint connection in my mind with something to eat), and I can remember even now that when about the age of eight I marked the routes on a map.

My first stay in West Africa was not a long one, but I had had a taste of the country, and in less than two years afterwards I was back to the Coast again, this time to Northern Nigeria, glad to feel the warmth once more, glad to hear the cries of the natives, and to watch their interesting ways. I suppose those excellent books of the late G. A. Henty played some part in arousing within me the longing for strange countries, and perhaps the attraction of the Australian bush already born and bred in my blood had prepared me for the call of the mysterious African forests. Or perhaps "spell" would be a better name, for it is more than a "call," it is a summons, a command, and one which I should think must be quite unconquerable, though it is rather early to judge yet in my own case, for I have left Nigeria too recently, and have been studying West African anthropology ever since, so I am, at any rate in thought, living to a great extent

in West Africa still. The victim once fallen must obey though it be against his better understanding, or perhaps his inclination, even against his will, and, whatever kind of a wreck the Coast has made of his body, I doubt if his mind ever frees itself of the charm of the old associations.

The bush and the forest attract in different ways. The Australian bush somehow makes one feel a tinge of sadness even on the brightest days; there is often a sigh amidst the smiles; one wants to drowse, to think of what might have been, though the reminiscences are not necessarily gloomy; whereas the African forest makes a man active—difficulties are always cropping up, and he must be ready for them—and although one becomes at times more dismally depressed on the Coast than anywhere else, the usual tendency is to look ahead. This is strange considering the fact that the Australian bush is very healthy indeed, at any rate where the gum-tree abounds, while the African forest is quite the reverse, and I think the sole reason is that whereas in the land of the Southern Cross all is peaceful, on the Coast of the Dark Continent danger may lurk anywhere, and the traveller must be on the alert to face it. To even the ordinary man, like myself, adventure has a strong fascination, and every one, however little he possesses of the stuff of which heroes are made, hopes to find himself in danger some day, he wants to test himself at some time or other. To those more fortunate persons who have never known fear—and there are many such people, of course—the unknown must call with even greater force, for there is always risk, there is always adventure for him who looks for it, and usually for him also who does not look for it.

Why should men all over the world want to face danger? why should they wish to undergo hardships when they might be so very much more comfortable at home? Some, of course, go to make money, some to get out of a scrape at home, some because they command in West Africa though they serve in England. But even then, what is the moving principle which makes men listen with bated breath to the tales of danger, to discount the hardships, and to look with eager eyes on the hideous mangrove swamps? It is the old pagan instinct that will not be killed in

spite of our civilisation, in spite of our peace societies; it is a pride in that superiority of personal strength and skill which compels the homage of others less fortunately endowed, or less willing to make the necessary sacrifices to raise themselves above their fellows; it is the old fighting spirit which has made the British Nation what it is. The rush of volunteers, eager for service, during the South African War must have been a shock to many of the well-meaning folk, who imagined and, apparently, still continue to imagine, that a few benevolent old gentlemen would be able to settle all the future quarrels of the world, and that modern weapons were so terrible that no nations would dare to go to war. Austria and Italy did not hesitate even with but slender excuse. Would the protests of a few small boys at school prevent two bigger boys fighting? Would strong men in a matter vital to their existence or their honour be ruled by the weak and timorous? Would two powerful nations roused to frenzy on account of some national insult, or a country in the throes of civil war, take the slightest notice of an arbitration award which was unpopular and appeared unfair? Not until we have killed the old fighting spirit, and have civilised ourselves into becoming mere automatons, not until we have crushed out all that is good in us, shall we consent to barter our honour or to give up our rights at the bidding of others whom in our hearts, perhaps, we really know to be our inferiors.

There is another point! Many men will do things for the sake of their party which they would regard almost in the light of crimes if committed for their own advantage. Will arbitrators give an award which would damage their own country? would they not do more for their country than for their party? A man has been known to send his own brother to death, but he would not ruin his fatherland.

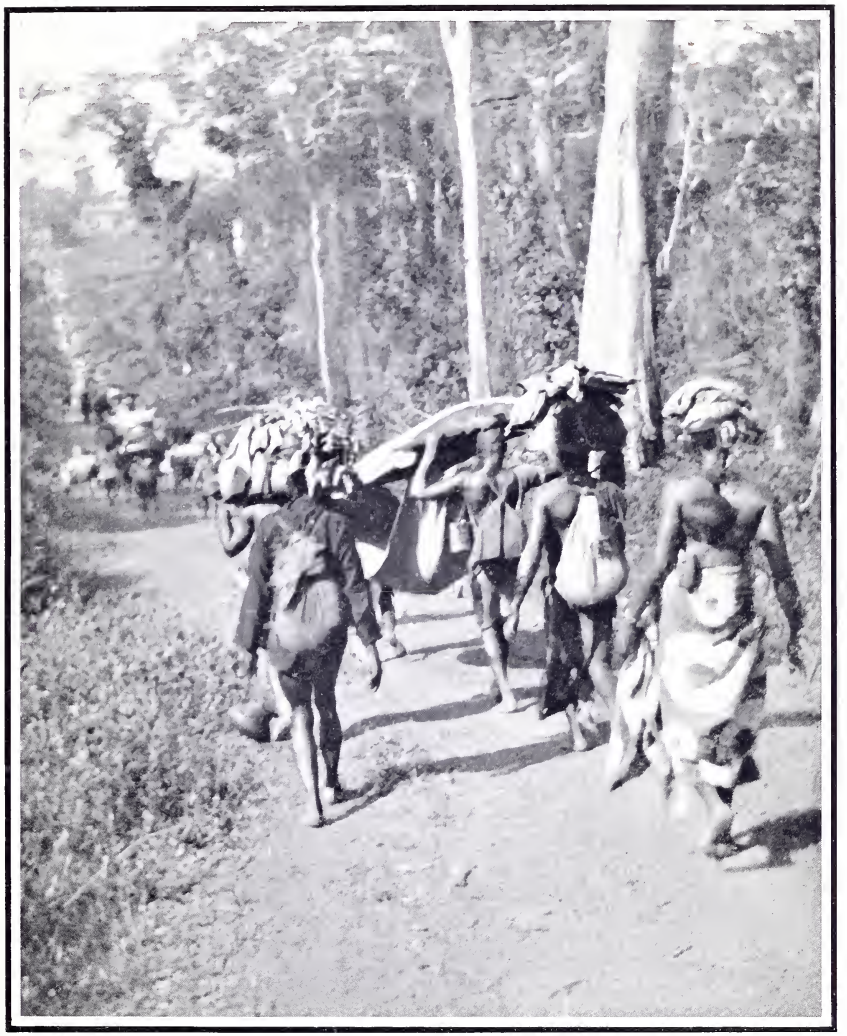
The political history of Northern Nigeria has been a short, though brilliant, record of a contest of pluck and initiative against hardships and dangers on the spot, and against discouragement from home, and it has been only of late years that the British Government has really done its duty towards that possession. I have elsewhere (in *The Niger and the West Sudan*) given an

account of the river Niger, the search for which led to the occupation of the present territory of Northern Nigeria, and I need not repeat myself, but a short outline of the progress of the country itself may be acceptable.

Some of the outlets of the river Niger were discovered in the fifteenth century by the Portuguese and others, but up to 1830 it had never been recognised that these comparatively small streams had any connection with the great body of water known to be flowing past Timbuktu (or Timbuctoo, as it used to be spelt); and it was only after the expeditions in 1795 and 1805 of Mungo Park, the first white man to reach the Niger, and also Northern Nigeria, that it was recognised that the Niger came further south than had been supposed. The river was now thought to flow into Lake Chad (the old idea was that it was an affluent of the Nile), or else that it and the Congo were one, and in 1816 two parties were sent out, one to start from the Senegal, another from the Congo, which were to meet somewhere in what is now Northern Nigeria. However, both parties came to grief, and the next attempt, made five years later, was from Tripoli, Major Denham, Clapperton, Oudney, and others arriving at Lake Chad more than twelve months after their departure from England, being the second party of white men to reach Northern Nigeria. Denham explored the country around Bornu while Clapperton visited Kano and Sokoto, and both returned safely to England in 1825, though they lost all their European companions, they having fallen victims to the country.

Clapperton took out another expedition a couple of years later, but it ended disastrously, and it was not until 1830 that the two Landers (one of whom, Richard, had been with Clapperton) sailed in canoes from Yelwa to the Brass mouth of the Niger.

The petty little adventures and limited wanderings related in this book seem tame indeed compared to the great dangers and magnificent journeys of these early explorers, yet they were not without their hardships nor their charm. There is still a good deal of country in West Africa as yet untrodden by white feet, and the satisfaction of having been in even a small portion of "new country" helps one to appreciate all the more the joy



THE "GREAT NORTH ROAD" TO KUMASI

Most West African roads are but a foot or two in width, and very crooked, but this was widened and straightened by order of the Government. It is not easy to describe the feelings of the traveller who for the first time sets foot on a path which leads perhaps right into the heart of this wonderful continent.

of these great men when success crowned their efforts. How elated must Mungo Park have been to know that no white man but himself had ever seen the Niger? Imagine Major Laing's feelings of pride at being the first to enter the city of Timbuktu which had such a mysterious and wonderful reputation! How can one describe the joy of the Landers, after having been swept along in unknown streams, at seeing British ships at the mouth of the river ahead of them?

Alas, these men, and others like them, who added so much to the prestige of the nation, had usually but scanty rewards. Park and Laing lost their lives in the country of their fame, and the Landers had great difficulty in even securing a passage to England on a British ship! But their names are as fresh as ever, and as long as there is an opening for an explorer, so long will that explorer be found, and others to take his place should he lose his life in the attempt; and while that spirit is encouraged and recognised by the nation, the British Empire will hold its own. There is plenty of work to be done among us yet; in addition to Africa there are Central Australia, New Guinea, the frontiers of India, and even the polar regions calling for explorers and pioneers: let the Government enable men to go there—there is no need to persuade men to do so—it will be well worth the cost even for the geographical and ethnographical results alone. But there would be a much greater gain, for the dormant spirit of adventure would be reawakened in every breast, the old self-reliance of the nation would be re-established, and we should not have a nightmare every time a Continental Power added a ship to its fleet.

After the explorers came the traders, two ships ascending the Niger nearly to Jebba in 1832, and though four out of every five Europeans died, another and a larger party went out a few years afterwards with even more disastrous results. Later ventures under Baikie, however, were fairly successful, the use of quinine having been introduced, and no doubt contributing to the great decrease in the death-rate. In 1850 another mission started from Tripoli, consisting of Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, the latter being the only one to return, and with an enormous amount of information, after having visited the Hausa States and even Timbuktu.

Trading companies now began to spring up, and though many of the English firms indulged for a time in a cut-throat competition, most of them amalgamated in 1879, to form what was later the National Africa Company, and later still (1886) the Royal Niger Company, with a charter from the Crown to govern what is now Northern Nigeria.

France and Germany, who had been busy acquiring colonies on the coast, now began to take a great interest in West Africa, and tried to force us out of some of our possessions by creating complications amongst the natives under us, but our representatives usually proved the smarter and more capable, and Britain managed to keep what she had got—I wonder would she have done so if every case had been submitted to arbitration? Still, British Ministers found it difficult to protect a chartered company as such against the Governments of foreign nations, and mainly to prevent fresh international disagreements the Company's charter was revoked, and the territories were added to those of the Oil Rivers to form Northern and Southern Nigeria, Lagos being amalgamated with the latter six years later, the Northern Protectorate being almost as large as Great Britain and France combined. This put an end to most of the external complications, but internal troubles arose soon after the transfer, and there has been an expedition or a patrol operating every few months ever since, the most important being those against Yola in 1901, Bornu the following year, Sokoto, Kano, and Burmi the year after that, and Sokoto and Katagum in 1906, while the Munchi country south of the Benue, and a great part of the pagan belt in Zaria, Bauchi, and Nassarawa has still to be thoroughly subdued.

So much for the geographical history. The ethnographical outline of some of the tribes has been touched upon elsewhere, and that of a few more in this book, but I have here tried to confine myself merely to some of the main points of the political history, and then only so far as our dealings with the natives are concerned. We are unfortunately educating the natives upon European lines, and the results are disastrous. A Filani chief who is proud of his rank is a man no one can help admiring; the ex-canoe boy with a smattering of Latin inspires one only

with contempt. Our cantonments, too, are built according to English ideas, and we have spoiled the beauty of many a spot noted before for its loveliness. I suppose West Africa will some day be as safe as Ireland. A very desirable state of affairs for the Government, perhaps, but—heavens!—how dreary!

The adventures of the explorers and pioneers can be learned from their own writings, and I venture to state that there is hardly any one who has read them who has not yearned for chances of similar glories. But apart from the joy of entering new districts, there is the mystery and the fascination of the country to attract a man, and in a London fog his thoughts will turn almost involuntarily to the feverish yet sunny, luring yet repulsive, unhealthy yet beautiful and wonderful, West Coast of Africa.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL

FORCADOS and Burutu, the ports on the Niger for Northern Nigerian passengers, are dreary-looking places, set on dismal and unhealthy mud-banks and surrounded by hideous mangrove swamps; but once those have been left behind by the noisy stern-paddled river-boat, to which we have transferred ourselves and our baggage, the real beauty of the country begins to unfold itself.

The time taken between Burutu and Lokoja (three hundred and thirty miles) depends upon whether one is going up or down stream, upon the size of the steamer, and the amount of cargo on board. A little over two days is enough for the biggest boats when going down, but I have been ten days going up, and that was in the *Kapelli*, which is supposed to be the flyer of the fleet. We were towing a couple of barges loaded with railway material, or rather they were lashed one on each side, and so the progress was exceedingly slow. There were nine of us on board, and there was some room to move about, but what the boat would be like with twenty, the official number, I should not like to think, especially as each man makes his own arrangements for messing, though, usually, parties of half-a-dozen or so are formed for convenience. As there is only one cooking-place, the respective cooks have to take turns, and there are often some very fine quarrels amongst them, and also amongst the other boys, who are continually stealing each other's things—or those of their masters. Usually, I think, the native is fairly honest, but at times he absolutely runs amuck, and the journey up river (and *à fortiori* that down river) seems to be one of these occasions. When I went up the first time, in May 1903, shooting was allowed from the boat, and we had numerous pot-shots at hippo in the lower

reaches, and at crocs in the upper, though I doubt if we hit many. One funny old man with us had a pistol with which he used to blaze at everything showing, and he managed to amuse himself immensely—and us too. But hippo are not often seen nowadays, and in any case the shooting, except from barges, has been made illegal, as there is much more traffic, and thus as time goes on, and every one becomes fearfully respectable, many other little amusements will be prohibited, and, consequently, the country will lose one of its attractions, its unconventionality.

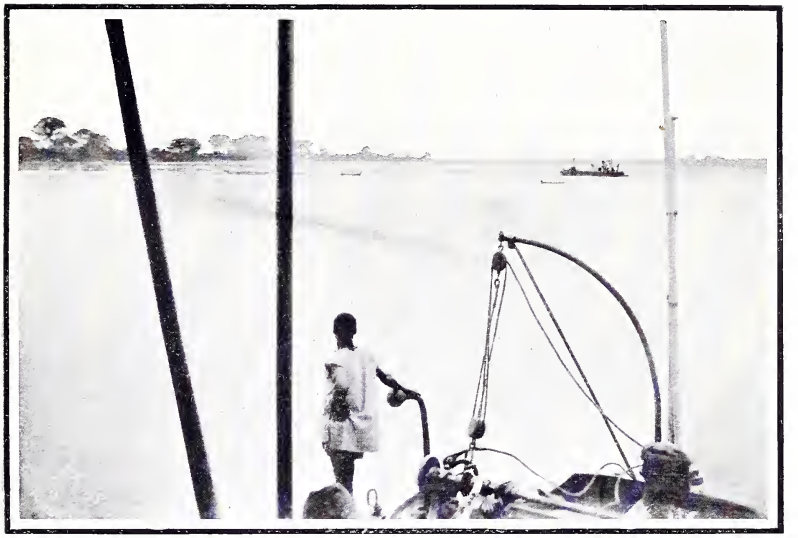
The passenger will find that any empty tins or bottles are capable of creating some amusement, for while passing the villages on the banks—especially those of the tattoo-nosed Ijo—numerous canoes will put out and surround the steamer, the inmates, who are usually small girls or even smaller boys, calling out lustily for these articles. These children are fine swimmers, and although the canoes are often upset by the wash of the steamer, or by the fighting of the paddlers themselves over the booty, one knows there is no danger, and that all will be as happy as ever five minutes afterwards.

When coming out on the Elder-Dempster boats, a somewhat similar excitement may be caused amongst the crowds of natives on the fore-hatch—who come aboard all the way down from Freetown—by throwing down pennies, lumps of sugar, or fruit, and the people usually know what is wanted, and pretend to really fight and quarrel so as to induce the onlookers to give them more and more. I do not think a native ever objects to a quarrel, either real or imaginary, so long as there is a chance of making something out of it. There is not always this inducement, though, and at times it would appear as if they indulged in these little pleasures merely for the satisfaction of hearing themselves speak. I have sometimes seen two natives sit down close to each other and pour out strings of angry abuse and bad language at the top of their voices, and as fast as possible, neither taking the slightest notice of what the other was saying, and after fiercely accusing each other of every imaginable crime under the sun, suddenly both would burst out laughing, and forget all that had been said—if, indeed, they ever heard anything except their own

voices—and be as good friends as before. There is but little lasting resentment in the native's nature, and for that reason our punishments ought to be sharp, sudden, and done with at once. I do not believe in fining, for the real punishment is then felt long after the offence has been committed. He understands being caned, and Sir Sidney Olivier, an experienced Governor, recommends it, and however severe we were, we should not hurt him anything like as much as his own chiefs would. European boys at school are also acquainted with the rod, and there are many old Etonians who consider that the birch was most beneficial to them; is a native more sensitive than they were? It is the long drawn-out punishment which awakens resentment; it is only human nature to dread everlasting trouble, that is why we undergo the very sharp pain of having teeth drawn rather than suffer a gnawing ache for an indefinite period, however mild it may be. But there is a very great difference between caning and flogging, for the punishment can be sufficient without being brutal, and a caning need not necessarily become a flogging, any more than a modern school develops into an "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the dry season, especially in April and May, the rivers are very low, and the boats are often delayed by running on sand-banks. The shock when on the larger craft is nothing to speak of, but when a "swine" (see Chapter XXII.) digs its snout into the ground all one's precious crockery may be knocked over, and—awful thought—even one's own sacred person may suffer. Sometimes, particularly when going down stream, the boat may get so far on the bank that many hours elapse before she is floated again, and in 1903 we nearly lost the mail steamer at Burutu through being thus delayed. Luckily we were far enough down stream to feel the rise of the tide, and with the flow we managed to get off and catch the boat for home. To have been stuck at Burutu for a week would have been anything but pleasant. A certain Governor and his staff managed to accomplish the feat on one occasion, and the number of official "snorters" sent off during those seven days is said to be easily a record.

If the steamer cannot back herself off, a small boat is sent out with an anchor which is fixed in the bank on the other



THE RIVER NIGER—NEARING A SANDBANK

Owing to the nature of the banks and bed, the river is continually changing its channel, and navigation is consequently difficult.

THE RIVER NIGER—ON IT

The "Kampala" (now a "submarine") gets stuck.

side of the channel, and back-paddling and straining on the cable usually bring the steamer into deeper water again. The channels change so much each year, owing to the great difference in the summer and winter levels of the river, and the sandy nature of its banks and bed, that it is impossible to buoy them to any great extent, but now that a dredger is working there should be a great improvement in this direction. By the way, there is a story about this queer-looking craft.

A newly arrived missionary lady was standing on deck, watching the dredger working, and after a time she was joined by a trader who had had many an argument with her on the way out about the laziness of the natives.

"There, you can see for yourself," said he; "look at those black men squatting about on that dredger; not one of them is doing a hand's turn."

"They must be tired, poor things," said she, and then, as a brilliant thought struck her, she added, beaming, "you should not judge only by what you can see; just think how hard the poor men underneath must be working to be able to fill those buckets so quickly!"

She won.

There is one employment which must be an ideal one for a native, and it would suit even an unemployed park-loafer. Every barge has a headman (from the permanent establishment of the Marine Department) to look after the polemen, but not to help them. All he has to do is to sit in a camp chair and give orders; he usually has a small boy to cook his food and call him "captain" when there is no European about, he has a wife in every port (even a Mohammedan is allowed four), and he gets a shilling a day! How popular such posts would be on the local penny tin boats! Alas, white men never have any luck like that, not even in West Africa.

After some days on the river Niger, the boat passes Idda, the last town of Southern Nigeria, and soon afterwards arrives at Lokoja, the oldest white settlement in the country though not now the soonest reached, for Egori, almost opposite Idda, has that doubtful honour.

ARRIVAL

I arrived in 1903, with three others, to raise a police force. Somehow or other the High Commissioner's instructions had gone astray; he was on leave, and no one seemed to know anything about us, although we had already had three days at Idda on a sandbank, so we were left for several hours on board the boat at the wharf, and we had plenty of time to admire its beauties. Lokoja is anything but pretty from the river, but from the top of Patti, the mountain looming up behind, it is beautiful, the clash of the brilliant colours being very barbaric and splendid. For on two sides are the silver ribbons of the Niger, and its affluent the Benue, which joins it here, winding away to the horizon; opposite are the blue Okpoto Hills, and underneath gleam the ruby-roofed bungalows set in the emerald-hued foliage, the whole making up a gloriously-coloured picture of the Impressionist school. The soil here, too, is wonderfully fertile; almost anything will grow, and many men are glad indeed to be told that this will be their headquarters.

But Lokoja is more beautiful than healthy; the heat is damp and stifling, the river becomes exceedingly unpleasant when falling and leaving the banks uncovered, and altogether it is a good place to be out of, except for the man who prefers office work to travel, who wishes for comparatively comfortable quarters rather than excitement. Mails are more regular, and they come more quickly; food is plentiful, for there are several good canteens; and if each man could have a bungalow to himself, he would not have so much to complain about. Unfortunately, he seldom has more room on land than he had on the river-boat, four or even more men being sometimes crowded into a three-roomed wooden bungalow; and as each European must have at least two servants, and, in addition, one extra for each horse, the state of pandemonium which one has to endure may be better imagined than described.

I have pointed out elsewhere that the discomfort and the amount of filth a man eats are responsible for many more deaths and invalidings than is the infamous mosquito, and were it possible to give each man a two-roomed brick house to himself (something like those which are allotted to black

clerks), and to encourage him to bring out wife or sister to look after it, there would not be the same necessity to work out wonderful schemes of soaking the ground—or himself, I forget which—in kerosene. Doubtless much can be done in cantonments by following rules laid down by the medical authorities, but it is quite impossible to keep a grass-roofed and windowless mud hut mosquito-proof for very long, and I have yet to meet the official who can afford to fill up the holes in his compound with kerosene when it costs perhaps £2 a tin! Nor has any one in Northern Nigeria the chance to retire under mosquito curtains at sundown every night—the only time available for recreation is between 4 P.M. and 7 P.M., and even were one never to go out to dinner, he would often have work of some kind to do in the evening. Still, the local Government does its best for the officials, and the medical staff is a body composed of able and conscientious men (and having once been a medical student myself, I can sympathise with their aims, even though I may think their recommendations in some cases impracticable), for on the whole the doctors and nurses have worked wonders in West Africa. The Colonial Office, too, is quite as anxious to improve the conditions, and, after all, most who go to West Africa expect a certain amount of discomfort and hardship.

Those men who serve in cantonments are very much better off as regards quarters and food, but their expenses are considerably heavier than those which the "bush-whackers" have to bear, so things even out fairly well on the whole. And there is no doubt that when a man is back home again, his knowledge of the interior may stand him in good stead if he has taken the trouble to study, while those who have had experience only of the office-chairs in cantonments cannot be said to have any knowledge of true West African conditions. A man can read reports or add up figures in England, it is only the traveller in little-known villages who can enter into the underlying charm, it is only he who can get to know the real West Africa.

CHAPTER III

UP COUNTRY

I WAS not longer than a month in Lokoja, though I managed to get fever twice during that time, and I was then ordered to the Ilorin Province, a Yoruba country which had been conquered by the Filani.

From Lokoja, where the Benue meets the Niger, it is usually necessary to change to a smaller boat except in the wet season, for the volume of water is naturally very much less above the confluence, but as there were only two of us now on board it did not matter. It took some three days to reach Mureji where the Kaduna flows in, and there I disembarked, as the rest of the journey was to be by land. An old hulk served as quarters for the Marine Superintendent there, and I did not envy him his lot, for the tin roof made the place like an oven, while the sandflies were absolutely awful. His only exercise consisted in walking up and down a sandbank, his only excitement the passing up or down of passengers like myself, who caused him trouble in that he had to arrange for their transport.

I found on arrival that no arrangements had been made from Lokoja for my journey, for all the Marine men being ill, the department was run for the time by the Cantonment Magistrate, and he did not know much about it. But the Superintendent at Mureji, being a decent sort, lent me his native interpreter, and I went over to the other side to bargain for carriers and a horse, and at last I managed to complete my arrangements and get off, though not without trouble, for the chief (a Mohammedan) was usually too drunk to understand. I knew nothing of any of the native languages, my boys were both from Southern Nigeria and were as ignorant as I, no interpreter had been provided, I had no escort nor guard of any kind to look after the carriers, and we had

to pass first through Nupe and then through Yoruba towns. The result was that I seldom got off before eleven in the morning instead of at daylight, and so had all the heat of the day to travel in, and I seldom managed to cover more than ten miles before dark, and about half the carriers would run away each day, and I had to get others as best I could. Yet I enjoyed it, for it was an experience, and I used to ride with the *Hausa Grammar* in my hand, so that by the end of the fifth day, when I reached Ilorin, I had begun to understand a little here and there. In fact by this means I learned the language much faster than my boys did, and this rather surprised me, because the native's good ear and memory, and the greater necessity for knowing what to ask for directly, usually make him a great linguist. Probably it was on account of the fact that the boys could converse with each other in their own language, and so were not so ready to learn a new one; had there been only one Ijo amongst them he would quickly have mastered the local tongues in order to converse with his fellows, for a native *must* talk to some one.

While at Ilorin I saw in the Government *Gazette* a notice of the Hausa Scholarship at Cambridge, and made up my mind to work for it, and luckily, I managed afterwards to be ready just when it became vacant—and that really led to the commencement of my anthropological work. It is rather a pity that the Scholarship has been allowed to lapse, for it is more imperative than ever that a Political or a Police Officer should have a knowledge of the language, but the Hausa Association came to an end, and with it the £80 per annum at Christ's College, though a prize is to be given there every five years for an Essay on West African work.

Ilorin is now an important station on the Lagos-Jebba Railway, but there were no bungalows when I was there, and we lived in a street of square mud houses, some having two, some three rooms, with verandahs in front and behind. It was a pretty station, and was supposed to be fairly healthy, but it did not suit me at all as I had fever every few weeks, though perhaps the place was not wholly responsible, for I had never really got rid of the malaria which I had contracted in Ashanti. The two kinds were quite

different in my case, for the Ashanti fever was like ague in that it made me shiver violently, my teeth being almost driven through my jaws, and exhaustion coming afterwards; whereas the kind which I had in Northern Nigeria (and still have each month) made me feel tired and bruised all over to start with, and there were no shivering fits, but, on the contrary, a feeling of being boiled. I do not mean to say that these cases are typical, for there are many kinds in both countries; I merely mention my own personal experience.

Work now commenced in earnest, as our rôle had been discovered at last, and I began enlisting men for the police as fast as I could get them. I had no stationery, and was driven to making up enlistment and other forms mainly from my private supplies of notepaper, and I remember my disgust one morning when, after having been hard at it all the previous day, one of my kittens ruined a pile of completed papers, and the whole lot had to be done again. By the way, I forgot to mention these kittens. I brought out three of them in a large parrot-cage, and also a fox-terrier, and now and then on the march I used to put the dog in the cage too when she got tired. In addition to the kittens and the dog, there were often in the cage a couple of fowls for food during the day, that being the number usually presented by the chief of each town at which I halted. At first the occupants were slightly distrustful of each other, but they soon made friends, and the dog and the cats always used to sleep together in my camp chair afterwards. The fowls, I fear, never lived long enough to become really intimate with their fellow-lodgers.

I am not at all sure that it is kind to take out English dogs. Certainly it is not unless you are prepared to pay a special boy to look after them. On my next trip I brought two, and the misery they were in when going up river made me determine never to bring another. Even when kept under mosquito curtains they are continually being bitten, a large stinging mangrove fly being their particular enemy by day, and they seldom have much spirit left after a few months in country near a river. But I could never understand any one keeping monkeys. I had a very small

DUSKY BEAUTIES

At least their own men think them so. The girl on the left, Isa, was from Bornu, the other three were pagan slaves freed from Filani owners at Ilorin. The broad Hausa hats worn by Nos. 1 and 3 are a good protection against the sun. Three of these women are wearing English blouses in addition to their Hausa cloths.

one and also a sloth at Prahsu in Ashanti, but the monkey was too young and died, and the other pet disappeared during a temporary absence. I found out afterwards that the monkey had been eaten by my boys, and no doubt the sloth also found a human grave.

I had hired a mare at one of the towns *en route* to ride to Ilorin, none of the horses being available apparently, and seeing another farther on I bought it, and also the one I was riding. This I soon found out was a mistake, as I could never go out riding with any one else. One lives and learns in West Africa.

After the submission of Kano and Sokoto in 1903, there was an idea that Northern Nigeria had become so peaceful that police could be substituted for Waffs (as the West African Frontier Force is called), and as the civil force would cost less than a quarter of the military one the idea was gladly (and of course rightly) fostered by those having an interest in keeping down the expenditure of the country. It seems strange that such a mistake could have been made, but it was made, and by people who had had much experience of the country, and so firmly fixed had the idea become that when I applied for money to build mud huts for the men I was enlisting, I was told that we were to have the Waffs' barracks, and that no Government money was therefore to be spent on new ones for the police. It was in vain that I pointed out that the Waffs had not yet left, and that the men I was enlisting could not live up trees meanwhile. The reply was always to the same effect, and in the end I had to put my hand in my own pocket and buy tie-tie—native rope or bark—&c., and set the men at making grass shelters. This was in July 1903; the Waffs actually did leave in 1905, if I remember rightly, and were recalled a few months afterwards owing to threatened trouble with some of the surrounding natives, who, as soon as they saw that the soldiers had gone, commenced playing up. Ilorin was supposed, and I believe still is supposed, to be the most peaceful province in the country; if it is impossible to do without a garrison there, it will be very many years before police can take the place of soldiers elsewhere. Later on, the police were transformed into constabulary with second-hand carbines, guns, and

Maxims, but they were reconverted in 1907, and they exist now mostly for the purpose of providing escorts for Residents and prisoners (with rather different duties, of course), and for the suppression of the slave trade. They are useful and necessary, but it seems a pity to confuse the functions of the two branches of the service, and if the police officers have to be responsible for legal and judicial work, and must act as sheriffs in addition to performing the purely police duties, they will not have much time to train their men to learn what to do in time of war. To send untrained men into action with unreliable weapons and insufficient ammunition seems to me little short of murder, and if it is unfair to the Europeans who go out knowing the danger, it is even more unfair to the recruits under them who have had no experience, and place a blind trust in their white leaders.

Soon after my arrival I went on a little tour with the object of picking up some recruits, and on my return some eight or ten days afterwards with about a dozen found that as many more had come in from other parts, and so I quickly made up the sixty or so required.

On tour I passed through the Yoruba towns of Oke Ode and Igbaja, at the former managing to buy a queer head-dress in the shape of a helmet surmounted by a man riding a horse, all in leather, covered with cowrie shells, and said to be worn by priests. The name of this man was Dada, I was told, and he drove the evil spirits from the town once a year; I suppose the object was a representation of some deity, but I am not sure. Another interesting object was a wooden figure of a girl kneeling down with a calabash on her head. This my informant told me was the goddess of hunting, though if so I do not quite see why she should be carrying grain; but it may be so, for the Hausawa, or Hausas, as we call them, have a similar goddess called "Corn-mother." I secured also some small figures which were said to represent dead children, the images being made to prevent the surviving brothers and sisters feeling lonely. Whether this was done only in the case of the death of a twin or in every case I do not know; in fact, I understood nothing of the Yoruba speech and so little of the Hausa tongue at the time that the few particulars I remember of

YORUBA PEOPLE OF IGBAJA

The people turned out to welcome me, and two of my fowls, which were tied together by the leg, caused some consternation by fighting in front of them, the fowl being not lightly regarded by these people. Note the peculiar caps.

what I was told about the above figures are quite valueless scientifically, though some readers may be able to recognise them from the photograph, or may see them in the Cambridge Ethnological Museum, and may be able to confirm or contradict what I have here written. I was full of fever even then, and after less than four months in Ilorin was invalided to England, so I had no further opportunity of inquiring into the subject, being posted to another district on my return. This system—or lack of system—seems a most unfortunate one, as just when a man has begun to know something of the people under him (and that takes time), he is moved off to another part of the country where he has not only to begin again, but usually to be careful to forget all he has learned before, lest his reading of the ideas of the new tribe should be influenced by those formed in the atmosphere of the old one. There may be certain resemblances if both the peoples have been ruled by the Filani for a long time; there will be very few if the tribes are still unconquered and are not friendly towards each other.

I found in October that I had been lucky enough to raise the first complete detachment in the country—I usually could attract natives to my service when once I had become known—and within a couple of months my little force was over strength, and soon afterwards I was asked to send spare men to other provinces; and this happened in spite of the fact that we had no uniform. Gaudy clothes are, of course, a great attraction to natives, and they are usually responsible for the enlistment of at least one-half of the recruits. And why not? Although we smile at the native for this, even in England we love a brilliant uniform (think of our country brass bands), and it is my opinion that the falling-off of recruits for the army is due in a great measure to the fact that kharki is worn so much. Why should kharki be seen in the streets? It is excellent for work, but it should be kept for those times only. An engine-driver does not pretend to look clean in his oily "untearables"; why should the soldier have to wear his filthy kharki, except when at work? A man can never look well in it except when it is absolutely new, and even then he looks hardly more respectable than the borough watering-cart man, and

is usually outshone by a chauffeur, and even more by a hotel hall-porter. The knowledge of this makes him ashamed of his uniform, and to some extent the service it represents suffers in consequence. Let him show off the red or the blue which he is proud of wearing, and he will indicate the fact in his carriage and his manner generally, and other men will want to wear it too. Everybody, white or black, likes show, everybody likes glitter; it is useless to deny the fact, it is human nature. Thousands will admire a monarch in uniform, while a president in mufti in the same procession will pass unnoticed, and those men who decry this failing have usually a particularly gaudy dress which even they themselves graciously consent to wear occasionally—and are strangely anxious for decorations on it too—or else they don some extraordinary attire that will secure their being noticed at all times. Even in our churches the apostles are never depicted in the clothes which they probably wore, but in most brilliant garments which, being but poor men, they could not possibly have afforded. We like to have those we honour worth looking at, and the higher they are the better we expect them to appear. There is this difference between the tastes of white men and women, namely, that women (and native men) love glitter simply for the sake of the glitter, European men value it for what it means, though the greater the amount of gold lace the higher the rank, usually, at any rate in olden times. Women long for a diamond necklace or pendant "because it is so pretty"; men prize a star because it signifies good service in some capacity or other. We see in the streets messenger-boys covered with more medals than a Crimean veteran, hall-porters wearing field-officers' caps and sleeves, and tramwaymen (in Bournemouth at any rate) wearing corporal's rank-badges. In fact, in that same southern city the men who look after the chairs on the beach are known as "authorised officers." It is a great pity to cheapen the uniform and the grades of rank, and to make them look ridiculous in this manner, and a Uniform Proclamation seems as badly wanted in England as in Nigeria, especially since medals are but seldom given for active service in West Africa nowadays.

In a new country such as Northern Nigeria one cannot expect

too much in the way of organisation; and though there were many glowing reports about the substitution of the police for the soldiers, the sums for the provision of uniforms, accoutrements, &c., were not so easy to get at. I borrowed some carbines from the officer commanding the Waff Company, and after a time I even managed to get some military capes from headquarters (the buttons being, however, forgotten), and it was a strange sight to see a guard turning out with great solemnity in capes (hooked only at the neck, and showing an expanse of bare black tummy beneath), and Yoruba caps and loin-cloths, the men quite believing that they were a very important part of the forces of the Empire! I can hardly look at the photograph now without smiling, but it would never have done to have shown my amusement then, for they would have been hurt and discouraged, and I do not think that I wanted to smile then either, for honest endeavour is always worthy of respect, and, also, I was perhaps as keen as they were.

The Yoruba has been given very different characters by different men; some say that he is very brave, and certainly in the last Ashanti Expedition Yoruba soldiers did splendidly; others hold that he is not, and point to regrettable incidents. There is no doubt that the Yoruba is much cleaner and smarter in every way than the Hausa or Nupe, and in a company containing, say fifty Hausas, fifty Nupes, and ten Yorubas, at least five of the latter would be N.C.O.'s. Perhaps this is due to some extent to the fact that the Yoruba is a much merrier soul than the others, he catches the eye sooner, he is more careful about his appearance, he salutes smartly (and that always goes a great way towards promotion), and he is a good drill. Whether he is braver, or is even as brave as the Hausa, and whether he is as good under continued hardships, is not so certain; I think on the whole the latter is to be preferred, but it is a strange fact that the Hausas have never been able to do much unless led by strangers (the Filani, or us), whereas most other tribes have done well under their own commanders.

I had several old soldiers amongst the police recruits, they being usually appointed to act as N.C.O.'s to instruct their more ignorant comrades, and it was amusing at times to hear them showing off their knowledge of English, in which language the

executive words of command are always given. Some of these instructors pronounced the usual orders in very good English, but if explanations were required afterwards, there was usually rather a hash. For instance:—

"Company will move to the ri—t in fours; form fours, ri—t." And then, if a mistake was made, "Wass matta, you, Ojo, you no sabby um proppa, you fool-man too much."

Others had to give all the embellishments in their native tongue, which might be Hausa, Nupe, or Yoruba, such as, taking the first tongue:—

"Company will advance—berri, berri, sai na gaya ma-ku. By the left—Kai Momo, ba ka iya berri ba? Quick march. Hankalli, hankalli, duba hagunku."

But I think one of the funniest was a Yoruba corporal whose little knowledge of English proved a very dangerous thing to him, for while really shamefully abusing himself, he quite thought that he was venting his justifiable anger and contempt upon the recruit. As the latter believed it also, perhaps no harm was done, but it was difficult to keep a straight face when this sort of thing went on:—

"Wass matta me-you no sabby ri—t turn? Me-you no sabby not'ing; me-you damn fool too much!"

CHAPTER IV

HEADQUARTERS

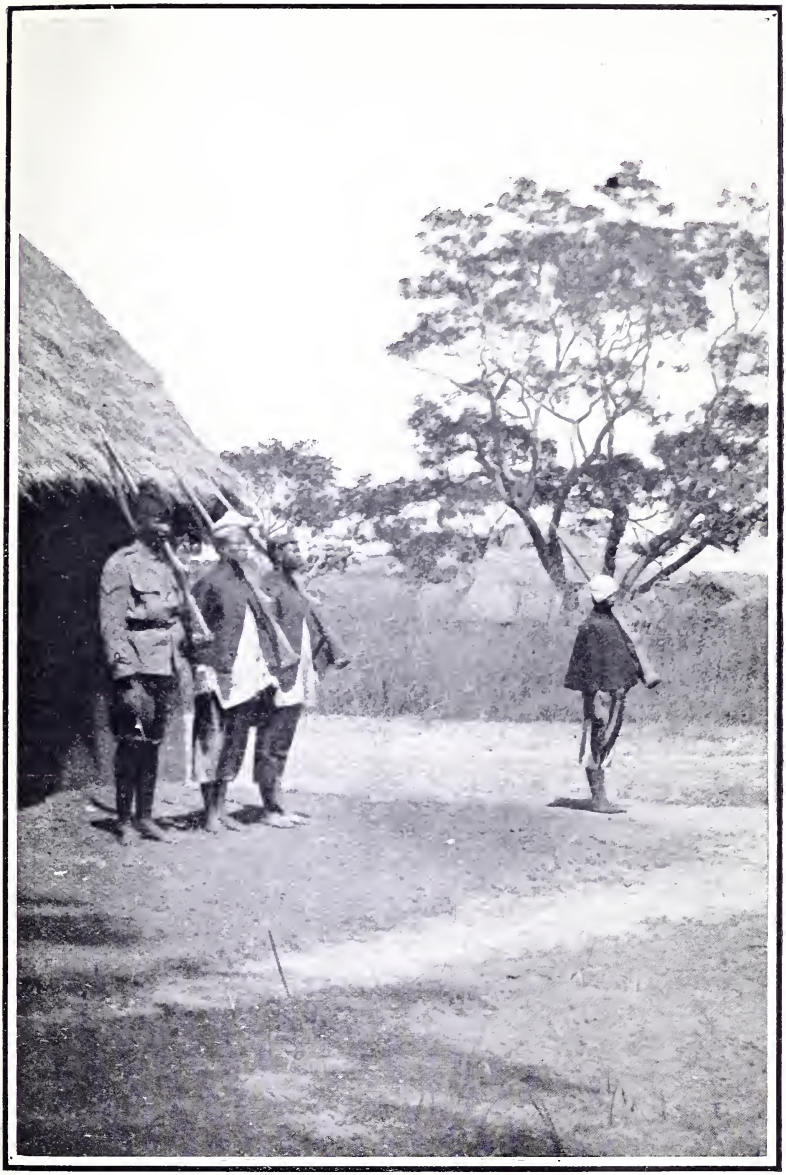
I ARRIVED back from sick leave in June 1904, and as I had been promoted during my absence to be Staff Officer of Police—which, strangely enough, was a rank, not merely an appointment—I now proceeded to headquarters at Zungeru. The Police soon afterwards became Constabulary, and though the new name was, no doubt, an improvement on the old one, the pay and duties remained the same, so there was no real advantage.

Lokoja was the first and the most natural capital, as every one coming to Northern Nigeria in the old days had to pass through this town. But later on it was considered to be too far to the south, and that a site nearer the great Filani Empire of Sokoto ought to be chosen, and so Jebba was fixed upon as the headquarters when the Government took over the control from the Niger Company in 1900, and it remained so for some three years, except during a temporary period of aberration at Kwendon, which is not now known to fame except for the amount of cement wasted there. Jebba, however, became unsuitable in many respects, especially after Kano and Bornu had come under control, and Dungeru (altered to Zungeru because Z looked "more native") was the next, a small village in a poor country, hard to get at, and always short of food. It was an unhappy selection, and ever since envious eyes have been cast on Zaria, an ideal situation in my opinion, and it is quite possible that headquarters may be established there later.

In case the above remarks appear to be too severe, let me add that these changes were not at all merely at the whims and fancies of the High Commissioner. Although unsuitable as far as health was concerned, political and military reasons made a move to the north necessary, and the High Commissioner could not possibly

know everything about the country; besides, Jebba was the old Waff headquarters, and Sir Frederick Lugard could afford to make some mistakes in his choice of a capital, for his administration otherwise was magnificent. His knowledge of the details of every department was astonishing; and although he expected every official to do two men's work on half-a-man's pay, he set the example himself by covering an amount of ground that would keep six ordinary persons occupied even in a healthy country. A very dark, intense-looking man, one felt that he knew his business—and yet, I think, he was sometimes imposed upon by persons who understood the art of talking quite as well as (or even better than) the art of working. I suppose every one has a weak spot which can be found by an expert, and no doubt I have often been taken in myself when least expecting it. I remember at Sierra Leone receiving presents of bananas from a private of the West African Regiment who was always on the spot asking if he could not do something or other for me. I wanted to pay him for the fruit, but he refused to accept anything, saying that I was his father and mother and a few other people, and that his gifts were made solely on account of his natural love and affection for me. I was very much pleased to find a contradiction to the arguments of some of the officers who (having had more experience of the Coast) said that there was no such thing as gratitude in the negro's nature, but after a few days the man asked me when he was going to get his stripe, and I remembered that there was a vacancy for a lance-corporal. He did not get it, poor fellow—such disinterested concern for my wants seemed worthy of a better reward—but I paid him the full market price for what he had given me, and, strange to say, my relationship as father, mother, protector and a few other people seemed before long to have entirely faded from his mind.

I did not remain in Zungeru very long, but went to Lokoja, and was soon afterwards appointed to act as Assistant-Commissioner; but I paid a visit to the capital at Christmas time in order to be examined in the Lower Standard in Hausa, being fortunate enough to be placed first on the list. I had passed



A New Force

When I raised the Police in Ilorin there were only four sets of uniform available, and these were worn by the N.C.O.'s. Military capes (minus the buttons) had been provided, however, and the P.C.'s wore these over their ordinary native dress.

the army examination in French during my leave, so that made two languages for the year.

My first patrol (a miniature one) in Northern Nigeria was in March 1905, when I took a small detachment of constabulary to the Kukuruku country inland from Egori, and near the Southern Nigerian border. The chief of a certain town (I forget the name now) had committed a murder according to our ideas, and he was wanted by us in Lokoja for trial. It appeared that on the anniversary of his father's death he had ordered one of his followers to shoot a stranger with a Dane-gun (to join the late chief in the realms of bliss, I suppose), and had threatened to kill him instead if he did not do so. Of course the wretched follower, in terror of his own life, shot the honoured guest, and then the chief, fearing trouble with us, seized his man and sent him to Lokoja accused of the murder. I sent for the chief, but he hid himself. I again sent for him, and the two police constables who took the message were fired upon, so it was time to do something. I therefore took a dozen men down the river and disembarked at Egori, and a couple of days later we attacked the place, marching from a town called Asseh by moonlight. Luckily for us we were not seriously opposed, as after one shot from them they fled to the bush, and we were unable to pursue them. We burned the town, however, and later on the chief was captured, and the district had a much-needed reminder of the white man's suzerainty. On our side we had a casualty; my horse, which soon after our return to Lokoja died through having been bitten by tsetse-flies, a great curse south of the Benue, except in the Muri and Yola provinces, where horses can be kept alive with care. I believe I was the first European to keep his horse at Amar during the wet season, my horse-boy smearing the animal with a mixture of tobacco, onions, and grease every morning and evening.

At one of the towns which I passed when returning to Egori I was called upon to try my first case by native custom. It appeared that one of the parties had given the other a goat to keep for him, and that there had been a dispute about the offspring. Both agreed that in such cases the first kid became

the property of the person looking after the goat, and that the second belonged to the real owner of the mother, but whereas the owner said that he was entitled to the third also, the other man contended that the custom in such circumstances was for the people concerned to take the kids alternately. I asked the chiefs of the respective claimants (parties always appear with, and sometimes give their evidence through, their chiefs) what the usage was, and on being informed by both that the owner was in the wrong, had no difficulty in giving judgment accordingly. But cases are not always so easily settled, and European travellers are often placed in positions of difficulty, for they are nearly always called upon to judge some case or other, either because the contestants have no faith in the justice of their chief, or because the latter is afraid of incurring the hostility of one party or the other and is only too glad to get out of his awkward position, or again because the white man is regarded by all as a messenger from the gods, or as a resurrected ancestor.

At Asseh, where I stayed a day and left my horse when going to the Kukuruku town—the road being too rough for him—many of the adult women were stark naked, although the people seemed of quite a good type, and although there was a French mission in the town, and this is the only district where I have noticed this, adult women at any rate wearing some kind of protection or other, even if it consisted only of leaves, though young girls go quite naked in almost every part of Northern Nigeria.

After the little trip to the Kukuruku country I visited Dekina to inspect the Bassa detachment of Constabulary, and in the April following I was appointed to act as Commissioner in command of the Constabulary, which consisted of 1210 officers and men.

On this I again returned to Zungeru, travelling up the river in a "swine," with most of my heavy kit in a canoe lashed to the side —a most unfortunate arrangement, as the waterproof sheet caught fire, and the boxes were swamped by the wash of the "swine," so that when I opened them I found pieces of my kodak, soap, papers, &c., floating about anyhow, boots, sword-belt, and other leather articles in a beautiful state of mould, and collars stained in most

brilliant tints, and useless then, though quite the height of fashion now, perhaps.

I rather enjoyed being head of a department, and did not at all like relinquishing the command four months later. But I do not think that my ideas of the position quite equalled the imagination of the native clerks who sent a petition to the Acting High Commissioner, Mr. (now Sir William) Wallace, asking that he himself should lay the chief foundation stone of their new church, and that twelve Heads of Departments should lay lesser ones. For obvious reasons this was refused, though we all turned up in force to see our popular chief trying to look serious for the occasion, and to admire the latest fashions worn by the coloured gentlemen and their mammies.

Some little time before, sports contests had been arranged between Zungeru and Lokoja, in horse-racing, shooting, polo and lawn tennis, and in the September the Lokoja teams arrived for a week's amusement, the Zungeru representatives having visited them the year previously. I played in the lawn-tennis match, and this was my only appearance in these contests, as I was never in headquarters again on the dates when they took place. It is quite a good idea, for a holiday and change of air during the tour does one a lot of good, but unfortunately military officers are usually the only ones who can take these little jaunts, most of the civilians having no one who can do their special work in their absence.

I had a trip to Kontagora to inspect the detachment there, and brought back a gun which had been handed over by the Waff detachment. It was, of course, very heavy, and the rivers were full, and crossing in a canoe weighed down to within half an inch of the gunwale made me exceedingly uncomfortable. However, there were no regrettable incidents in connection with the big gun, though there was a nasty accident with the small one.

I usually started my marches before daybreak, especially if intending to do over a dozen miles, and as there was often a chance of getting a partridge or a guinea-fowl near one of the villages, or near water after dawn, my house-boy, Momo Kano, was given the double-barrelled gun to carry, with orders to keep up close behind me. He had always done so before, but one morning

when returning from Kontagora he put it, loaded, on top of the pile of chairs, catching it in the rope so that it should not slip out. While halted for breakfast I saw a brace of birds walking in the grass quite close to where I was sitting, so I called for the gun, and Momo, in a hurry, and not looking what he was doing, caught it by the muzzle. Suddenly there was a report, and something swished by me, and then there was a yell, and I saw poor Momo lying on the ground. I found that about one-half of the charge had passed through his knee, and that he had lost part of the palm of one hand, the hammer having evidently been caught in one of the ropes binding the chairs together. It was a wonder that he escaped with his life. He was, of course, quite unable to walk, and was in awful pain, so I constructed a hammock with a waterproof sheet, and had him carried to the next stage. We had still two days to travel to reach Zungeru, and the agony that poor boy must have suffered can only be imagined (I could sympathise with him, having had a night and a day in an ambulance waggon in South Africa, after a bullet had gone through my ankle), and it was a great relief to hand him over to one of the doctors at the native hospital on arrival. The accident was due entirely to his own disobedience, so I had nothing to blame myself with, but no matter what is the cause, one feels just as sorry when the harm is done, especially when one cannot do much to ease the pain.

By the way, a waterproof sheet is one of the most useful things which one can take to West Africa. When in quarters it acts as a carpet, or as a ceiling, or if the roof of a hut be leaky, the sheet can be tied on outside. When travelling in the rains it is almost indispensable, protecting special loads (particularly stationery or bedding) when on the march, or if large enough, it may be converted into a raft or a hammock, and it is an excellent adjunct to a tent, either outside the fly, on the ground, or arranged so as to form a verandah in front. Last of all, if a trench is dug (as for a raft), the sheet can be placed in it and then filled with water, and a very excellent bath is the result. It should be of Willesden canvas, and as large and strong as possible, the cost of the extra weight being well repaid by the gain in the utility of the article.

In the October following I went to Zaria to sit for the Higher Standard in Hausa, and I was very anxious to pass, as no one had up to that time been successful. I got through only one-half, and although the examiner wrote very nice things to Sir Frederick about my industry, this partial failure proved very unfortunate, as I had to wait over three years before being able to go to Zaria again to complete the examination. At that time all the tests were conducted by Dr. Miller of the C.M.S., a very fine Hausa scholar, and it was only by going to Zaria, where he was stationed, or by meeting him when passing through Zungeru, that candidates could be tested. Needless to say, it was often impossible for an official to leave his work for a period long enough to enable him to visit Zaria (a fortnight from Zungeru), and he might be on leave when Dr. Miller was passing through headquarters, so very few had the opportunity of being examined. Now, Boards composed of any one who has passed, or even single individuals, conduct the tests, so candidates are more likely to be able to arrange, but whereas Dr. Miller maintained a high and a uniform standard, there seems to have been a sad falling off since in both directions. Still, examinations ought not to be too difficult in such a country, for the long hours necessary for the performance of official duties, the heat, and the general discomfort are not conducive to extra brain work, the "stewing" being naturally more bodily than mental.

Momo started off with me to Zaria, refusing to be left behind, but he fell on a sharp rock *en route*, and I had to arrange for him to stay at a native village, picking him up on my return. When I went on leave I again placed him in hospital, and he was quite happy this time, winding and rewinding a cuckoo-clock, which lasted exactly two days, I was told afterwards.

Momo was not the only cripple on the journey, though, for I had erysipelas in both my legs before leaving Zungeru, and I rather dreaded the ride to Zaria; in fact the doctor attending the "case" wanted to invalid me to England, and it was only after great argument that he consented to certify me as fit to go. And my arguments proved to be correct, for although I started off wearing long Hausa boots of soft leather, not being able to endure the hard English articles, within a week I was quite well,

the benefit from the change of air more than counteracting the irritation of the saddle and stirrups. Men stationed in the bush have a great advantage over their comrades in the cantonments, and those in the political department score over those in the secretariat, in that they have to do a certain amount of touring, and at one time this fact was recognised in the times of service, the former having to do eighteen months in the country, the latter only twelve. There is still a difference, for every one now has to serve for a year actually in his station, unless previously invalided, of course, and so those who have to travel further do not begin to count their tours of duty so soon as those staying at Lokoja or Zungeru. Still, all these arrangements are merely theoretical, for invaliding interferes with them very badly at times, and I remember that while I was acting as Commissioner of Police we had four districts without any officer at all, though one and a half were allowed for each province.

At Zaria I had my first experience of a real harmattan, which lasts from the end of October to the end of March (corresponding, of course, to the dry season), though it varies very much in density. It is a wind from the Sahara, and is in consequence extremely dry—so dry, in fact, that men's lips and skin crack, and their throats and noses become very sore. An extremely fine dust is usually held suspended in the air, which at times is almost motionless, and this may cause such a haze (*hazo* is the Hausa name, strangely enough) that it is extremely difficult to distinguish objects even at a hundred yards' distance. The temperature, too, becomes lowered, a great-coat and perhaps also a sweater being necessary between the hours of 5 P.M. and 9 A.M., though the rest of the day is hot enough to suit most people. The cold nights are extremely refreshing, and this is much the best season of the year for travelling, since one can be certain of keeping dry, and most of even the big rivers will not be very formidable. It is only in the Sudan that the real harmattan is met with, for as one gets nearer to the sea-coast it is not so much pronounced, and on the actual coast-line there seems to be more vapour than dust. I enjoyed the Zaria harmattan very much, a hot day and a cold night being the very height of bliss

(as any one who has lived in Australia will agree), but many men dislike it exceedingly, as they—and most natives—suffer more with fever and chest affections at that time than at any other. A bungalow is quite alarming at this time, the rapid change of temperature (perhaps over 40° in twelve hours) causing the tin roofs to bend in and out with loud reports, any empty kerosene tins in the neighbourhood joining in the chorus.

After the examination I returned to Zungeru, and then to England *viâ* Lokoja, as well as I had ever been during the tour of over eighteen months' duration, and the sea air completed the cure. With the return to civilisation one has to bind oneself up again in tight collars and braces, and very uncomfortable they feel at first. But at the end of a tour one will put up with a good many little inconveniences to get home, for although West Africa is a beautiful and a fascinating land, England is not such a bad country either.

CHAPTER V

A BENUE PROVINCE

I RETURNED to Northern Nigeria in July 1906, and went to Amar, the then headquarters of the Muri province, on the Benue river, a poisonous spot which has since been abandoned.

During my leave I had put in two terms at Christ's College, Cambridge, under the Hausa Scholarship conditions, and had passed the examinations at Hythe in Musketry (being fortunate enough to be placed second on the list), at Erith in the Maxim gun, at Woolwich in Transport, and at London for an Army Interpreter's certificate in Hausa. And although rather pleased at the time, I feel now that it was a mistake to have done so much, for I had only some twenty-one days' holiday out of the leave of over six months in England, and I went back to West Africa feeling tired before I had recommenced my work there. After a tour in the tropics a man wants a thorough rest, not more worry, and although all who like to take courses of instruction should receive some advantage afterwards in the matter of pay and promotion, there ought to be no compulsion in the matter as there is now, though the work I did was purely voluntary. Unfortunately, it is by no means certain that such courses will advantage one in any way, and until the process of promotion by selection was checked some time ago there was very great dissatisfaction. To some extent the regulations of the Colonial Office, as regards civil officials not yet confirmed in their appointments, are those of the Star Chamber, for a man who has served for less than three years in West Africa can be accused, judged, and punished without being able to say a word in his own defence. It is only fair to state that such powers are but seldom used, but the powers are there, the regulations being quite clear on the subject.

However, to return to the Benue. Some six of us left Lokoja on the 8th of August in a stern-wheeler, and a week afterwards arrived at Amar, or rather, Amara, as the natives called it—though they could hardly be expected to know, of course. It is difficult to conceive why such a spot was chosen; the station was established on a swamp, there was no decent landing-place, and the native village, about two miles off, was not of any size. A little to the south is Ibi, the old Niger Company's headquarters, an important town on the trade routes, much more healthy, accessible, and better in every way, yet it was deliberately abandoned for Amar, which has in turn been left, Ibi having again come into its own. Somewhat similar errors were made in the sites of Kontagora and (I am told) Yola, Kano, and other places, but I can only write for certain of those I myself have seen.

However, in the Year of Grace 1906 we were stationed at Amar, so there I went and had to stay. There were two bungalows in the station at that time, one having two, the other three occupants, and as the new Resident was reported to be accompanied by his wife there was likely to be a squash, so I determined to build a mud house for myself, utilising some spare galvanised iron for the roof, and covering it with grass mats to keep it cool enough to be bearable. Luckily for me, a bricklayer, trained by the Public Works Department, had just been imprisoned for assault or some such offence, so he was put to the work of building the walls, having some other convicts to aid him, and on the arrival of a party of carpenters from Yola just about the time that the walls were finished, the roof was put on, the whole being completed in less than a month.

The new Resident, who was an old acquaintance—we having fought in the same district in South Africa, and having been in the Portland Hospital together—arrived in the October following, bringing his wife, the first white lady to come up so far. Women are sometimes not too welcome at bush stations for various considerations, but, as I have said before, if every man could bring out wife or sister, the health statistics would show a great improvement, and it is hard on the wives to be always left behind. This lady quickly made herself welcome, and not

only were the signs of a woman's management soon evident in the arrangements of the Resident's table, but she used to give our cooks lessons in cookery—an art of which, in spite of their positions, they had been quite innocent up to that time.

Early in the October following I paid a visit to Wase, a large town near the Bauchi border. It is mainly notable for a high oblong rock, the *Dutsin Wase*, which can be seen for miles around, being quite detached from the mountain chain a few miles to the north, and standing up in the clear atmosphere like a thick Cleopatra's Needle. It has the appearance of being covered with snow, the white being due to the birds, and is altogether quite a fine sight. It is, or was, of course, sacred, and all sorts of evils were supposed to befall a man rash or impious enough to attempt to climb it—a feat almost impossible of accomplishment on three sides, and very difficult, though I believe possible, on the fourth. It seems to be splitting asunder, but not knowing how many years the rent has been in developing to its present extent, it is impossible to say whether the rock will eventually come in two or not. Possibly the fear of the spirits is inspired by the troops of baboons which inhabit many of these high hills—Patti in Lokoja, for instance—for one of the Assistant Residents then with me at Amar was killed and thrown down by these animals from a somewhat similar mountain in Bauchi country the following year, the reputation of the locality being, naturally, greatly enhanced since even a white man was powerless against the Guardian Spirits.

At Wase I got fresh milk and butter, and they were very welcome, being, with the exception of the delicacies obtained on my visit to Zaria, the first I had ever had in Northern Nigeria. The surrounding country is park-like, the trees being low and sparse, the land fertile, and the climate fairly healthy. In the vicinity are natural salt deposits, a very valuable asset, though the native trade has, of course, suffered through the introduction of our more refined article by white traders on the Benue.

The chief then in power was a handsome old man who had fought us and been beaten; he is, I think, dead now. It is the custom with Filani for the chief and his great men to mount and meet a distinguished stranger (which category, of course, includes

A Distinguished Visitor

The arrival of a stranger is always marked in a Filani or Hausa town with appropriate ceremonies, the chief meeting him with his followers and escorting him to his lodging.

any official) some distance outside the town, and to escort him with drumming and trumpeting to his lodging—often in the chief's own home, unless a rest-house has been built by the Government. He then pays a ceremonial visit to the stranger, and afterwards sends presents (*sic*), and these are later on paid for by the recipient in cash or kind of equal value, and the visit is returned. On the visitor's departure, the chief again escorts him on his journey for about an hour, or as far as some river or his boundary, or until told to return. In addition to the drummers and trumpeters meeting the stranger, there are some *Masubam-maganna* ("makers of big words"), who call out in a loud voice all the virtues, real or imaginary, of the stranger, the chief, and the counsellors—and are suitably rewarded afterwards. Kola-nuts nearly always form part of a ceremonial present, a great number of them being brought overland through Sokoto and French territory from Ashanti to the northern provinces, and by sea to the southern districts and to Lagos, numbers of the kola-nut traders being taken on board at various ports along the Gold Coast.

On the King's birthday (November 24th in the Colonies) we had "Garrison Sports" at Amar, the competitors being the Waffs, the police, and the carpenters, the former winning the greater number of the events, but being beaten in the great "Half-mile Championship" by a police recruit, Alli Gishiri (Alli "Salt"), so called by me on account of his previous occupation, and to distinguish him from the numerous other Allis in the detachment, who was quite a good man though not particularly intelligent. I here saw the Bull-fight for the first time, but as it will be described in a later chapter I need not now make further mention of it.

An amusing feature of these sports is "The Mammies' Race," the various dusky wives and maidens, although exceedingly bashful and coy when first persuaded to compete, making no secret of their wish to win the prize when once they have started. But let the officers holding the tape at the winning-post beware, for sometimes one or two of the older ones pretend that they cannot stop, and run into them on purpose, clasping them around

neck or waist, and wickedly trying to upset both their equilibrium and their dignity. Another "good turn" is "nosing" for *toros* (threepenny-pieces, sarcastically called elephants), in a pan of flour, the black perspiring faces of the contestants—whose hands are tied behind their backs—presenting a weird spectacle when plastered with white, and reminding one of the Bundu girls in Sierra Leone.

The trouble begins when the races are over, for no native can (or will) see that only the winners should have the prizes. "As all ran all ought to have prizes" is their argument, and they will not be convinced to the contrary, while often their excuse for not competing in an event is not that they cannot run well enough, but simply that they did not receive anything on a previous occasion. It is strange, too, because competitions for prizes are known to them; had we introduced the idea one could account for their not understanding it.

One of their contests is boxing or *dambe*, in which both hands and feet are used. One hand is bandaged round and round so as to be fairly soft—like a boxing glove—the other being either held behind the back or used to ward off blows. Some of the men are very clever at this game, making a feint with the fist and then landing a foot even as high as the opponent's jaw, either by swinging the body to one side and bringing the leg round at the same time as if falling, or even by jumping up in the air. It is very difficult to get any adult to do this for an exhibition, as, although they will encourage youths to hurt each other, they seem to have a modest aversion to doing the same themselves. And yet no one can say that they are cowardly in any way, for they love a battle, and many of them hunt wild beasts, and the bull-fighting is dangerous enough to please anybody—even the spectators, for I have felt extremely uncomfortable on several occasions when the men behind holding the leg-rope did not stop the animal as soon as they had intended, and the rapid way in which the onlookers made themselves scarce was quite worth seeing.

At Christmas time there were the usual celebrations. A Britisher always tries (and usually contrives) to get his turkey

and "duff" for these times, wherever he may be. Plum-pudding is slightly rich and heavy for the tropics, but no one could develop a proper Christmas feeling without it, so it always forms part of the menu; and for the other courses chop-boxes are routed out for something that will resemble what we know our people will be having at home. Duck, green peas, apple-sauce, potatoes, asparagus, &c., may appear in the menu, and these do not sound like roughing it; alas, they come but seldom in the bush, for the cost of transport puts a limit to the number of chop-boxes brought up, and, even when these delicacies are procurable, the ducks are mostly skin and bone, the peas are tinned, pale, and tasteless, the potatoes are really yams or perhaps dessicated chips, the apple-sauce is made from dried rings which have lost their flavour, the asparagus is not very tasty, and the butter is rancid. Still, there is one article of diet which one can recognise, the onion, and that plays an important part in the dishes of the West African. But what matters it? We have met to eat, drink, and be merry, and we succeed in all, for we cannot afford to waste any chances of enjoyment. I suppose out of every party of, say, a dozen, one dies or retires during the following year, and at least two others are invalided. It has often been said that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly—that is why we attend both funerals and balls in black perhaps; but we do not do so in West Africa—we have to be as jolly as possible on these festive occasions to make up for the fits of depression at other times, and perhaps the white mess dress and gaudy kamar-band help towards the merriment, for most of us are greatly influenced by colour.

In the January of 1907 I went out for a tour to the south with an escort of twenty-five men, and slept the night at Gassol. The chief, or *Yerima*, of this place having been deposed, I posted a guard on his house, and next day the new chief was installed, the property belonging to the *sarauta* (office) being handed over to him on appointment. This is, of course, distinct from the personal effects of the chief, and consists mainly of horses, equipment, arms, drums, trumpets, and other articles of a like nature, necessary and appropriate to the chieftainship,

and is always handed over to the successor to the office, the purely personal effects going to the family of the last holder—or being taken by the owner himself if merely deposed.

After this had been done I went on to Bakunde, a large town near the frontier of the German colony of Kamerun, and also close to Adamawa, sending a message to the chief to meet me in the usual manner, with flute, trumpet, drum, and other instruments of music and torture. This, however, he neglected to do, though a few of the elders escorted us to quarters in the town, and supplied the usual presents—and I the usual payment—the chief being both ill in his house and away to the south, according to different accounts. He had refused to obey certain orders of the Resident, and I had to try to persuade him to listen to reason, but as he feared that I had come to arrest him, he would not come near me, and so I did not have a chance to exercise my eloquence. Each day a different story was told as to his whereabouts, and as I could not afford to sit down doing nothing, I went south again and visited some towns on the Kamerun boundary; in fact, I got over it once by mistake. There had been a fight in which some casualties occurred between the quarters of a town called Abushishi, and as the Sa(r)rikin Bakunde was headman of the district in which the town was situated, and according to one account he had gone there to make the peace, I went to see if I could patch up the quarrel. I camped in the quarter of the people injured, and sent a message to the others who had provoked the hostilities to come in and see me, and this a few of them did, appearing to be quite friendly, but on leaving they fired a couple of shots at us, and then made off to their hills. I therefore went at dawn next day to surprise them, but found that every one had bolted, and not being able to do any more we burned the village and returned, capturing, however, some fowls, which I awarded to the people of the injured quarter as compensation.

Next we proceeded along the boundary to Wanka, a collection of scattered villages, on the peaceful though unpleasant errand of reminding them that tribute was due, but there was no excitement here of any kind, nor could we get into touch with the people, so

we had perforce to return, leaving instructions with friendly natives on the way back to persuade the Wanka people to pay up.

The people about here are great elephant hunters, shooting thick poisoned arrows or harpoons into the animals from Dane-guns, and following the beasts until the poison takes effect and they drop. By the way, where do they get Dane-guns? The Niger Company is allowed to sell a few under rigid restrictions (the importation of firearms into Northern Nigeria being forbidden), but it seemed to me that they were fairly common, and numbers must have been smuggled over the frontier, as is the case with liquor.

From there I went to Suntai, where we had the regular but solitary February tornado, and thence to Wurrio and back to Amar, having been away twenty-five days, and having covered 381 miles. In some parts the paths were too stony and deep for my mount, and I had to walk about one-half of the way. I had a good little pony, and a cheap one too, for it cost me only £3, and was a splendid goer, but I could not train him to draw a cart which I made from packing-cases. The Taraba and the Benue were both fordable when we returned; in the latter river the water would have been only up to my ankles when on horseback had not the pony sat down in the middle of the stream and so caused me to be wetted through, a little accident that gave me nearly a week's fever after my return.

There was not much excitement in Amar itself. We used to play lawn-tennis on a mud court which was so soft that a swift serve would raise a cloud of dust or leave a deep scar, but the afternoon game played between 5 and 6.30 P.M. was always looked forward to, and it was very good exercise. In fact, I think that it is about the best game for such a country, for it can be sufficiently strenuous while it lasts, a player can always leave off when he has had enough, and he is actually playing all the time, not watching or standing in the cold as in some others, or walking a mile to have one hit, as in a certain royal and ancient pastime. Of course, the preparation of the court is the trouble, and a good one always costs money. In the

cantonments cement is used, but this does not seem satisfactory, as it soon cracks; the glare is very trying, and the balls, which speedily become the same colour as the court, are hard to distinguish. In Australia, asphalte courts are the rule, and lawn-tennis can be played all the year round. In fact, in Victoria at any rate, it is a winter game, the matches for the premiership all being played from April to October. The advantage of a hard court is that it can be swept and dried directly the rain has stopped, and it does not want rolling or cutting, but it is expensive so far as shoes and balls are concerned, and hardly as comfortable to the soles of the feet as grass is, the ankles also suffering from the jar.

In the April following, I went to Ibi to arrange for the transport of some convicts coming from Bauchi, but having, on behalf of the Resident, to see some chiefs with reference to a boundary dispute, I went first to Bantaji and then up from there. It was very hot on the day I arrived at Ibi, and I hurried over the last few miles to get in before the Niger Company's store closed, as I had been looking forward to some "bottled"—and it *was* good when I got it at last. And, strange to say, a couple of Waff officers, who arrived just afterwards, had the same opinion; at least, they appeared to have it. One was going to Munchi country, the other, I think, to Bauchi, and while waiting at Ibi I passed him in the Hausa Colloquial Test (success in a higher grade entitling one to examine in a lower), thus, I trust, cheering him upon his way. After a few days at Ibi, I returned to Amar, starting a fortnight later for Ankwoi country.

For some time there had been trouble on the road between Wase and Ibi, the main trade route from Bauchi to the Benue, numerous complaints having been received of highway robberies by people belonging to villages just to the north of the road and at the base of the Moffat Mountains, so the Resident and I concocted a scheme to give the people a lesson once and for all.

These culprits were a mixture of Langtangs, Ankwois, Yerghums, and a number of outcasts and *tawaye* (rebels) from other tribes, and when the roads, a foot or so in width, were bordered

in the rainy season by grass over a dozen feet high, and wound in and out amongst the rocks and trees, the robbers had quite an ideal time—for robbers—being able to await their victims unseen, and to get away if necessary without much danger of subsequent pursuit.

I therefore sent a party of police in plain clothes, and with their wives, to Wase to find out the exact locality of these crimes, and followed on a day later with the remainder of the escort. I then disguised myself as a Filani chief, and set out with a small party, the women walking in front, some of the men carrying their arms in bundles on their heads, while about half a mile behind came the rest of the force. For a time there was no excitement, but when we had gone about ten miles some men armed with bows and arrows stopped the women, and told the men as they came up to put down their loads. This was what we had been waiting for, and the police threw down their bundles, snatched up their carbines, and bolted into the bush on each side of the road as if to escape, thus surrounding the robbers, and within a few seconds we had bagged the lot. The women were again sent forward as before, and after we had handed the prisoners over to the police in rear we started off once more, and succeeded in performing the trick three times, capturing over a dozen of the robbers before we reached Donkwon, twenty-two miles from Wase, from which place on to Ibi the road was safe. It may appear to have been rather hard on the defenceless women to have been sent ahead, but the lives of females are always safe in such circumstances, the robbers wanting only to take their goods. Even in war women are seldom killed, for they can be used as slaves or wives by their captors, though in an attack on a town no doubt many women and children lose their lives. To make certain that this will not happen during any of our patrols, we always give the people notice that we shall advance after a definite time (pointing to where the sun will then be), and warn them to get their non-combatants to a safe place beforehand if they mean to resist.

Thence we went to Sendam, the Ankwoi capital, and other places to receive outstanding tribute, returning to Amar on the 8th of June, and I think that the lesson taught was sufficient for

the time, for there had not been any more robberies up to the time when I last heard, though I do not suppose for a moment that there will never be any more, for nothing is permanent in West Africa—except the native's love of loot, and the malaria.

The thing which struck me most in the Ankwoi country was the absence of hyenas and vultures, and this was explained by the chief on the ground that the people are very clean in their habits. This is perhaps true, for Amar was full of hyenas, there being hardly a night but one or more would be prowling around. I have never yet heard a hyena laugh; the sound—or at any rate the commonest one in West Africa—is more like a steam syren, and this has struck the natives also, for they call the syrens on the river boats *kura*, *i.e.* hyena. One old lion could often be heard grunting on the other side of the river, but no one ever went to look for him, because it would have meant sitting up all night and being eaten alive by mosquitoes. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson and her husband got some of these animals a month or two later, one of the party being badly mauled. Leopards also are very plentiful, and wild game—hartebeeste, antelope, &c.—can be seen in hundreds near Sendridi in the dry season. I remember on return from Ibi being struck with Lady Constance's dress—short blue knickers, bare knees, long boots, shirt, belt, and helmet—which, except for the long hair, was exactly the same as my own; but it was a very sensible outfit for the country, and a woman brave enough to run the risks she did would be compelled to dispense with the conventional attire; that of a "boy scout" suited her excellently.

I set several traps for hyenas, but the only things I ever managed to catch were a dog, and a carrier who was not looking where he was going. The plan of the trap was rather good, and may be worth giving. Two concentric circles were drawn on the ground of three and nine feet radius respectively; then the earth between the perimeters to the depth of about six feet was dug out, thus leaving an island in the centre of six feet diameter. The hollow ring was covered over with sticks, grass, earth, &c., and the ground to a distance of another twelve feet or so surrounding the trap was disturbed so as to present the same appearance, and

the goat, or whatever else had been chosen, was placed on the solid part in the centre. By this means the bait was safe whatever happened, as if a wild beast was stalking it, taking short steps with his eye on his prey, he would fall into the hole; but if he was more cunning, and found out that the ground in front was not solid, he would not dare to spring over to the goat, for he would not know where the solid ground commenced again. There are other traps, spears hung from trees, &c., but there is no necessity to describe them here as they are of the type used by many native hunters, and are well known to everybody.

Amar is the worst place I have ever been in, or want to be in, so far as insects are concerned; tsetse-flies bit one all the day—they give a sharp dig, and are usually off before one can hit back—while mosquitoes were busy all night; in fact, even about 2 P.M. in the wet season one had to be under a mosquito-net unless sitting in a strong draught, and a cool, dark mud house is a place they particularly like. Hornets give a very painful sting, and their white, spongy nests are to be seen in most houses, hanging from the grass or tin roof, or from trees. They are, however, usually harmless unless disturbed, the only occasions on which I was bitten being once in Jemaa when my house was being repaired, and once on the road to Kontagora, when, riding along reading, I put my head into a nest. At Donkwon my baggage got full of fleas, and I could not get rid of them, for they bred apace in the mud house, and at last the incessant injections of poison took effect, and I began to get boils. The Governor inspected the province in September, and I went back with him to Lokoja and Zungeru, intending to proceed to Kano, as I had been transferred to the political department and wished to go to a Hausa Province. However, I was very bad by this time, and a new order having arrived from the Secretary of State cutting down the tours of service from eighteen to twelve months, I was ordered home, having completed a year and a quarter. As I have said, Amar has now been deserted, the headquarters having been re-established at Ibi, from which place they should never have been removed.

Part of the south-west of the Muri Province is occupied by the Munshi tribe, one man of whom I enlisted in the police. This

district was reported to have been entered by "peaceful penetration," while I was there, but whether the results have come up to expectations or not I am not prepared to say, as I rather fancy it might raise a little soreness in certain quarters. But it seemed rather absurd to suppose that a strong, warlike tribe would submit without any resistance—I mean that it seemed absurd to me, but then I was not supposed to know—and other kinds of penetration have been employed since.

Amar was a great place for proverbs, and when making the hyena-trap I heard many appropriate examples. The people were a mixture, but all spoke Hausa, whereas near Bakunde the country-folk hardly understood that language, though Filani was well known. Some proverbs about the hyena went:

"If the owner of a goat is not afraid to travel by night, the owner of a hyena certainly will not be."

"The cry of the hyena and the loss of the goat are one" (*i.e.* they occur at the same time).

"If the hyena had a charm for curing smallpox, she would use it on herself" (*cf.* our "Physician, heal thyself").

"It would be the height of foolishness for a goat to hail a hyena."

But hyenas are also very fond of dogs (although even a fox-terrier and some of the bigger native pets will drive one away unless caught sleeping), and there are some proverbs on this subject also, such as:

"The dog and his collar are both the booty of the hyena."

"While the hyena drinks, the dog can only look on."

CHAPTER VI

MOHAMMEDANS *v.* PAGANS

ON my return to Northern Nigeria in July 1908, I was posted to the Nassarawa Province, most of which was once part of the Hausa kingdom of Zaria, and at first I was somewhat disappointed, as I had been expecting to go to Kano to continue the study of Hausa. But in the end, the order turned out to be as lucky a one as I could possibly have had, for I came into touch with many wild tribes, and so was enabled to have the experience and the work for which I had been hoping. I had re-entered the University of Cambridge during my leave (this time as a Research Student in Anthropology), and was, therefore, under an obligation to write two theses, one for the diploma, another for the degree in Arts, and as no diploma had then been awarded, I had the chance of obtaining the first one, and I was naturally very anxious to do so. Again, apart from selfish motives, the more one mixes with the uncivilised native, the more one wants to know about him, and the study of one's fellow-men is a fascinating pursuit when once one has begun to look for meanings and origins. I had also begun eating dinners for a Call to the Bar, and had passed a couple of the necessary examinations, and it was not long before I found that this course also was very useful, for soon after arrival at Jemaan Daroro (the headquarters of the administrative division bordering on the Bauchi and Zaria provinces), I was given the full judicial powers of life and death—though I am thankful to say that I had to exercise them to the full extent in only one case.

The internal history of Northern Nigeria for a hundred years prior to our declaration of a Protectorate was mainly that of the pastoral tribe of the Filani, and a word or two on these people may be of use, though there is no need to write more, since I have already done so in *The Niger and the West Sudan*.

It is most probable that they arose somewhere in the Central Sudan as a result of the intermixture of Berber and also some Arab males with females of various negro tribes, most of the latter having been captured in war in all probability; and the site was probably somewhere near Fezzan—there being much more vegetation then in the desert regions than there is at present.

Now half-breeds are always looked down upon, and as they in accordance with the general rule adopted the speech of their mothers—literally their "mother-tongue"—they became estranged from their fathers' relations. In fact it is quite possible that the name Peul (red) was given to them by the Berbers in derision in the same way as Arabs called some mixtures of tribes Habeshi, and other peoples Kafirs. The Hausas to-day call us more often Ja (red) than Fa(r)ri (white). The Berber-negro blood resented this, and when strong enough these half-breeds refused to occupy a subservient status any longer, and, possibly influenced also by the fact that the climate was becoming drier, they separated from their fathers, and proceeded to the hinterland of Morocco, where they became more firmly welded together, and began to acquire learning, later on sending their Mallams, or learned men, as missionaries to several countries. They now developed a national spirit, as did the Boers in the south of the same continent, and wishing to hide their humble origin (for they called themselves a white race) they naturally disowned all connection with the country they had left, and tried to invent a descent to suit their new aspirations in much the same way as Virgil did for the Romans. They therefore created a mythical ancestor, as is commonly done, but not being very certain of their facts nor of what they really wanted, they described him in various ways. There is a legend that the people sprang from the marriage of a Hindu and a female chameleon, evidently invented to account for the different shades of colour amongst the people, black, brown, light yellowish-brown, and even white being seen. Another legend gives their descent from Arabs, another from the Hebrews.

They were evidently of a good though mixed stock, and they quickly increased in numbers, in learning, and in power, and began to spread out to the south and west. The first news we

hear of them is that in the fourteenth century they were living along the lower course of the Senegal, and coming further south, though they are said to have records of their presence there for eight hundred years before that. They continued to spread out, always seeking fresh pasture-lands for their cattle, and somewhere about the fifteenth century they reached Northern Nigeria, but for a long time they had but little power, except in individual cases, owing to the fact that they were so widely scattered. However, by the end of the eighteenth century, they had greatly increased in numbers and influence, and in 1802, after a dispute with the pagans of Gober, they made war against that tribe, and encouraged by their victories under Othman dan Fodio, they declared a jehad against all the neighbouring pagan tribes, and within a few years had conquered most of the countries between Gober in the north and the Niger and Benue rivers to the south.

Othman soon resigned the government of his empire to his son, Mohammed Bello (whom Clapperton saw in Sokoto), and his nephew, Mohammed ibn Abdullah. Bello's portion of the empire consisted chiefly of the Hausa States, the people of which are mostly pagans, who when once conquered, were quite content to let the Filani look after the government so long as they could follow their favourite pursuits of agriculture and trade in peace.

The Filani owed a good deal of their success to the superstitious dread in which they were held, even the humbler members of their own tribe being afraid of the powers ascribed to the chiefs, and another cause was the fact that they preached Islam with fanatical zeal, and so considered that they had more to gain even in death than the superstitious pagans. A third reason is that many of them fought on horseback, and in chain armour, and these conditions gave them an enormous advantage in open level country, but many pagan peoples who lived in mountainous country managed to defy the Filani, and in fact some have not yet been brought under control even by us. They have small, well-formed feet and hands, frizzy hair, and slim, shapely bodies. They are usually good-looking, some of the women being really beautiful, reminding me very much of some Samoans whom I once saw in Fiji, and are very proud. Some of the women

are loose before marriage but strict afterwards, with others the opposite is true.

From their centre in Sokoto the Filani spread out in all directions, Kano and Zaria being amongst the principal cities taken, Keffi and others in the Nassarawa country falling later; and soon the surrounding pagan tribes began to realise that unless they could stem the tide of conquest, they too would ere long be under the Filani yoke.

About the year 1800, Usuman, a Mallam (learned man or priest, and sometimes also a magician; probably our word doctor corresponds most nearly) of Kebbi near Sokoto, obtained leave from the Sheik, Othman dan Fodio, to preach the Koran in the district of Zaria amongst the Filani there, and came to Kachicherri, a pagan country north of Moroa where there was a settlement of his own people. At that time the Filani in that district had no permanent abodes, but lived in *rugas*, or collections of temporary conical grass shelters, with their herds, though they had established villages in fertile spots where their slaves (*rundawa*) were allowed to live and farm on reaching maturity, the village of Dangoma to the north-west of Jemaan Daroro being an example. The mallams, however, being often persons of considerable influence at pagan courts, had permanent houses when they lived in the towns, and after the conquest—and perhaps even before—the more powerful chiefs began to prefer the life of the city to that of the grazing-ground, though that is certainly not universal even now, many rich chiefs still clinging to their old modes of life, and refusing to have anything to do with their brethren of the towns further than selling them milk, butter, whitewash (from bones), meat, and hides.

The news of the outbreak of the jehad declared by Othman naturally spread fast, and on the capture of Zaria by Mallam Musa, the chief of the Kajurawa (in whose country the party of Filani with Usuman then were) called all his sub-chiefs together, and decided to wipe out the strangers, fearing that if he allowed them to live longer in his country he himself and his people would be conquered later by them.

Now, this chief had taken a Filani girl, Indéma, as a wife

A Filani Chief

The Emir of Ilorin was a good type of Filani. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the presentation by the Resident of staves of office to four Baloguns, or lesser chiefs. The Emir wore a hat of white silk and silver lace over his turban, and was fanned by four slaves.

some time before, and being very fond of her, and apparently anxious to obtain her approval, he foolishly told her of the plot the evening before it was to have been carried into effect. Naturally, Indéma did not relish the prospect of having all her relatives and other countrymen killed, and she began to wonder how she could contrive to save them. Shortly afterwards she began squirming and twisting, and on the chief asking her what was the matter, she complained of internal pains (stomach-ache is very common in West Africa), and said that she must have some medicine from a man at Ungwal Tagamma, where the Filani were then encamped. The chief, anxious for the health of his loved one, forgot all about his little indiscretion in revealing the plot, and said that he would send a slave to get the medicine; but Indéma said that she must go herself—half the virtue of the potion consisting in the fact that it must be drunk immediately after its preparation, and in the mallam's house. So the chief—as blind as Love and twice as foolish—gave her a cone of salt (a form of currency in that district even to this day) as a present for the doctor, and sent her off with a couple of slaves as an escort.

Although at first helped along, on reaching a stream near Ungwal Tagamma, Indéma seemed to get better, and bidding her attendants wait at a stream they came to while she bought some butter, she went on alone, and seeking out Abdurahmanu, the chief of the Filani there, she told him of the fate which would overtake him and his people on the following day unless they could manage to escape. Indéma then returned with the butter, and was evidently much better again, and full of love for the old chief of the Kajurawa, who no doubt slept the sleep of the just, dreaming of delicious scenes of slaughter to be enacted on the morrow, and feeling secure in the fidelity of his beautiful wife.

On Indéma's departure, Abdurahmanu at once summoned all his headmen, and, being accustomed to travel, they all got away in the night; so next morning when the Kajurawa assembled for the feast of blood, they found only the very old and the very young cattle, which were unable to travel, and so had been abandoned. The pagans followed the fugitives, who had gone

to the south-west, as far as the waterfall between Mada(i)kia and Kaffanchan, and managed to kill a few of the stragglers, but they were soon driven off with loss, and the main body of the Filani escaped. On coming gradually south they expelled the local people of Daroro, driving them towards the town of Nindam, the only one now possessed by that tribe.

Indéma had not been able to fly also—perhaps, and it is nicer to think this, she did not attempt to do so, for had she not returned from Ungwal Tagamma her husband's suspicions would have been aroused—and the old chief, now seeing through her treachery, was so furious that he had her thrown into a hole and stoned to death. The story of Indéma moved me strongly when I heard it from a descendant of one of her family in Jemaan Daroro, and I could in fancy see the slim, graceful girl, perhaps not more than sixteen years of age, being brutally smashed to death for having saved her people. Even Joan of Arc did no more, and I pictured them in my mind as being something alike—a foolish fancy, no doubt, but one has many such in West Africa. Ah, well! it does not do to dwell on these things; the deed was done a long time ago—and it is a cruel country!

The tribes to the east at that time were not hostile, for the Filani wanted the level country and not the mountainous part in which the tailed people lived, and they had not yet commenced the slave-raiding which made them such a curse afterwards all over Northern Nigeria. At first the fugitives camped near Dangoma, but about a year afterwards they descended the plateau and settled on the present site of Jemaan Daroro, the people gradually spreading over the ground now occupied by the town.

While living in the Kachicherri country, levies of stock had been made by the Kajurawa on special occasions: *e.g.* if the chief's wife gave birth to an infant, one hundred cattle were demanded; if the chief's son's wife had a child, twelve head had to be delivered, and any of the lesser chiefs on similar occasions took ten, but no regular tribute had been paid. On arrival at the new settlement these payments were, of course, discontinued, and the loss of these very acceptable presents made the Kajurawa all the more anxious to get the fugitives in their power again.

For some years they were continually attacking the settlement, and at first it was all the Filani could do to hold them in check; in fact, on one occasion the pagans actually rode through the town, only to be driven out again. However, about the year 1808, after a great fight lasting some seven days, the Kajurawa were at length decisively defeated and pursued, those who escaped returning to Zaria country only to be conquered later on by Mallam Musa, who gradually brought most of what is now the province of Zaria under his control. Similar conquests were taking place elsewhere, as has been said, and later on Bauchi, Adamawa, and other districts came under the Filani rule.

About two years after the final defeat of the Kajurawa, Mallam Usuman was sent to Mallam Musa—who had conquered Zaria, and had become its chief—to obtain a flag and a name for the new settlement, that being the procedure for the official recognition of a town, and when Mallam Musa asked where they had come from, Usuman replied that the party (*jemaa*) had settled close to the mountain of *Dararo* (to look around, *i.e.* high). "Very well," said Mallam Musa, "the name of your town will be Jemaan Dararo" (the *n* being a contraction of *na*, of), and he then gave Usuman a flag, a robe, a turban, and a fez, to be bestowed in his name upon the man whom the people should elect as their chief. On his return to Jemaan Dararo, Usuman contrived to get himself chosen, the election lying between himself and Abdurahmanu, the old titular chief, and he then returned to Zaria with the news, and was taken by Mallam Musa to Sokoto to be officially recognised by the head of the empire. He reigned for about thirteen years, when, feeling too old to continue, he took his son Abdulahi to Zaria to have him appointed in his stead. Usuman, who died in the following year, has the reputation of having been a good chief and a great fighter, for the Ayu tribe, and most of the Numuna, Karshe, Moroa, and Kajji people were conquered during his reign. Lander is said to have visited the town about 1827, coming from the north or north-west, and to have intended going to Bauchi, but as the road at that time was closed by the head-hunting tribes

through whose country it lay, he had to give up the project and return by the way he had come.

Abdulahi was the eldest son of Mallam Usuman; he went with the chief of Zozo (Zaria) to Lafia Beriberi, near the Benue river, to help the chief of that town against some of the surrounding tribes, and during his absence the Kagoro attacked some people at Mongwe—a suburb of Jemaa—and killed forty-two. Abdulahi then returned to attack the Kagoro, and having destroyed Jigya and Tafa he went back to Lafia, and was soon afterwards shot in the neck with an arrow and killed when attacking Kwachigiddi.

Musa, Mallam Usuman's second son, then became chief, being appointed by Abd-el-Karimi, the new chief of Zaria. He was a drunkard, and soon afterwards Hamada, the new suzerain, threatened to depose him, summoning him and Abdurahmanu to Zaria, but dying before he could carry out his intention. The new chief of Zaria (Mohamma Sani) did so later, and appointed the old chief Abdurahmanu to rule over Jemaan Daroro, banishing Musa from Jemaa territory.

Abdurahmanu was now very old, and after three years he was deposed through the machinations of Musa, who was again appointed, only to be again removed. Musa, if a hard drinker, seems to have been a great warrior, for, in conjunction with Abd-el-Karimi, the countries of Ninzam, Kagoma, and the rest of Numuna were conquered, and the Kagoro were defeated, and most of their crops were destroyed in a war lasting some months. These people would, perhaps, have been annihilated at that time, had it not been for the fact that one of Abd-el-Karimi's mallams had a dream, and prophesied that whoever finally conquered the Kagoro would die within a year. The war had then lasted some twelve months, and on that, Chief Abd-el-Karimi retired as he could get no supplies—the Kagoro having buried all their remaining grain—and the war was abandoned. The Kagoro had been brought to such straits that they afterwards came to Jemaan Daroro to beg for food, and about one hundred of them were taken to Zaria as slaves. A similar thing happened when Awudu, chief of Zaria, and Adamu of Jemaa fought

them. The Kagoro were thus never properly conquered by the Filani, and they never paid tribute to Jemaa, though the Kajurawa had taken slaves from them annually.

The prophecy was supposed to be still in force when I was in Jemaan Daroro in 1909, but as a British patrol brought them thoroughly under control over twelve months ago, I fear that no allowances were made in the mallam's mind for the strange doings of the white men. And no wonder, for we are such extraordinary beings that no one can tell what we will do.

Adamu, a full brother of Abdulahi, succeeded Musa, and except for Abdurahmanu, the two branches of Mallam Usuman's family furnished chiefs alternately, each taking it in turn with Zaria's sanction to eject the other. The usual charge was drunkenness, though there is no doubt that the claimant who brought the best presents to the suzerain was always the most successful, and, theoretically, the most temperate.

Mamma Adda, another son of Mallam Usuman, also had two tastes of power, and two unpleasant removals, being finally replaced by the present chief, Abdulahi (or Matchu), who began to reign in 1888. He is a grandson of Mallam Usuman, and was appointed by Yerro, chief of Zaria, while fighting in the Kagoma district.

There had been wars with Keffi in the time of Adamu, but the fighting had been stopped by the Emir of Sokoto. However, about 1893, trouble arose with the late Magajin Keffi (the murderer of Maloney, the Resident in 1902), over land near Tsaunin Kolere to the south-west, and the Keffi people came in 1895 as far as Numbu while Abdulahi was at Zambar, but the latter drove them out, and appealed to Chief Yerro of Zaria who decided in favour of Jemaa.

About four years later a plot was formed to replace Abdulahi by his brother Usuman, the ex-chief of Jagindi—a town founded on a deserted pagan site by the Filani in the reign of Adamu—the chief conspirators besides Usuman being Umoru, chief of Delle, and Shemaa, a Filani. Another was Mallam Momo Tsula, since made (in)famous by his work at Abuja in 1909, where he tried to seduce soldiers and raise a revolt, but was captured and

imprisoned. Usuman had been deposed by his brother, and had gone to Keffi, but he returned to plot, his supplanter bringing the news to Abdulahi at Jemaa, who persuaded a man, Dan Zabia, to go to Umoru's house at night and murder him. The death of the chief of Delle so enraged his followers that the whole of the Jagindi people at once rose, and were soon aided by the Kagoma and Kajji tribes, and by Dangoma. Fighting went on until 1903, when the Resident of Keffi intervened, and a year afterwards Usuman and Shemaa were deported.

The Yeskwa, previously conquered, signally defeated a Jemaa force sent against them in 1900, and have since thrown off their allegiance, while the Ninzam have always been restless. Abdulahi has seen a good deal of service, having been wounded eight times altogether; he is a strong man requiring firm handling, and naturally does not appreciate our control. He can speak hardly any Filani, his children know almost none at all; they are turning into Hausawa. Owing to the fact that this country once belonged to the Kajurawa—the principal representatives of which tribe are now at Sanga—a courtesy title of the chief of Jemaa is Sa(r)rikin Kajuru Filatihu.

When we occupied Jemaan Daroro, the tribes subject to the chief became *ipso facto* under us instead, and although no resistance was offered by the people of Jemaa itself, there has been trouble with every one of the native tribes in the surrounding districts. The reason of this is that although early in the nineteenth century the Filani organised a complete system of revenue collection (copied in great part from the Hausawa), the upper classes soon began to lead vicious lives in the towns, and with indulgence came the demand for more and more money, and the less readiness to work for it, until what might have been at first a fair tax grew into an extortion. Many districts supplied slaves in payment of the impost, and this meant warring with other tribes, for they did not wish to give up their own people—though some chiefs had descended even to this level before we had arrived—so continued raids on the pagan peoples took place in all directions. This sort of thing naturally caused hatred and a thirst for revenge, and though a raiding party might be successful

so far as the capture of prisoners was concerned, no district was ever really pacified until it had been swept almost clear of fighting men; otherwise, directly the Filani column had retired, the tribe would be as hostile as before. Thus the Kagoro, occupying the mountains to within five miles of Jemaan Dararo, were still unconquered when I was there in 1909. However, this town was the recognised capital of the greater part of the district, and so we established there the headquarters of one of the administrative divisions of which five in all form the whole province of Nassarawa.

Our policy in Northern Nigeria has been to rule the country through its own people, and wherever possible even a chief who has fought against us is reinstalled in his position on his submission if he has proved a good ruler, and has sworn to obey us in future. It is the only possible way; to bring in numbers of new men, who, however desirable from our point of view, might be perhaps unacceptable to the tribes themselves, would have spelt failure from the first. Besides, the former chief is the one to help us if he will, for he knows the country, the political and economic conditions, and the peculiarity of the inhabitants, and when once convinced that we can and will punish any infidelity on his part, he is usually very anxious to act in accordance with our rules. And we do not make these too numerous, the main idea being that everything shall go on as much as possible as it did before, *except* that acts, such as murder, slave-raiding, theft, &c., shall cease, for these are not only contrary to our code, but are also opposed to nearly every system of laws and customs met with.

Most of even the wildest tribes condemn these deeds within the tribe itself, though they may sanction them when strangers are the victims, so we try to point out that we, being a strange race, have no more interest in any one tribe than another, that we are fathers to them all, and since that is so they must be brothers, and therefore, now, of the same tribe. That is the only kind of reasoning which they will understand; it is of no earthly use saying that God will be angry at such deeds, that they are not right, and so on; in many cases the only gods they know would

not be at all displeased so long as no one of the same tribe suffered, and with head-hunters he would even approve of the acts if directed against strangers — or at any rate the dead ancestors would. Perhaps the god might even demand victims for sacrifice at certain times.

So much has been written on the subject of Christianity and Mohammedanism in West Africa that I think it would not serve any useful purpose to say much here, except that it is not correct to say that pagans are officially encouraged to become Moslems. It is true that we support the Filani rulers in Northern Nigeria in each province where they are paramount, because they were in power on our own arrival, but there are some towns still held absolutely by pagans, and no tribe conquered by us would be placed under Filani rule. Thus in the Jemaa division, all tribes which the chief had conquered before we came pay their tribute through him as suzerain, because they had previously recognised his overlordship, but those still independent on our arrival, and since subdued by us, pay direct through their own principal chief to the Government, and no Filani has anything to do with the collection.

Many of the pagan tribes have imagined that because we are white and even more learned than the Filani, we are a glorified edition of that people, and imprisonment for offences is regarded as another form of slavery. We have therefore to be very careful not to use this form of punishment if it can be avoided, though the problem of inflicting an appropriate penalty is a difficult one to solve, since the award of a fine in lieu appears to them to be the exact equivalent of a ransom. Still, the people very quickly begin to understand, and it often happens that a man who has served a month or two in prison and then returns to his people will prove a valuable ally in the future, for he has gained some knowledge of our power, and has probably been better fed and housed than ever in his life before. The affection of a native is seated mainly in his digestive organs; you can even beat him as often as you like if you feed him well; so long as his stomach is full the rest of his body will not trouble him much.

We have therefore to be careful to explain to pagan tribes

not previously conquered by the Filani that they will be treated in exactly the same way as our Mohammedan subjects, for we, being Christians, have no special preference for either, that we do not preach a Holy War in the cause of Christianity, much less on account of Islam, and that we not only do not want slaves ourselves, but will prevent any other people obtaining them. On our return from the Wai-wai country, we were greeted by hundreds of Mohammedans from Jemaan Daroro and the district who shouted our praises for having defeated the *Kafiri;* and considering that we are also called by that name, amongst others, I pointed out at once that the patrol had not been against the people as pagans, but as head-hunters and slave-raiders, and that "True-believer" or "Infidel" would share a like fate if guilty of similar behaviour. This, I know, did not make me popular amongst the Mohammedans, but the pagans were pleased, and they were my especial care, for the Mohammedans are strong enough to look after themselves, and every one is ready to consider them. It is only natural for a well-read European to prefer an educated Mohammedan to an unwashed pagan, but it is well to remember that of all a native learns a great part is not likely to be for our particular benefit, and that a good deal of his knowledge only makes him all the more cunning and dangerous.

There can be little doubt as to whether Christianity or Islam is the better suited to the natives of West Africa, but there is no doubt at all that the limitation of only one wife to a man is a very great obstacle to the adoption of the former, and it is, I fear, the cause rather of immorality than of good behaviour in a country where children are nursed for so long, and many men are too poor to pay the fee for a wife. Still, it is well to remember that any encouragement given to Mohammedanism will recoil on our own heads, for the great factor in the security of our present rule is the knowledge that we are disinterested arbitrators between peoples varying in every possible way. Once let these tribes be united by a common religion, once let them be fired with the fanatical zeal of Islam, and—well, I think there will be trouble ahead.

It would be absurd to believe that Mohammedans like being

ruled by Christians whom they despise and regard as damned in the next world—think of Egypt and Turkey and the fact that a Moslemah cannot marry a Christian. It would be the height of folly to suppose that, because we have put down slave-raiding and tribal warfare to a great extent, all the old chiefs have abandoned their desires for becoming rich in an easy and exciting way, or that the warlike savage is ready to settle down to what he once called "woman's work."

Northern Nigeria will prove a difficult problem for future Governors, and the solution will not be helped by the multiplication of revenue and other returns which occupy more and more of the official's time, and consequently result in his being less and less able to visit and know the people under him. The only safe policy in my opinion—and I venture to give it with the greatest respect, of course—is to allow those natives who want to become Christians or Moslems to do so, but not to encourage them in any way, certainly not the latter. Those who wish to study the subject seriously would do well to read Dr. Karl Kumm's latest book—the author, by the way, stayed with me in Jemaa when on his way to Egypt. On the contrary, we ought to do everything that is possible to maintain the old beliefs—though they may be purged of any particularly objectionable features—by a sympathetic study of them, thus keeping the tribes separate, and avoiding the danger of their combining to expel us, and also conserving to the savage what he most values instead of teaching him to despise his ancestors; for strange as it may seem to us, there is a great deal of good in his laws and customs, and even in his religion.

CHAPTER VII

A BOUNDARY COMMISSION

IN the Nassarawa, Zaria, Bauchi, Yola, Muri, Bassa, and Kabba provinces of Northern Nigeria there are many wild pagan tribes still unknown—except by name—to the peace-loving missionary ; still ignorant of the struggles their religion will cost them ; not yet aware of the fact that their cannibalism, their head-hunting, or their other quaint failings will soon be prohibited by the strong and ever-conquering white man.

What is often called the Pagan Belt stretches across these provinces on each side of, and parallel with, the Benue river, and although the area is not so very large, the diversity of the customs and the difference in the languages is very great. In districts where every large town is fighting every other, there is naturally no intercourse, for the people live and keep themselves within a small definite area, and soon little differences begin to creep in here and there until at length the people of one town can hardly understand those of another, even in the cases where they have come from the same original stock. If, for instance, two brothers quarrel and separate, their families will establish houses wide apart, and as the family develops into the tribe, and the villages become towns, the descendants forget their ancient connection by blood, and remember only that their respective ancestors were enemies. When once separated, internal changes begin, for a priest may become very powerful and may alter the religious observances, or at any rate some of the ideas ; a warrior may discover some improvement in tactics, or in the manufacture or use of weapons ; the people of one town may capture cattle, while those of the other go in more for agriculture ; some will live in the mountains, others on the plains ; and so their modes of life become distinct, and the only agencies likely to bring the people together again are the

advent of a strange power (either by conquest, or by causing the different tribes to combine against them) and the rubber-finders, or other traders, and blacksmiths. The Filani were the first great conquerors of Northern Nigeria, but in most parts we have now replaced them, and our conquests—being made in the interests of civilisation, and not for the purpose of capturing slaves—have been more humane and peaceful; but in other districts, particularly on the southern edge of the plateau between the Nassarawa, Bauchi, and Muri provinces, the Hausa traders are even now the only civilising agents. Jemaan Daroro is in the heart of the head-hunting country, the tribes indulging in this little pastime being situated in the eastern half of the Nassarawa province, the southern quarter of the Zaria province, and the south-western and north-western quarters of the Bauchi and Muri provinces respectively. But little was known of the tribes on the borders where the last two provinces joined Nassarawa up to 1908, and in the November of that year I was ordered to take an escort to join a Political Officer from Bauchi, and to proceed along the boundary to decide upon a line definitely dividing the provinces from one another. This district was on the other side of the range to the Ankwoi country, and I was hopeful of being able to link up my old route there from Amar, or at any rate to go very near to it, but the fates in the shape of the Toffs—a rather smart name for a naked people—decided otherwise. Leaving Jemaan Daroro at the beginning of the month (the party, consisting of myself as Political Officer, an escort of an officer and twenty-five men, and some forty carriers), we marched east along the base of the Kagoro hills, and joined a similar party from Bauchi near the border, and then turning south proceeded along the top of the mountain range which divides the two provinces. Our instructions were to delimit the provincial boundary, to find out something about the people there, and to avoid all hostilities—such an easy order to give on paper, such a difficult one to obey in real life amongst pagans who have never seen a white man, and, what is much more to the point, do not want to see one!

Owing to a mistake in the identity of a town (it having a different name in each province), we were led out of our way, and

KAJJI WOMEN OF MERSA

The tail—the sign of marriage—worn by most of these tribes is like the above, and is nearly always worn over a bunch of leaves. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 have decorated the edges of their tails with beads, and in the case of Nos. 1 and 3 the stumps have been cased in brass. See p. 104.

had to climb first down and then up the edge of the table-land (a very appropriate name in this case, for the sides were almost as steep as table legs), this proving an experience which will not be easily forgotten by those who went through it. The mountains were almost perpendicular, and there was no chance of riding—in fact, it was as much as the poor little ponies could do to drag their own bodies up, even though freed from their riders. The paths—very few tracks in West Africa can be called roads, and these were execrable even for that country—were almost staircases, great slabs of rock jutting out here and there, and forming obstacles which were even worse for the animals than for the men. Our loads were, of course, borne on carriers' heads, and some idea of the difficulty of the ground may be gathered from the fact that, although we had only some fifty soldiers and about ninety others, and there were frequent rests to allow the rear of the column to close up, the tail was over two hours behind the head, both on the day that we descended the range and on the next day when we ascended it again.

We would mount one rise and there would be another young mountain ahead, another climb and still a further hill, again a scramble and yet again a height. It was enough to break one's heart. The grass, mere dry stubble in most parts, was very stiff and slippery, it having been burnt off, except in sheltered spots or near water, and every hundred yards or so one of us would trip on a root or a stone and, failing to save himself, come down heavily—and how heavy one is at such times! The endless, endless rocks, the uneven paces we had to take, the grasping and holding on to tufts of stubble to keep one's footing, the continual grazing of an ankle or a knee, the cutting of our fingers by the longer grass, and the parching of our throats by the hot, dry air—Heavens! how we longed for a comfortable bed, a long drink, and a sleep; how unattainable they seemed, and how good they were when at last we really got them. It is very often at these times that the native shows how good a fellow he really is at heart; soldiers and carriers would help one another over specially difficult places, or take turns to carry a load, and there was nearly always some one ready with a joke or with a word of encouragement for his fellow-sufferers. My

good old Yoruba messenger, Ajai (the connoisseur of cockroaches as related in another chapter), wanted to carry me—and I am not light—because I was very short of wind through having caught a bad cold on the first night of exposure to the chilly air of the plateau, the temperature there being much lower than at Jemaa. I can see his ugly old face yet, more like that of a bull-pup than a man, with his faithful, dog-like eyes, and a body of muscle almost as broad as it was long. Another who showed up well was the headman of my carriers, Balaribe, who carried the whole of a large tent up one of the smaller hills, though it was usually allotted to three men even on level ground. As for us four Europeans, we did not see much of each other, since we had to take charge of different parts of the column; but I think the others were just as glad of a whisky, bath, and bed as I was on arrival at the camp, the spot chosen being a village called Bandang, just over the top.

Next morning we pushed on to Monguna, which had given trouble before (and has done so again since), and on the 14th we entered unknown country and camped at Sha. The people, being afraid, had all run away, and it was only towards dark that the guides (procured from a village *en route*) who had been sent out on our arrival to make overtures of peace, managed to persuade some of the men to come in and sell us grain and goat-flesh. There were no yams there, the people living on guinea-corn (a red millet), and a kind of grain which made a dish reminding me of ground rice—I do not know the English name, the Hausa is *atcha;* it is common in Zaria and elsewhere. When this fails, a bitter root, which the Hausas call *gwaza*, seems to be the only food, a very poor substitute for yam, being (to my taste, and also to that of a lot of our men) very unpalatable, and liable to make the throat sore. Eggs and milk were unprocurable—in fact, as has been noticed elsewhere, this kind of pagan never milks cattle even if he has them.

As we were on a mission of "peaceful penetration" we were most anxious not to alarm the inhabitants, nor to provoke hostilities, and so we did not enter any of the towns, but camped outside, and invited the people to come out and trade.

Before leaving we would ask the chief to send a messenger on to the next town to tell the people there that we were friendly, and that they need not run away, but that they should stay and prepare food, for which we would pay in full, the payment being made in strips of cloth, looking-glasses, or strings of beads, all money—even cowries—being then unknown there. It was very amusing to see a dirty old man, who had been a stranger to water for years, wrap a piece of calico round his head and admire himself in the looking-glass with the most childish delight. Needless to say, the colour of the white calico, after having been passed around and examined by various friends and admirers, became almost indistinguishable from that of the wearer's body; but that did not seem to matter, the main idea being, apparently, that the calico itself, and not the colour of it, was the important thing. As each group of towns had a different language, and many of the tribes were at war with one another, our messages were sometimes disregarded or never delivered, and although I thought this state of affairs unfortunate at the time, we were thankful afterwards, as it proved our salvation.

Next morning we marched first to 'Mbun, a small town built at the bottom of what was an enormous well of rock, being surrounded on all sides by almost straight walls, through which were only two natural openings opposite one another, as if made for ingress and egress. By the way, there seems to be a great attraction for spelling African names with an apostrophe before the first letter. In this case, the accent is on the "bun," the "M" being only just distinguishable, and so I think that the apostrophe is correctly used, though I have seen another town described as 'Mbel, though the sound was as plainly as possible Ambel, the accent being on the first syllable.

However, to return to 'Mbun: we found that all the people had disappeared with the exception of the chief and one or two men, but as these were friendly and produced some food, we had our breakfasts and then went on to the town of Toff. It is usually a sign of danger to see no women about, so one generally looks around for them, or else listens for the thumping

of the pestles in the wooden mortars, or the grinding of the stones which signify the preparation of food, and should everything be quiet, it is well to be on one's guard; another sign is the absence of food. Naturally, when natives fear an attack, the first thing they do is to get their women and food-stuffs into a place of safety, and it is necessary to be prepared for a counter-attack when this has happened, for the people may think this their best means of defence. Even the most gentle bird, if frightened, may try to peck the hand of one who is doing his best to make friends with it, and savages are not exactly gentle birds at all times.

The country from Sha to Toff was execrable—or worse if there be a stronger word to describe it—the path lying between high rocks for the greater part of the distance, where stones and poisoned arrows would have been almost as effective as bullets; and for the last mile or more, these hills had been covered by armed men with quivers of arrows slung on their backs, the shafts showing up above their heads, and "wanting war" as my Orderly said. The Bauchi Resident and I went on alone to show that we were not going to attack them, and we were not molested, but we had rather an anxious moment when, on arriving at the top of a rise just outside Toff, we were met by the chief and a number of his warriors, all armed with clubs and long knives. They seemed inclined to dispute our passage at first, but seeing smiles on our faces—though we felt far from frivolous, the escort being about half a mile behind with the carriers—they allowed us to pass in peace, and, avoiding the town, we camped on clear ground near some trees, marking places for our four tents in the centre, the men's bivouacs being placed around them as usual. The remainder of the column arrived soon afterwards, the tents were pitched, and before long we were enjoying the savoury odour of "Lazenby's" or other delicacies, which are especially welcome in a country where a European can eat only what he has brought with him in his chop-box—and how anxiously one examines it towards the end of a trek, especially if out longer than was expected!

It may seem paradoxical to say that the military officer,

whose profession is fighting, has a much less dangerous life in these wild countries than a Resident, whose aim is rather to make the peace than to break it; but it is so. Whenever the former travels, he is accompanied by troops; he camps in the positions best suited for defence; if there is to be fighting, he comes prepared, and when it is over, he goes back to his head-quarters. The Political Officer, on the other hand, has to visit the people alone, for a small escort would often be more dangerous than none at all since it would invite an attack, and yet be powerless to beat it off. He has to get into touch with the people, and so he cannot choose his camping-ground purely for reasons of defence; he has to avoid hostilities, if possible, and so cannot go prepared for them, though should he be out with a patrol, he has the same risks to run as the commander of the force, for the two must keep together, or else, perhaps, he goes ahead to give the enemy a last chance of submitting. And finally, after the fighting is over and the troops have returned, he again visits the towns alone to receive the indemnity, or fine, or whatever it may be. In the more settled districts, these conditions hardly exist nowadays, though there is always a risk when the representative of the ruling power has an unpopular duty to perform and is not protected; but in the Pagan Belt—occupied mainly by head-hunting tribes—the danger is very real, and it will be found to be the case that the great majority of the Residents there belongs or has belonged to some branch of his Majesty's naval or military forces, usually the latter. I do not say that the men have been posted there because of that special qualification, but there is no doubt that they are the best fitted, and they have in some way found their level in the districts where their training is of the most use to them. It is often said in joke that the Residents are the "bait," while the Waffs are the "fishermen," and, as is well known, the bait generally has an unenviable time, being destroyed in order to provide excitement and perhaps reward for the fisher.

On the following morning one of the military officers had fever, so we decided not to proceed farther that day, but to rest the horses and carriers, who had had a very bad gruelling.

All was quiet during the morning: the chief paid us frequent visits—no doubt sizing up our strength—bringing a little food for sale each time, and even showing us how he could (or could not) dance; so we had no reason to suspect that trouble was brewing. Nevertheless, we did not allow any one of our party to enter the town under any pretext whatever, these restrictions having been rigidly enforced ever since we had left friendly country. We thus thought that we were progressing satisfactorily in the good graces of our hosts, and we had a rude shock when, about 3.30 P.M., some of the carriers ran up and said that they had been shot at while gathering wood just outside the camp. Hardly believing this, three of us took our shot-guns to make a noise, if necessary—we did not think rifles would be required—and went with the carriers to the spot which they indicated, and when only about 300 yards away from the tents, we saw some armed pagans who, however, ran off at our approach.

A little food had been brought in during the morning, but none since then, and this act of hostility made it quite clear that we need expect no more. And as there was a yam field close by —these tubers were probably introduced by the Hausa rubber traders, so we heard afterwards—and the men had no food left, we decided to help ourselves, and to send later to the chief inviting him to come and claim payment. This, of course, has to be done very often under such circumstances, otherwise the men would starve, and it usually does much more good than harm, for among these peoples, where might is right, it is a very common occurrence for the stronger party to carry off the other's goods without paying any compensation, so they are agreeably surprised when we actually pay, and pay the proper price too, for what we have taken, although they have not the power to force us to do so, and they are thus all the more ready to believe in us and be friendly. It is easy enough for a weak tribe to say to a stronger that robbery and capture are wrong; but when the white man, who is even more powerful still, says so, and though he has the power to do what he likes, refuses to use it unjustly, the natives begin to believe that there really must be something in our protestations of goodwill and justice.

Two of us accompanied the yam party with our shot-guns, but as an extra precaution, my police orderly followed me with his carbine. We again saw some pagans, and, thinking they would run away as before, we proceeded to the field without taking any notice of them. But the Toffs had evidently come to the conclusion that the "white man's medicine" was not of much account, and they crept up towards us through the grass. Suddenly we became aware of sounds like "thith thith, thith," and poisoned arrows began falling amongst us. One soldier was wounded through his lower lip and gum, and a few minutes later, I felt a sting on the point of my nose. Luckily, the arrow took only a little of the outside skin, and spent its force on my orderly's fez, which was knocked off, and I must say that I was just as pleased, for the nose would be a very awkward part of the anatomy to ligature. Arrows were now coming thick and fast from our front and left flank, and we fell back a little towards the camp so as to be clear of the grass, meanwhile sending a messenger back for a section of the escort, and directly the Toffs saw this rearward movement, hoarse shouts resounded on all sides, and black savage heads bobbed up from the grass in all directions, showing how well the warriors had hidden themselves. From the number of the Toffs attacking us, it was evident that they had been meditating the move for some time, as many were far from their huts, and could not have returned there and procured their bows and arrows in the short interval between the two attacks. Our reinforcements came up at the double, and, opening fire, soon drove off our assailants, who retired to the shelter of some rocks, and their arrows being now useless, they substituted abuse—at least, I suppose so; the tone did not sound at all friendly or polite.

We procured our yams, and then returned to the camp, but hearing drums being beaten in all directions, we knew we were in for a hot time, and so decided to take up a new and more open position, and form a square round it—an Irishism perhaps, but appropriate to the real disposition. Strangely enough they allowed us to move in peace—perhaps fascinated by the way the tents were shifted—but no sooner had we done so, than we were

attacked on all sides by hordes of yelling savages, and we were soon firing as hard as we could to keep off a charge. Their war-cry was a cross between a dog's bark, a donkey's braying, and Wagner's Song of the Valkyries — more loud than beautiful, though very thrilling—and it was accompanied by drumming, shouting, and blowing on horns and an instrument giving a sound like that of a child's tin trumpet, the latter sounding woefully inappropriate to us, but no doubt pleasing the Toffs very much. Meanwhile, arrows were coming in showers on three sides of the square, and we thought we were in for a long casualty list. One officer got two through the roof of his tent, and several of the men had their clothing pierced, but no one else was actually hit. Luckily, the horses, which are usually trying to bite or kick one another, when close together, gave us no trouble, and most of the camp-followers seemed fairly at ease, though quiet. The cooks soon began making the dinners in the open by the tents—my boy had fought against the British force at Kano in 1903—singing their songs, which seem to be indispensable if the meal is to be a success, in a high falsetto voice as usual, though guilty of a glance of disapproval now and then if an arrow came too close. I wonder if the twang in their voices is responsible for that peculiar West African flavour in their dishes? Only an African can accomplish either.

The attack lasted about two hours. Twice attempts were made to rush the square, but as they were heralded in each case by extra shouting, drumming, and noisy encouragement generally, we were able to concentrate and strengthen our fire in the threatened quarter, and so frustrate them. A few men, probably minor chiefs, with long Zulu-Kafir-like shields, strutted up and down in front of their followers, defying us to hit them, and strangely enough, we could not do so. We could hardly believe that the shields were bullet-proof, the targets were plain and quite close, and some of the native soldiers were excellent shots, yet we did the bearers no harm, apparently. Nor was our non-success due to unsteadiness; nearly all of us had seen service before—some of the men a dozen times; the fire-control was perfect—it had to be, for the ammunition was limited—and we hit other men who were

without shields and were, therefore, much worse targets. The soldiers themselves easily accounted for the fact by attributing the immunity of the shield-men to *magani* (magic), but I fear that that explanation did not quite convince us.

At about seven o'clock the attack died down, and we made our dispositions for the night. Perhaps it ought to have been mentioned when comparing the duties of the political and military officers that, so long as things are peaceful, the Resident naturally directs the conduct of the movements, the Waff officers being merely part of the escort; but directly hostilities commence, the civil official becomes a subordinate, and it was rather strange that the man now in command should be the youngest and the least experienced of the four of us. The Bauchi Resident had been in some previous skirmishes in Northern Nigeria, and the commander of his escort had been a captain in Ashanti during the expedition of 1900, but having transferred from the militia, in which he was then serving, to the regular army, he had lost the benefit of all his previous service, and had had to commence again at the bottom of the list of second-lieutenants. I myself had seen service in South Africa and in Ashanti, my captaincy being obtained during the former campaign, and I had had charge of a few police patrols in Northern Nigeria, as already mentioned, which, although they were not active service exactly, were good training. Yet we all automatically became junior to the lieutenant in the Waffs, who had never seen service before, as soon as fighting commenced. Regulations create strange conditions at times, though in a way one can see the reason of such rules; but it seemed rather unsatisfactory that in a position of great danger such as this was, our lives should be entrusted to the one who had had the least real experience which could be of any use under the circumstances. And in saying this, I do not mean to insinuate that he did not do well; I only wish to point out that the regulations brought about a curious condition of affairs.

We took it in turns to go round the sentries at night, and I found an excellent plan to keep the men awake in giving them a Hausa proverb to pass on round the cordon until it came back to me. The native soldier will fight like a fury while he sees the

need of it, but he is not keen on doing sentry-go afterwards, especially as it is his nature to leave worries to others, and there was on this occasion a great temptation for the men to go to sleep, for all were lying down so as to present as small a target as possible in the event of a night attack. The Hausas, who made up a goodly proportion of the force, are extremely fond of proverbs, and they quite entered into the spirit of this kind of thing, especially as some of the sayings were very appropriate.

The moon came out about 11 P.M. and it was then evident that there would be no further attack that night, and although drumming was still to be heard, and fires were burning on the hills all round us, we felt that we could relax our vigilance somewhat, and reduce the number of sentries. What would happen on the morrow we did not know ; our anxiety was centred on the question whether the 'Mbun people and those farther on would attack us, and, if so, would the ammunition last out. But that was for to-morrow—this was still to-day, and we were dead-beat ; to be fresh and ready for the work it was necessary to get some sleep, so having arranged regular turns, those of us not on duty went to bed.

To make certain that I did not myself go to sleep, I sat out on a shooting-stick, but even thus, during my second turn, I found myself musing over the events of the day. When I was hit, old Ajai, the court messenger, tore off his long Hausa robe and wanted to hold it in front of me, while the police orderly snatched off his charms (bought from the Mohammedan mallams in Jemaan Daroro specially to ward off arrows) and tried to tie them round my waist. Although the men got in my way and made me angry at the time, it was good afterwards to feel that one's own followers *would* do these things for their white masters (the others had somewhat similar experiences), for both really thought that they themselves were running extra risks in thus shielding me. Old Ajai cried when I left him afterwards at Keffi, and although his great ugly face looked more grotesque than ever when bathed in tears, I did not feel at all inclined to laugh at him. As for the policeman, he proved his pluck on

several occasions, but his name does not appear, for I had to sentence him later on to imprisonment for theft and extortion.

It is sad to think how many of our protégés go wrong; most officers can vouch for the fact that some of their soldiers who are splendid men as privates cannot be permanently advanced, because, whenever they are given a stripe, they at once use their authority for the purpose of extorting contributions from the pay of the men under them. And often the relief of a white official at the end of his tour of duty means the rearrangement of the black staff under him, for many natives will do very good work for one master and very bad work for another. I think it is not sufficiently recognised that the ordinary untutored native has but little idea of his own steady, permanent advancement; he lays up no goods for the morrow, he is rich one day and poor the next, a gradual rise in status hardly forming part of his calculations. His service is a personal one, given to the white master who has won his affections—the Government is nothing; perhaps there may be some white men greater than his own master, but they cannot compare with him in other ways, and at any rate they do not concern the servant. Perhaps they provide the money, but his own master gives him his pay, and he is not going to trouble about the source whence it is obtained; other white men may come and relieve him, but the subordinate owes them nothing, and so he need not mind how he works or behaves to them—and thus the poor fellow comes to grief in at least one-half of the cases.

But my turn of duty being up I returned again to my tent, and, being tired out, it was not long before I had forgotten the natives' troubles as well as my own worries.

Any chance of making friends with the Toffs then was gone, so we had determined to leave at daybreak—in fact, we should have done so the day previously but for the fact that one of the officers had fever, as mentioned before. There was only one way out of this mouse-trap, so the guide had told us the previous night, viz. by the way we had come, and as this passed close to the town, and was but a narrow ledge on the side of what was almost a miniature precipice, commanded by rocks above, and by

other hills on the opposite side of the defile, we expected a warm reception. But, strange to say, although we were late in starting, and although our movements had been observed, we found that the route was not closed, and the head of the little column entered the pass before the natives seemed to realise that we were actually leaving. Immediately drums began beating, and war-whoops arose, and soon we were again engaged; but after a short fight, which was mainly a rear-guard action, we found ourselves clear of our adversaries, with only one more casualty on our side. The carriers trudged on with their loads, the horses were led along the gravelly paths, and coaxed over the slabs as usual, and except for the absence of singing amongst the carriers (made up for in some respects by the yells of the Toffs), and for the frequent "pop, pop" of the rifles, it might have been an ordinary march.

As I have said before, the great question had been whether the people of 'Mbun would oppose us or not, for we had to pass through their village again, and would have been even more exposed to attack there than at Toff since the defile was much narrower and deeper. Great, therefore, was our relief when we saw the chief and others with whitened faces (their "white flag") coming to meet us, and bringing food. Had they and the people of the villages farther on fought, it is a question if we should ever have got back at all, for our ammunition was nearly exhausted (we had but 47 rounds left per man out of the original 100), and we were forty miles from any tribes we could depend upon, and even these might have risen against us if we had been already defeated. Our horses were lame, and our carriers also, and we could not have transported any badly wounded men. Luckily, however, we were not called upon to decide the question, for the people of 'Mbun and Toff were hereditary enemies, and the 'Mbuns were delighted to think that we had fought on their side, so we slept in peace and quiet that night and reached Jemaan Daroro a few days later. A patrol of 100 men with a Maxim gun subdued the Toffs during the following year, and they did not have as much fighting as we had had, from all accounts. But it is one thing to go out with the intention of attacking a tribe, with some idea of its size, with a knowledge of the roads,

and with plenty of ammunition; it is a very different matter to be attacked when on a peaceful mission, with but half as many men, no gun, and with no reserve of ammunition. The smaller the force the greater the danger, and conversely, the less chance there is of obtaining any recognition for it.

The Toffs were adepts in the art of taking cover; several got up quite close to us in the first advance without our seeing them, and they made a flank attack in the yam field. They must have been well directed too, for if we concentrated on one point, they directed their attention to another. The arrows were plain reeds, about a yard in length, with long, thin points (fashioned so as to break off on striking the target and remain in the wound), poisoned with strophanthus and snake virus, I was told. I cannot understand why we had so few casualties; we found sixty arrows next morning in the square (an area of 900 square yards perhaps), and double as many just outside—I have some now—there was no shelter of any kind, and we were a perfectly plain target. Most of us had at least one arrow within a few inches of some part or other of his body, but yet we escaped very lightly. Arrows would drop between the legs or arms of one of us when kneeling or lying down; why was it they did not find the flesh? The lack of an iron head probably affected the accuracy of the shooting to some extent, but the range of flight was a long one, as on one face the Toffs were quite 200 yards away on a little higher ground, and yet their shafts reached the square, the wind helping them to some extent, no doubt. The range was perfect; they simply had bad luck, I suppose—at least, we should call it so were we to go so near and yet so far—though my sympathies were not at all with them. The knives—like machetes—were, I suppose, imported; had the Toffs known how to work in iron, they would assuredly have tipped their arrows, and have used spears also.

The men were stark naked except for a little basket-like object resembling those worn by the Gannawarri, but much wider in some cases; the women, I heard, wore leaves, but I did not see any females, and except for the fact that the houses were very close together, I had no time to note anything of anthropological interest.

What induced the Toffs to leave the road open I cannot tell. Probably they thought that they had us so safely that we could not escape, and they intended to finish us at their leisure later on, for as we moved off we saw numbers of warriors coming over the hills from neighbouring towns, whither they had evidently returned after the attack of the previous evening. Signal fires were kept burning all night, and drumming was continuous, while now and then there would be sudden bursts of yelling and trumpet-blowing; all telling, no doubt, of the mighty deeds done by the local heroes in the fight that day, and of the very excellent use the white men's skulls would be put to on the morrow. The subsequent patrol found about seventy skulls in one fetish house, I believe; I am glad none of ours were amongst the number, for after all, one's head is quite a useful thing to keep, both metaphorically and literally.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS

ONE of my first experiences of the warlike Kagoro tribe was somewhat startling. I had been among them during the previous month, on my return from my trip to Zaria recorded in a later chapter, and as their tribute had not been coming in as quickly as it should have been (some being more than two years overdue), I had given them a slight hint that there were other and more convincing arguments on my side than mere words—arguments, the strength of which they had already had some experience. While I had been in their district the people had paid a small proportion of the arrears, but immediately I had returned to my headquarters the payments ceased, and so I had warned them that I should be coming for more at some future time.

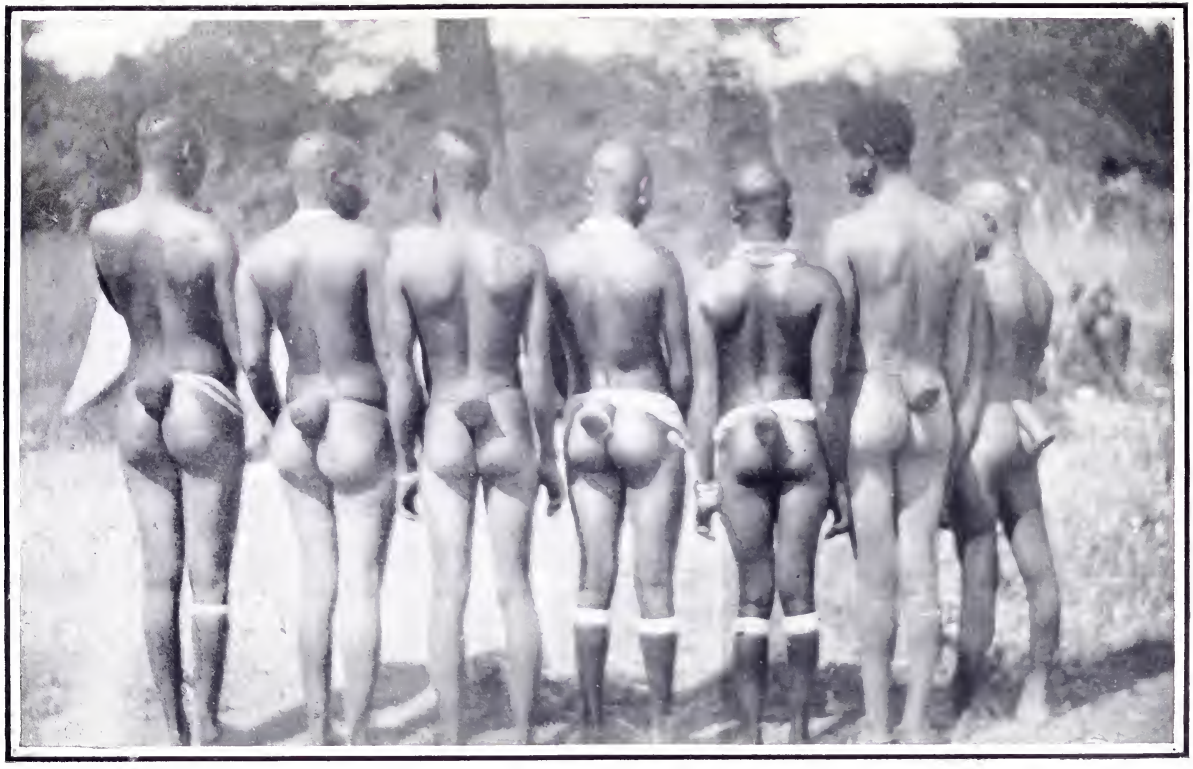
The road from Jemaan Daroro is steep and very bad in places, for the ascent from the bottom of the cup in which the town is situated is fairly rapid, and as I emerged from a path in thick bush into a clearing near the village of Chanji, there, in line, with their bows at full stretch and poisoned arrows fitted, were some thirty savages advancing towards me. I had no time to call my little escort of eleven men who were some distance behind me, and to have retired would have been fatal; so feeling exceedingly nervous myself, I rode up and told *them* not to be afraid, my orderly calling out in Hausa, "It is peace." I found on questioning them that they were out after "small game" only (*i.e.* mice and rats), so we were soon friends, but in the old days, in fact so late as five years ago, had a solitary trader met a hunting party his skull would soon have decorated a hut—and even while I was there some women were the victims of a temporary absent-

mindedness on the part of a small band of hunters—for although mice may furnish good sport at times, men provide much better.

Jemaan Daroro is almost in the centre of the country where the industry of head-hunting is seen in its most flourishing state. To the north and north-east are the Kagoro, Attakka, Gannawarri, Moroa, and Katab tribes, and towards the north-west the Kajji and Jaba, and all these are tailed. Then to the west are the Kagoma, to the north-west the Kanninkwom peoples, both ardent followers of the sport (shall we say?) of kings, though innocent of the caudal appendage. In the Bauchi Province to the east are the Karshe, Kibbo, and other tribes, to the south and south-east the Ayu, Ninkada, and Nadu, and to the south and south-west the Ninzam, Waiwai, Mada, and others. Of these the Gannawarri and Nadu are known to be cannibals, but I think that none of the others eat human flesh now, although it is quite possible that they gave way to the luxury in earlier times.

Head-hunters are not found elsewhere in Northern Nigeria to-day so far as I know, except in continuation of the Pagan Belt in the Bauchi province, not at any rate in such numbers as are here congregated, though there are cannibals in other parts.

The Kagoro occupy part of the north and west faces of a ridge of steep, high mountains running from the Bauchi into the Nassarawa province, and then apparently running back again. All but one of the towns which I saw are built at the foot of the ridge (though there are a few villages right on top of the plateau, belonging to Ogban and Kukkum probably, which have not even yet been visited), and nearly all are defended by planted labyrinths of strong prickly euphorbia hedges, which sometimes reach a height of fifteen or even twenty feet, but there are no stockades of any kind. The towns with the approximate populations (based purely on guess-work in most cases, any strict mode of census-taking being entirely out of the question) are as follows, enumerating them in order from the south: Tuku Tozo (150), Tuku (150), Jigya or Jigga (150), Tafa and Ungwal Giginnia (300), all isolated on the west face of the mountain spur. Chanji (200) is by itself on the main road, with a few scattered houses nearer the mountains. Then on the north side



KAGORO WOMEN OF TUKU TOZO

The tail worn by most of these women is shorter and thicker than that in favour further north. The woman with the hair is an Attakka, the hair being probably a sign of mourning. See p. 105.

of the range come the biggest towns, all adjoining one another, and forming a veritable nest of savagery, namely Ogban (1500), Kukkum (1000), Fada Kagoro (1500; *Fada* means capital), Apak (500), Turap (400), Safwio (200), Duchui (150), and Kaderko (150). Opposite Fada Kagoro is Malagum (500), while Mafor (100) and Makabbo (100) face Duchui and Kaderko respectively, these three towns being situated on a detached hill to the north of the big spur. The total population is therefore about 7000, but this estimate is, as I have said before, only very approximate.

The Kagoro say that they came long ago from Bauchi country westwards to Nimbia, near to where Jemaan Daroro now is—though it was not in existence at that time—and from Nimbia they passed, after a short stay, to the site of the present Fada Kagoro, the leader of the party being Apak, after whom one of the towns was named. There they found the ruins of the habitation of a former forgotten people, perhaps the makers of the stone axes said to have been discovered in the vicinity. I have not been able to secure any such implements from that particular district, but I have been given some from just over the border, and so I have no doubt that the accounts of similar tools having been found there are correct, for some of the Kagoro chiefs on being shown some axe-heads said that they knew that they had been made by the splintering of rocks by lightning—a general belief amongst natives. One, however, the *Agwam* (chief) of Ogban, said that one of them was an axe, and this was very strange, for the other chiefs all swore that nothing of the kind has been used within their memory. He, however, was a good deal older than the others, and it is just possible that he knew that stones may have been used before iron became available, a metal which must have always been somewhat difficult to obtain, for the ore is not found in the Kagoro country, and only Hausa blacksmiths seem able to work it when brought there.

As the people have no records of any kind, except the rather confused accounts of which the foregoing is the main outline, the story of their origin is very hard to prove or disprove. One thing which supports their account—and an important point

too—is that in the towns on the northern side of the mountain spur the sacred groves are all to the south, and the people look first in that direction when performing their mystic rites, the reason given being that they face their place of origin; while in those towns on the western side of the range the groves are to the north, and these towns we know are colonies from Fada Kagoro. The fact that the northern towns are the oldest seems to be rather against the theory that the people worked round from the south, but it is quite possible that they came across the top of the spur instead of around it, as the Attakka, their neighbours, have done since. Dr. Keane, in *Man, Past and Present*, mentions a tribe of Kagoro, and the similarity of the name is rather striking, but his people are a branch of the Mande family much farther to the west, and it would be difficult to imagine that there could be any connection between peoples so far apart.

Nothing is yet known of the languages of the Bauchi plateau, so no comparison can be made, but it is worth noting that the Kagoro salutation is almost the same as theirs (*sham* or *sha*), though the tribes do not visit one another, and also all are head-hunters. And the fact that many Hausa words are now used in the Kagoro vocabulary (even for the names of several of their towns) does not militate against this, for that great trade tongue is spoken everywhere, and there have been for a long time some blacksmiths or traders or others amongst them. On the contrary, the fact supports their story, for tobacco has been smoked for many years in the north, yet the Kagoro did not know of it, their adoption of the Hausa name proving that it must have been introduced comparatively recently.

There is, however, one very important difference that should be noted, namely, that the men of the Bauchi tribes which I saw on the Nassarawa border, and inhabiting the country from which the Kagoro claim to have come, wear a peculiar article of dress which may be described as a "case," and do not circumcise, whereas the Kagoro attire themselves quite differently, and do mutilate the body. No doubt there are many other differences also, but not knowing the Bauchi people, I cannot enumerate them.

When I first saw the Kagoro, Attakka, Moroa, Katab, and Kajji people, I thought that they must all be descended from a common stock, since their tribal marks were identical, many of their customs similar, and the languages appeared much alike —especially those of the Kagoro and Moroa—but all denied this, and gave different accounts of their origin. The Kagoro, as I have said, claim to have come from the south-east and then from the south; whereas the Kajji, Katab, and Moroa say that they came from Zaria to the north and north-west; and probably none of these tribes could ever have been powerful enough to drive the Kagoro to where they now are, for, although much more numerous, they are not so warlike. The Kajurawa certainly kept the Kagoro within the precincts of the mountain spur, and it is easier to account for this by supposing that the latter, being a strange and small tribe, spread gradually around the base or over the top of the mountains, than by presuming that they—evidently the weaker, since they paid tribute—could have forced their way across the lower portions of the Kajuru country.

The similarity of the tribal marks is said to be due to the fact that about two generations ago the Katab had a very skilful operator who invented the pattern (one would think he must have charged so much per cut, judging by the number of them), and that people of the surrounding tribes visiting the town liked it so much that it soon became universal. Both Kagoro and Moroa men told me this, and the chief of Jemaa supported the story, so possibly it is true, though it is certainly strange; but it must have been more than two generations ago, for even the oldest men have now the universal marks, which, they say, were done in their youth.

Peoples of the same origin may fight each other — even different members of a single family will do that—but they never keep the heads of their victims as trophies of war, though they retain those of their enemies, and, even if taken during the actual fighting, they are given back to the dead man's relatives to be buried with the bodies on the declaration of peace. If this were not done, the ghosts of the victims would have to serve those of their slayers in the next world, and

although such a condition of affairs would be most desirable in the case of war with an enemy, it is not considered good form to make one's own blood relations (or should I say spirits?) do such work. And in fact, it is quite possible that such a ghost would work harm rather than good to the slayer, since it, and only it, can worry any of its living relatives, a ghost of a stranger being harmless. Now the Kagoro did take and keep Kajji, Katab, and Moroa heads, but not, so they say, those of the Attakka, and this would seem to show that there was originally no connection between the first four tribes; later on, however, the Kagoro and Katab swore an agreement to restore heads if they should have war and any should be taken, and they say that the terms were carried out on the few occasions on which they came into conflict afterwards.

Finally, the Attakka even now occupy the hills above Nimbia, and their villages are built in a way similar to that adopted by the Kagoro, though rather higher up the slope; while the Moroa, Kajji, and Katab inhabit the plains; so I should say that the Kagoro and Attakka both came from the south and before that from the east, and that they probably had a common origin, while the other tribes came from the north or west, though there was most likely no connection between the Kajji and Moroa, even if the Katab were related to either one or the other.

It is said that when the Kagoro first came to the country which they now inhabit they did not know the use of the bow and arrow, and that they had only wooden spears, shields, and slings. And this is possibly correct, for the chief of Jemaan Daroro told me that the Attakka had learned the use of arrow poison from the Kibbo (Bauchi) only about twenty-five years ago, and that they had then taught the Kagoro. This seems to argue both for and against the theory of origin from the south and east, for whereas the Toffs use even now only arrows with wooden points, and the Gannawarri do not use the bow and arrow at all, the Kagoro might have been expected to have brought the knowledge of the power of poisons with them unless discovered only after their departure. The country was so overrun with wild beasts at the time of their arrival that they had to live underground, so the

legend goes, and make tunnels to their farms, and this makes one suspect that they were to some extent troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, like the Nadu to the south; in fact, they still have caves where they store their food, and which they use as hiding-places when attacked, though they do not improve them in any way.

For a long time they were ruled by councils of elders, or heads of families; but having been conquered by the Kajurawa, and forced to pay tribute, they determined to elect a chief, or *agwam*, to supervise the payment. There had been desultory fighting between these peoples for many years without any decisive result on either side; but about one hundred and twenty years ago, so far as I can calculate from the lengths of the reigns given me, the Kajurawa demanded a regular annual payment, and the Kagoro were not strong enough to resist. Possibly the Filani were responsible in some degree, for their herds had begun to enter the rich Moroa and Kagoro country, and the Kajuwara protected them in return for the levies of cattle described in the last chapter but one. At any rate, two slaves per annum had been asked for, and the Kagoro in despair called a meeting of all the elders to consider what should be done.

Apparently no satisfactory solution of the problem had been found, each elder refusing to give up his own offspring for the good of the State, when a youth, Gundong, said that he would supply the slaves if he were made chief; and this having been agreed to, he struck a silk-cotton tree with his stick, and immediately two young slaves appeared, a male and a female, who were given as tribute. A somewhat simpler explanation occurred to me, knowing their gentle habits, namely, that something more human than a cotton-tree was struck with the stick, and that this was the commencement of the capture of passing strangers, an exciting and lucrative pursuit which has been stopped only during the last three or four years, and even now there are little lapses at times. In fact, the Kagoro say that before that time they were not head-hunters, nor had they any slaves.

Gundong was thus the first *agwam*, and he is said to have reigned fifty years, the magic cotton tree, as one would expect,

withering and dying on the day of his death. His brother Bishut followed, and lived for another forty years, and this is rather hard to reconcile until one remembers that it is quite possible that Gundong was born when his father was eighteen (Kagoro marry much younger), and Bishut, by a different mother, when he was fifty. But a wild pagan's idea of even the present time is, to say the least, hazy, and of the past quite valueless, and it was only by finding out which of the Kagoro chiefs fought against certain of the Jemaa chiefs, whose dates could be determined fairly definitely, that any approach to accuracy could be made.

After Bishut's death there was an interregnum for several years, Jigya or Jigga (the name seems to be pronounced in both ways) usurping the power, and playing the part of a tyrant for some time, but he was expelled in the end and driven to the south, where he founded a village.

The people then appealed to the chief of Jemaan Daroro to choose a chief, as they could not agree among themselves, and each town was fighting its neighbour, a somewhat strange proceeding, for the Kagoro and the Jemaa people have been enemies for generations. Bishut's son, Mungu, was appointed, but he died seven years afterwards, and was succeeded by Kaka, his brother, the present ruler, who was recognised by the Government in 1905, and appointed District Headman, or "D.H.M.," as it appears in the records. These chiefs were in no way subject to the Filani, although they had asked the chief of Jemaan Daroro to choose their *agwam*, for although the Jemaa people, with Zaria's help, defeated the Kagoro on several occasions, they also suffered some reverses, and never succeeded in subduing them nor in making them pay tribute.

After Gundong had given his slaves, the head of each family took it in turn to provide the annual contribution, and if no stranger were available, would seize even his own grand-children and hand them over—children do not count for much in times of danger or famine. They have now been roughly assessed, and most of the towns have paid tribute to the Government direct, but the chief of Jemaa was not given the position of suzerain, for he had been unable to conquer them before our arrival.

On Kaka's death his successor will be chosen by the people, and confirmed or rejected by us, and he will be a man, for only males are eligible, females being considered incapable of any posts of authority. The *agwam* of Fada Kagoro takes one-tenth of the total to compensate him for the trouble of collecting it, the chief of each separate town taking a smaller proportion, and as the chiefs of such independent tribes seldom have very much power over their people, and are always liable to abuse and ill-treatment on such occasions, he does not get overpaid. The incidence on the Kagoro general public is about 1½d. per head per adult, not exactly a ruinous tax compared with what we have the pleasure and privilege of paying in England.

The Katab to the north of the Kagoro are mostly in the Zaria province, only one town being within the Nassarawa boundary; they are said to have originated in Kachicherri, north of Moroa. "There is a big rock, the Dutsin Kerrima, where sorcery was practised," I was told, "cattle being sacrificed there long ago. The demons [*aljen* was the word used, from the Arabic] are very powerful, and sacred earth is taken from the rock by the Filani, and mixed with potash as a medicine for their cattle. Years ago, Awudu, chief of Zaria, when engaged in a war, which ended in the conquest of the Katab country, gave the people a black bull to sacrifice on the advice of his mallams —and yet he was himself a Mohammedan priest. Even now on Sunday and Friday nights the hill is luminous, and ghostly white cattle mount on top of the rock and walk about, tended by a white Filani girl." I suppose the mountain is a volcano, and the appearance of steam at intervals has given rise to this myth; and there is probably some potash in the earth; but why the phenomenon appears on a Sunday I do not know, though the Mohammedan influence might account for the Friday night performances.

The Kajji (also spelt Kaje, though this gives no idea of the pronunciation) claim descent from the north-west; they are thoroughly under control. Their immediate neighbours to the north and west are the Jaba, with whom they seem to have much in common; in fact, they once lived on the land

now occupied by the Jaba tribe. The migration must have been quite recent, for Canon Robinson, writing in 1894, and describing a journey from Keffi (or as he more correctly spells it *Kaffi*, *i.e.* "Stockade," and so "stockaded town"), said that the inhabitants of this district, many of whom wore no clothes of any kind, whilst others were content with a girdle of leaves, were a most degraded and unintelligent-looking set of people. According to the statement of his carriers (never a very reliable source of information, I fear, in such matters), many of them were cannibals. Near Zaria, his route for about fifty miles lay through the land of the Keddara tribe; but prior to this his advance had been through the country of the "Kedje," who for the most part were professional brigands. The Kajji still indulge in these little failings when possible, and I very much doubt if they have yet been cured of them.

South of the Kajji are the Kagoma, but the tail-bearing ends at the border, for the Kagoma, the Kanninkwom, and the people south of them, wear little strips of cloth instead. The Kagoma claim descent from the west, and are not connected with the Kagoro in any way, but their houses are almost identical, and, by the way, that reminds me of another point worth mentioning. The houses of the Kagoro and Attakka on the west and south faces of the mountain spur are conical, like those of the pagans nearer their supposed place of origin, while those in the big towns to the north resemble those of the Kajji and Moroa type, and, considering the fact that the building of the Kagoma and Kajji houses far surpasses the best the Kagoro can do, I think it is quite probable that this peculiar plan came from the west, and that the Kagoro were not accustomed to building in that way.

To the west of the Kagoma are the Yeskwa, to the south the Mada, their neighbours to the east being the Ninzam and Waiwai. Then come the Ayu who claim descent from the Hausa town of Katsina (as many English people do from Normandy), the Kibbo on the Bauchi border, while to the north of the Ayu are the Karshe people, a rather weak and unwarlike tribe, one of whose towns, Nimbia, has been mentioned before. Some Attakka

live quite close to it even now, though their biggest towns are right across the spur and on the north side of it as is the case with the Kagoro.

The Attakka, their immediate neighbours to the east, were not under control in my time, and I was therefore unable to find out anything about them at first hand. A patrol visited the country and subdued the tribe just after I had left in 1909, but I do not think that they have been studied as yet. They are head-hunters like the Kagoro, they dress in the same way, and their customs are said to be similar; they are the pot-makers of the district. They probably number about seven thousand, and live in towns on the north and south faces of the mountain spur.

The Gannawarri have now been placed under the Resident of Bauchi, and, as they were not under control in 1908-9 nor in my district, I was unable to visit any of their towns, though I went a little way into their country to settle a quarrel. They are cannibals, and nearly naked, but the little attire they do wear differs markedly from that of the Attakka and Moroa, their westerly neighbours. They have not even yet been thoroughly subdued, and no tribute was being paid by them when I was there, their refusal to pay inciting the Attakka to do likewise, these people in turn urging the Kagoro to resist the tax.

The Moroa people say that their ancestors came from Zaria country to Kafanchan (north of Jemaan Daroro), and from there Enniluchwi and his wife went east and founded Chori, or Ungwal Tukunia, some time before the Filani came to the country—about 1730 as near as I can make it. Enniluchwi was the father of all the Moroa, and he reached the very respectable age of one hundred years—how we all love to regard our ancestors, mythical or real, as hoary patriarchs! After him came Yakwu(r)rum of Babban Gidda who ruled for ten years, then in order, Daudu of Mansha, eight years; Rubu, ten years; Unkwommakai, fifteen years; Dawiya of Chori, fifty years (deposed); and lastly Abomong of Mansha, now eight years, the present D.H.M. recognised by the Government.

The Moroa country is open and very rich, most of the visible area being under cultivation at some time or other. In the dry

season I can hardly imagine a more pleasant spot to live in, and were it easily accessible I should spend many a week-end there. The great blue mountains looming up on the south, the Kaduna river flowing away to the north-west through the harmattan's haze, the herds of cattle contentedly eating the new green grass springing up amongst the brown stubble burnt off at the ends of the rains, the little sienna villages nestling amongst the tall dum-palms, form a picture which I can never forget. I was struck with the beauty of the Kagoro country on my first visit, but the land of the Moroa is even more lovely, and through the haze over all I felt that throbbing heat, that panting indefinable "something" which gives the West African countries their charm.

CHAPTER IX

"HEADS AND TAILS"

IT is rather strange that the Kagoro, Attakka, Moroa, Katab, Kajji, and Jaba tribes should be noted for their fondness for tails as well as for heads; the former being prized by the matrons, the latter being eagerly sought by the men.

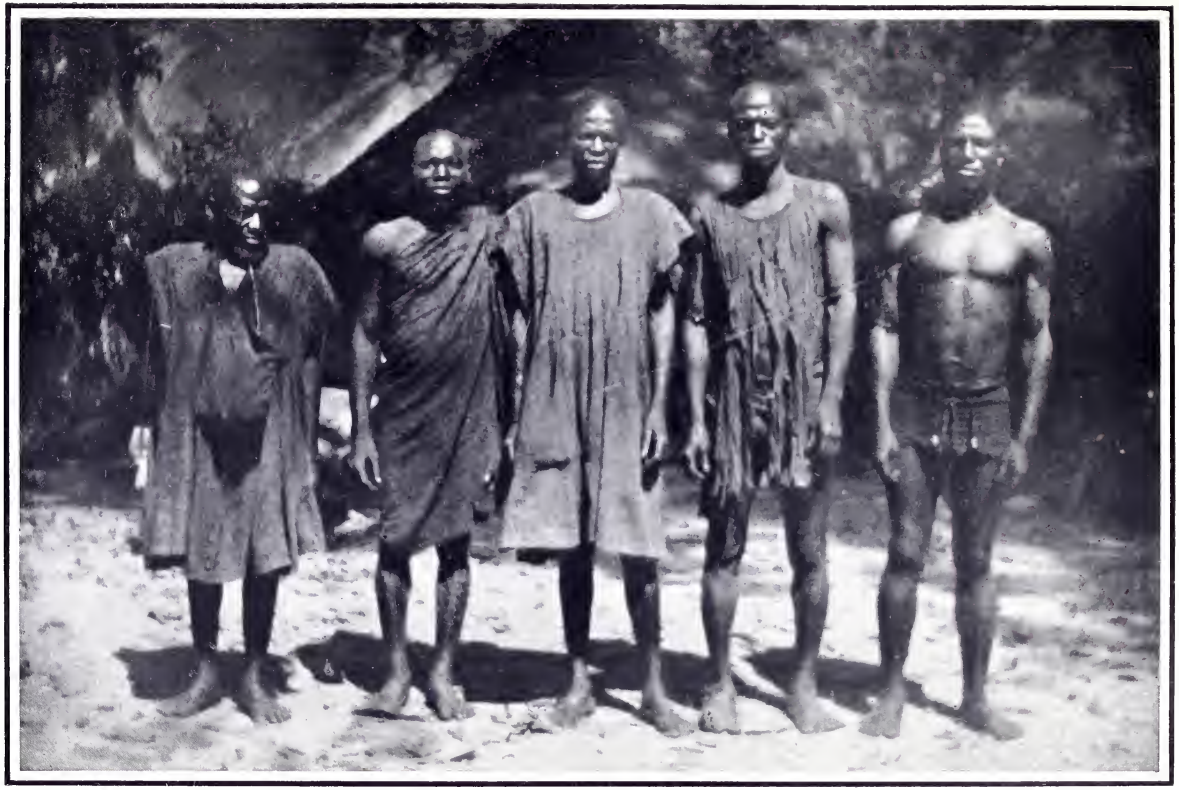
The chiefs who have been recognised by the Government now wear Hausa robes, in accordance with our instructions, made from the native cotton, and purchased from the traders; but no other Kagoro wears cotton of any kind, though many Kajji men do if they can afford it, and so do Jaba and Moroa, though to a less extent. But even amongst the Kagoro chiefs themselves, these robes are not very popular. I could never persuade Makka, the chief of Chanji, to don one—for the reason, I found afterwards, that he had sold it for palm-wine—and Kaka, the D.H.M., only wore his when I was in his town, or when he came to visit me at Jemaan Dararo. I do not think that any of these robes were ever washed, and but few of the bodies of the wearers either; and sometimes, when measuring heads, I had to squirt eau-de-cologne up my nose before I could get near them, although I had even then lost nearly all my sense of smell—but some of these people would have set up a commotion in the mucous membrane of a mummy!

All males of these six tribes wear a leather triangular loin-covering after they have reached the age of six or eight, and possibly even earlier if the father happens to have skins to spare. Moroa and Kajji men sometimes wear cotton loin-cloths instead of leather, like those of the Hausawa, who always have them even under their loose trousers. Another skin may be worn over the shoulders as a cape, the two front legs being tied together to serve as a cord, and enabling it to be shifted to the one

side of the body or the other according to whichever is exposed to the wind or the rain. Both these articles of clothing are made of goat or sheep skin, which is cured by being stretched out on the ground by means of pegs, the meat being scraped off, and a preparation, which sometimes includes ash, being rubbed in to kill the germs. There is, apparently, no softening process used in connection with the skins worn around the shoulders, for the hair is retained, and they are as hard as boards; but those for the loins are greased to some extent, and have the hair removed, but they get stiff very quickly if unused. There is no regimental nor society tailor, the skins being prepared by the wearers themselves generally, or by their fathers in the cases of young boys.

Girls from three to four years of age until married wear the *ivyan*, a picture-hook shaped girdle of loose native strands of string, not plaited nor twisted in any way, which is fitted round the body a little lower than the waist, a long end passing from the front between the legs, and meeting the girdle again at the small of the back, where it is tied. This is said to be an absolute sign of virginity, and judging from the strictness with which the females are looked after, and the early age at which they are married, I should say that the badge is in nearly every case a correct one.

Instead of the girdle, married women wear a tail behind, which has various names according to whether it is decorated or not, but is in its most primitive form called *kunnok*, and this is in shape something like a mushroom, some being long and thin, others being short and stumpy. It is made of a palm fibre, very tightly drawn together and bound with string, and, except in the southern Kagoro towns, there is a wider wheel-shaped end, plaited like basket-work, the whole being left quite plain, or coloured red with earth to match the wearer's body. The next step in ornamentation in some parts is a row or two of beads around the edge of the "wheel," and brass wire may be bound around the "stalk" or "axle" of the *kunnok*, or it may be covered with sheet brass. Finally, the under-surface of the "wheel" may be decorated with coloured glass beads in a more



KAJJI CHIEFS

The man on the left is a dwarf; his beard is tied with grass, which is prolonged and hangs down upon his chest. This was probably copied from the Kagoma, the neighbouring tribe to the south. The next man was a very troublesome person, being always "against the Government." Note the cowrie-shells on the strings of the loin-covering of the right-hand man.

or less regular pattern, and the two strings binding the tail to the waist may be thus adorned also. The brass is bought from the Hausawa; the beads, obtained through them or other traders from the Niger Company, are strung on a thread and then stuck on with liquid rubber, of which there is a good deal in the country; they are not sewn in any way. The fancy bead patterns were probably invented by the Jaba; I have seen none amongst the tribes farther to the east, but the brass wire is used to some extent. In Tuku and Tuku Tozo, the tail resembles a cow-bell more than a mushroom, there being no axle or wheel, and there is but little decoration with beads, and none with brass, though the women use beads in much greater profusion for bracelets, necklets, and anklets. I was told that a tiny iron bell was sometimes worn above the tail, but I do not know under what circumstances, nor did I see one.

When a girl has been married, her mother removes her girdle, and a small branch or bunch of leaves is hung in front to the string around the waist which supports the tail behind. Many women—especially when old apparently—wear leaves both fore and aft, though this is not compulsory; but those in front, plus the tail behind, are the sign of marriage. At certain times, such as dances and feasts, leaves may be worn by young girls also, and this possibly corresponds in some degree to our own children taking grown-up characters at fancy-dress balls; or there may be some religious reason.

No woman of these tribes would dare to attire herself in any other but the prescribed fashion, though the only punishment which would be inflicted is the disapproval of her own people. This, however, is a very serious thing in such savage communities, and the differences in the adornment and shape of the tail seem to be the only variations allowed, and even these are confined within fairly strict limits. The late Lieutenant Boyd Alexander mentions these tails in his *From the Niger to the Nile*, though the statement "when the ornament is encased in brass it denotes virginity," is not quite correct. He also relates that the Yergum say of the Gazum people that they have tails about six inches long, for which they have to dig a hole when they sit down.

The women of the Keddara tribe wear a tail of loose string like a tassel, while Gannawarri females sport a number of large iron rings in front which clank loudly as they walk. The Kagoma girls wear a small apron of string, sometimes dyed green and ornamented with cowries, while the adult women of nearly all the remaining tribes in the vicinity wear short pieces of cloth, though the bunches of leaves are seen right down to Wase in the Muri province.

The tail worn by the women of the Kagoro, Moroa, and other head-hunting tribes is probably a survival of a phallic cult, though I doubt if any connection would be now recognised by the people themselves, and it is interesting to remember that "tales of tailed tribes" have sprung up from all quarters of the globe. After all, Englishmen should not be very much astonished by them, since they themselves were once accused of being blessed (or cursed) with caudal appendages. Mr. Boyle says that he has found legends of the phenomena in Abyssinia, Borneo, the Amazon region, Paraguay, China, Guiana, Persia, and the Sudan, and there are tales of tails in the New Guinea, as well as in the old. Sometimes the caudati have been long and prehensile, sometimes short and stiff, as with the Gazum related above, and as with certain divisions of the Mada and Nadu tribes who tell the story about each other. And where the people are sufficiently advanced to sit on seats instead of on the ground, holes are bored in these seats, it is said, for the accommodation of the appendages, while their less civilised brethren have to carry sticks to make a suitable place in the ground. Again, it is sometimes said that the wearers cannot even lie on their backs.

Professor Tylor says that various reasons have led to the growth of the legends describing human beings with tails like beasts, and, to people who regard monkeys and savages as closely connected, the reason is fairly evident. The satyr was frequently depicted as a half-human creature, sometimes in a form like that of an anthropoid ape, and in East Africa and elsewhere, the imaginary tribes of tailed men were often also monkey-faced. He advises ethnologists, who meet in any district with the story

of tailed men, to look for a despised race of aborigines, outcasts, or heretics, living near or among a dominant population who look upon them as beasts, and furnish them with tails accordingly. In Spain, he says, the mediæval superstition still survives that Jews have tails like the devil—I suppose the fear and hatred of Satan accounts for our supplying him also with this appendage.

In England, Professor Tylor continues, the idea was turned to profit by priests, who claimed that the men who had insulted St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury grew tails subsequently. Bishop Bale writes that "for castynge of fyshe tayles at thys Augustyne, Dorsett Shyre menne hadde tayles ever after [which seems rather hard on the Dorsets], but Polydorus applieth it unto Kentish men at Stroud by Rochester, for cuttinge of Thomas Becket's horses tail." In the first case, fishes' tails grew on the men; in the second, appendages like those of horses, and as Becket excommunicated the men of Rochester (who plundered his baggage when fleeing from the King, and really did cut off his horses' tails), this story was spread by the Church throughout Europe so assiduously that, as Bishop Bale says further on, "thus hath England in all other land a perpetuall infamy of tayles by theyr wrytten legends of lyes, yet can they not well tell where to bestowe them truely." And again, "An Englyshman now cannot travayle in an other land, by way of merchandyse or any other honest occupyinge, but it is most contumeliously thrown in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tailes."

This story, says Professor Tylor, at last became a common slander between shire and shire, and Devonians believed that Cornishmen had tails until quite recently. Amongst many savages there is a belief that human beings once had tails, and in Brazil it is related of a certain tribe that a father-in-law, after his daughter's marriage, would cut a wooden stick with a flint, imagining by this symbolic ceremony that he was severing the tails of future grandchildren, and thus securing that they should be born tailless.

But as regards Englishmen, says Mr. Boyle, it was not

supposed they had been created there originally, but that the growth of the appendages was a direct result of the ecclesiastical curse. King Richard Cœur de Lion is related to have been roused to the storming of Messina and the massacre that ensued by the taunts of the Greeks and Sicilians, who greeted him and his men with cries of "tailed Englishmen," while a century later similar insults made the Earl of Salisbury withdraw with his force from Damietta, apparently to the great satisfaction of the "noble Frenchmen," who were not at all anxious to have any men with appendages and under the curse of the Church as allies. Even at Bannockburn the Scots are said to have sung songs about the tailed Englishmen, a fact which may strike one as very strange nowadays, considering that the Scots were regarded as being barbarians, and far below the level of their brethren south of the Tweed in civilisation.

However, whether the ornaments worn by the Kagoro and other women are the result of a curse, or are a survival—as I suspect—of a peculiar cult, it was most interesting to find people with them, and I was able to obtain a selection. They are not sacred to their wearers, and if they die, the tails will be passed on to other members of the family.

The men wear loin-coverings of leather or cloth, but they are in many districts copying the garments of the Filani and Hausawa which are so well known as to hardly require any description here.

No head-covering is worn by either sex, but a cape, resembling in shape the sack with one side cut open worn by coal-heavers in England, may be made of palm leaves for protection against the rain. This may have been copied from those made by the Hausawa, for their name for it, *kabiddo*, is often used, but it is quite possible that the cape is purely a local invention, as the Ninzams have a kind of immense three-cornered grass hat which is used for a similar purpose. These are worn only by men, and are but very seldom seen even on them; none of the women of any of these tribes cover their heads, and no persons of either sex have any protection for hands or feet, although most pagan women adopt them readily enough if married to or

HAIR-DRESSING EXTRAORDINARY

The Head-hunting women shave their heads; but females of the Gold Coast tribes are noted for their hairdressing. The three girls on the left show different styles, the other three have hidden their locks with handkerchiefs. The woman on the right is much too proud to mix with the common herd, on account of the towel which she wears as a shawl.

enslaved by Filani or Hausawa in Jemaan Daroro, where large and small hats and caps, and long boots, slippers, and sandals of beautifully worked leather, or of wood, are fairly plentiful.

No special badges of rank are worn by either sex, not even by leaders during war time. Youths may dress their hair, but adult men and women and girls shave their heads. With the Kagoro and Kajji (and probably with the other tribes too, though I have not seen any examples), most males up to the age of about eighteen or twenty allow the hair to grow in a broad tuft from the forehead to the back of the neck, reminding one of the cheap wooden horses made for children in England, and some Kajji say that a youth should not shave his head until he has had two children. But this is doubtful, though I suppose most of them have a couple before the age of twenty, that is if they have more than one wife. Some males plait their hair instead in a most intricate fashion, and ornament it with beads, brass rings, and cowrie shells, while others cut it in the form of a mop like the Gannawarri, Karshe, and others. Young girls may do likewise up to the age of about six, but they have the head shaved after that, though the reason given—namely, that they have to carry weights (wood, water, &c.) while the men seldom do—seems inadequate, for the Hausa and Beriberi women carry very heavy loads and yet wear a high, solid pad running from front to back.

The older men usually allow the beard to grow, but the moustache is shaved now and then, though no shaving seems to be done while preparing for the harvest. I could not ascertain that there was any reason for this except that the men were too busy on their farms to spare the necessary time; but I suppose there is some religious meaning in it (probably connected with the hair-offering), for the heads were shaved as usual, and they would take much longer to do than the upper lip. Kagoma and a few Kajji men wind cotton around their beards, bringing them to a sharp point; some Australian tribes also do this.

Open brass bracelets are worn by Kagoro of both sexes, and wide iron bands (probably obtained from the Gannawarri) on the calves of any old man and old woman who can afford them, but they are very rare. Beads and horsehair are made into necklaces

for women, while light iron chains are hung by men around their waists, especially if courting, and strings of beads are worn by all females. There are no toe-rings, but beads or beans are used for finger-rings. All ornaments are removable except the metal cases around the legs, which seem to be a development of the wooden protections for the ankles used by the Kibbo. They are very heavy, and make the feet very sore, so that the wearers have to tie on grass wads or bandages of cotton or leather for them to rest upon; they are, however, valuable, and are therefore kept in the family.

Both the upper and lower lips of the women are pierced for the reception of small discs of wood called *tichiak*, which are of varying sizes, and may be over one inch in diameter and about three-quarters of an inch high. Sometimes the outer face of these discs is ornamented with a row of seeds, a flat, round piece of native tin, or simply with a little red-coloured earth. Though they are easily removable they are supposed to prevent women eating fowls or dogs, the latter a very great privation; but as these people do not kiss one another, there is no objection to the *tichiak* on that score. The lips are usually pierced when the girl is about seven or eight years of age, stalks of grass being first inserted and worn for a time, and then sticks of increasing thickness until the *tichiak* itself can be taken, the largest sizes of which give the mouth a very cruel shape, and make the lips project so much that seen sideways the wearer has a pig-like appearance.

Both ears are pierced in the women, only the left in the men, and they are treated in the same way as are the lips; but in the southern Kagoro towns the piercing of the ears of the males is not compulsory, and it is, I think, dying out, even in the more northern parts, for I saw but few men wearing ear-rings. Beads, usually in the shape of blue glass rings, are bought from the Hausawa, and are worn, or if these be unobtainable string or sticks will do, but I have not seen any metal ones, not even of brass, wire, or tin, although all of these substances are used for the ornamentation of other parts of the body, as I have already mentioned. The ear-rings are very light and quite moderate in size, and they do not weigh down the lobes, but nevertheless I

LIP ORNAMENTS

The women wear a disc of wood in each lip, the discs being quite plain or ornamented with beads (as in the case of the upper one worn by the centre woman), or with tin (as in that worn by the woman on the left hand). When seen sideways the wearer has a pig-like appearance, as in the case of the Attakka woman on the right.

have seen several torn lobes which could not be mended. The nose is not pierced, as with the Nadu to the south, who wear pieces of wood or bone through the septum of the nose, and through both lips and ears, or as with the Beriberi of Bornu who wear coral-like ornaments in the right nostril; nor is it flattened. The teeth are not filed as with the Bassa, nor are they broken as with the Yoruba tribes; and there is no deformation of the feet or fingers.

All members, male and female, of the Kagoro, Moroa, and Kajji tribes are scarified in the same way, though the females are more profusely decorated than the males, and I am told that the same holds good with the Attakka, Katab, and Jaba as well; certainly all whom I saw had had some acquaintance with the knife, though before the present pattern was adopted each tribe had irregular cuts on the forehead only. There is now no religious significance about the designs, they maintain, the lines being simply to denote race, and this must be correct if what they say about copying the Katab pattern is true.

Males and females have the same marks on the head, and those consist of a number of short perpendicular cuts right across the forehead from ear to ear, and long slanting lines (thirteen or more) on each cheek from ear to chin. In some cases—particularly amongst the younger men—a kind of zigzag is added to the lowest lines, but this is not compulsory, the other marks are, except in Tuku and Tuku Tozo. The people of these towns seem to be separating themselves from their northern relatives, and to be desirous of settling down peacefully under Jemaan Daroro, for in addition to this and the difference in the shape of the tail, and of the houses before mentioned, there are no euphorbia hedges in this quarter. Youths have the forehead scarified when able to use a hoe, girls when they go to their husbands.

Men may have in addition patterns on the chest, composed of rows of cuts from about a quarter to one-half an inch in length, and usually made slantwise, but they are voluntary and seem to be dying out. The only persons with these chest-marks were chiefs, but I was told that they were not in any sense signs of rank, nor looked upon as charms, but there is no doubt that certain

Hausa patterns which are so regarded will spread and be adopted even by the conservative Kagoro (the Kajji have many of them now), especially those which are supposed to have particular virtues such as prevention of sickness, retention of a wife's fidelity, and even those invented for somewhat baser motives. I could not find out what the patterns which they have now were intended to represent; the people said that they did not know, and, if borrowed, this was probably quite true. The only raised scars I saw were on a Kajji man at Mersa, and they were said to have been more accidental than intentional. On the first occasion when this man noticed that I was looking at him he ran off in terror, but afterwards he was quite friendly, and I got several photographs of him.

Women's chests and backs are decorated with a regular pattern early in life, so there is no need for them to undergo fresh pain later for the sake of acquiring additional beauty. The first lines to be done are those on the abdomen, and though these vary a little in design, the usual triangular and parallel lines are fairly well distinguishable. When a girl reaches the marriageable age the chest and back will be scarified in two parallel sets of long lines of short cuts, running from the breasts to join the pattern already on the stomach, and from the shoulder blades to the small of the back. As soon as possible after the marriage the lines on the forehead are made, and then she is a finished work of art—there is no danger of a Kagoro wife losing her "marriage-lines."

The scarifier is an important person, though he has not the exclusive right to operate upon every one, and, in fact, the father is always free to slice his own offspring about should he feel inclined, but all the "best people" who wanted their patterns in the most perfect style would certainly patronise the professional artist. The office is practically hereditary, for no man would teach the secrets of his noble art to any but his own son or nephew.

In addition to the scarified designs, at dances or feasts or when courting, people of either sex may paint on themselves a black stripe about an inch wide, running from forehead to

stomach, and sometimes there is a narrow line on each side as well, or for each of these lines may be substituted a set of three narrow ones. No colours are used on the body but black pigment and red earth, and no other designs are permitted. The pigment is obtained from the unripe kernel of a certain thorn tree (called *illak* by the Kagoro, *gaude* by the Hausawa) which is pounded up, mixed with water, and applied with the crushed end of a stalk of guinea-corn. For scarification, which is to be permanent, of course, the incisions are painted with grease mixed with soot from the bottom of the cooking-pots.

The women usually smear their bodies with red earth, mixed with grease if they can get it, and the men on certain occasions may coat their legs up to their knees, and this custom is not confined to the wild pagans, for I have seen dusky beauties of Jemaa mixing the red earth with vaseline bought from traders, and rubbing it into their bodies until they took on quite a coppery-red tint. In the case of the Jemaa women, I should think the idea was chiefly, if not altogether, for the sake of increasing their charms, but with the Kagoro and others, the coating may have afforded protection against insects also, for their naked bodies must suffer a good deal from tiny tormentors. There is plenty of red earth in the vicinity, also white, but the latter is not used for decorating the body, though it may be smeared on the houses, and even eaten by women under certain circumstances. Hausa women, however, use white and even yellow earth on their faces, especially to mark rings round their eyes to keep off all the evil-eyes. There are no special artists for the painting, the people doing it to each other, or to themselves.

No distinctive dress is worn for prowess in war, nor to denote that a man had taken a head, as in Fiji, though he was not supposed to have attained to the full dignity of manhood until he had killed some one. There was a general idea amongst Jemaan Dararo people that at any rate no Kagoro male was allowed to marry until this most desirable feat had been performed, but the Kagoro themselves deny this, and, judging by the early age at which youths obtain their brides, I feel inclined to believe them, though such qualifications are known to be insisted upon else-

where, for instance amongst the Dyaks of Borneo. When a man had been lucky enough to procure a head he naturally did not hide his good deed, and on the return of the hero to his house, his whole body was smeared with red earth, and he was carried in procession on the back of a friend, the women of the quarter meanwhile dancing, waving their hands before him, and singing his praises.

It is rather surprising that the Kagoro and others have not learned to put antimony or sulphide of lead on their eyelids, nor to stain their hands and feet with henna, as do the Filani and Hausawa near them. They say that they are afraid to ornament their hands, lest it should interfere with their farming and work generally, and it is more than probable that this idea is ardently fostered by the men so that the women will continue to do all the hard work—there are no Votes for Women amongst the Kagoro!

No Kagoro, Kajji, Attakka, or Moroa woman would dare to attire herself in any other than the prescribed fashion, as I have said, and I have known girls, taken away when young, and dressed in Hausa cloths, to discard these at once for the *tichiak* and *kunnok* on their return. On the other hand, the mutilation of the lips is not at all popular amongst women of other tribes, who do not indulge in the practice. Having to judge once between a husband who wanted his wife (a runaway slave from Sokoto) *Kajji-ised*, and the wife herself, who thought her natural charms sufficient, I decided that she must wear the leaves and tail as she was a wife, and they were the signs of marriage in the country she had adopted, but that her lips were not to be touched, for the perforations should have been made when the girl was young, if at all. They seemed to be satisfied, I am sure I was.

CHAPTER X

TRIBUTE TROUBLES

I HAVE already said that the Kagoro and other tribes had to pay us tribute, and it may be as well to explain why. The payment of a fixed amount, in cash or in kind, by a weak people to a strong has long been recognised as the sign of the acknowledgment of suzerainty, and it is enforced by the Government of Northern Nigeria, not so much on account of the amount brought in—the expenses of collection exceeding the sum received in many cases—but rather to remind the natives that we are the masters, and that we intend to keep them under control. This refers more particularly to the tribes in the Pagan Belt; in the old Hausa States of Sokoto and Kano, the tribute is an important source of revenue, but in those more settled parts the Political Officer is rather more of a resident Treasury official than a traveller, more of a legal expert than an anthropologist, though political problems have to be solved by all. As for those who have always lived in bungalows in Zungeru or Lokoja, they can hardly be said to know the real West Africa at all, and this is so well recognised now that men from the Political Service are being transferred to the Secretariat.

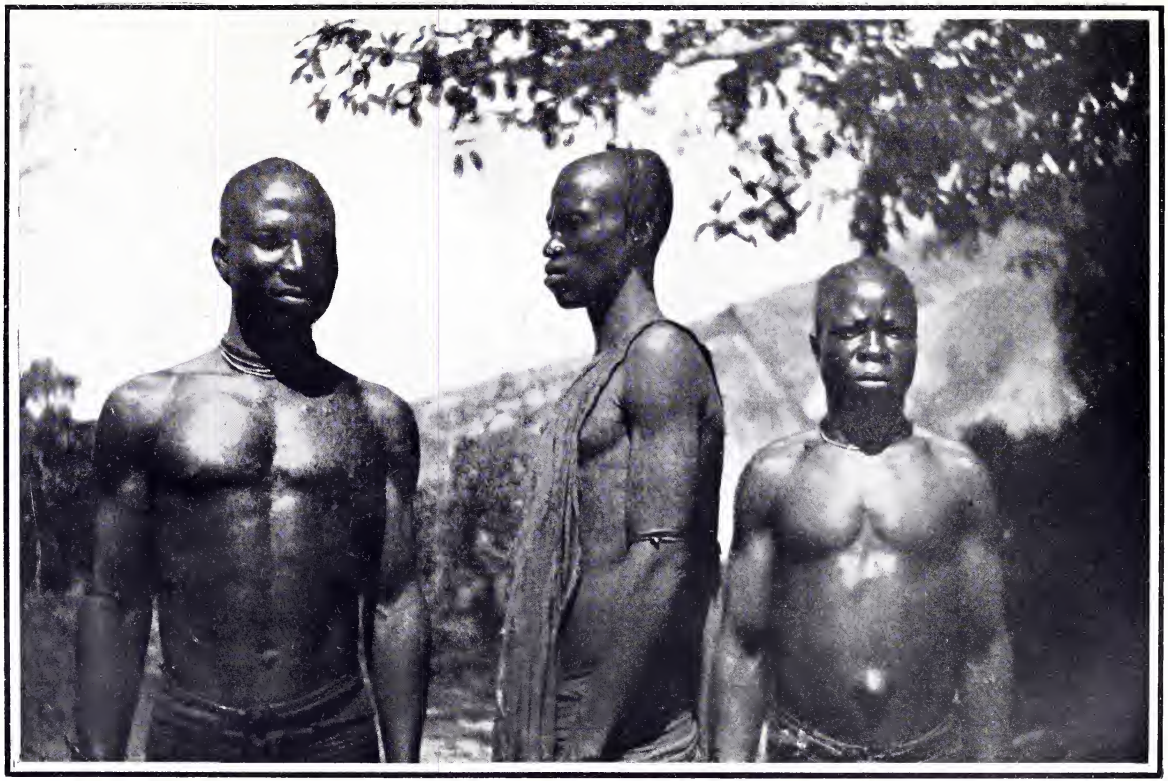
I had been waiting for a long time for the chance to complete my higher Hausa examination, and at last in December 1908, I received permission to proceed to Zaria to be tested. It seemed rather strange that I should have to do a journey of over 300 miles there and back, and be away from my headquarters for a month just for this reason, but such was the ruling against my application to be considered as having passed in consequence of my success in the army examination before referred to (although my application was supported by the local examiner), and I was very glad to have the chance of the trip. Sending instructions to

the Kagoro and Moroa tribes that I should visit them on my return for the tribute, I left Jemaan Daroro on the 1st January, and, marching through Kajji, Jaba, Keddara and other countries, I reached Zaria on the 8th, an average of 19 miles a day. The harmattan season was then at its height, and on the day that we reached Zaria, I walked 12 miles without mounting (we had started at 3.10 A.M.) although wrapped in a thick military great-coat, and I have never liked walking.

I stayed five days at Zaria, not wholly on account of the examination, the result of which was eminently satisfactory, but because I had been unwell for some time, and there was no doctor at Jemaan Daroro. However, on the 13th I again took the road, and travelling by a different route, arrived at Fada Kagoro on the 19th, this time doing an even better average rate. I had two little excitements *en route*, for at a town named Liberi I found that the man who carried my camp bed, blankets, pyjamas, and towels had lost his way, and was missing, so I had to sleep as I was in my "shorts" and helmet, with only a great-coat and face towel to keep off the mosquitoes.

Next morning I had planned to start at 3.0 A.M., and at 2.30 I whistled for the carriers. After about a quarter of an hour, one or two appeared, and the headman informed me that the rest would not come as they wanted to start later. I blew again and waited, but without any result, and I then made for the huts in which they had passed the night. I, of course, found them empty, but the men's sleeping-mats were still there, and telling the headman to collect them, I set one of the servants to make a fire, and calling out in a loud voice, "Burn the mats of all those carriers who are missing," I threw some dry grass on to the fire, and the flames leapt up. Immediately there was a rush from the surrounding huts and from the bush, and the owners being made to pack my loads before their mats were restored, we started off at 3.30 A.M., only half-an-hour late.

Every one of the carriers who had caused the trouble in the morning was beaten later, and that day we covered 30 miles, yet there was no more disagreement between us, and the same men accompanied me on several subsequent treks. It may seem harsh



KAJJI YOUTHS OF MERSA

The foreheads are covered with short perpendicular lines, cut close together. The man on the left-hand side has raised cicatrices on his chest, but they were an accident apparently.

treatment, but I was going into the Kagoro country for the first time, and unless carriers are controlled strictly, they begin looting, so I had to teach them a lesson at once, for even a petty theft from a man of a savage tribe may mean the massacre of the whole party later. That night the man with my bed turned up again—and I admit I was glad to see him about seven o'clock, just as I had given up all hope—having travelled well over forty miles, for he had had to retrace his steps to get to the town where we had camped in order to find out where we had gone. And if I was glad so was he, for he had had to sleep in a tree with hyenas prowling around and sniffing at the bed which he had left on the ground.

The next day I reached Zungon Katab, and the day afterwards I was met by four soldiers, the advance guard of an escort of eleven allowed me while on trek in the Kagoro country, both to lend weight to my arguments, and to guard any cash received.

The reader will by this time, I hope, have become thoroughly convinced of the necessity for exacting tribute from these comparatively lawless tribes, but, however sound our views on this score may be, it is unfortunately necessary to state that the natives do not always agree with them. The Kagoro, Moroa, and other head-hunters in the Jemaan Daroro division paid only between a penny and threepence per head *per annum*, but it can hardly be stated with any show of truth that they did so as willingly as long-suffering Englishmen would if they could substitute that amount for what they usually have to pay. We must necessarily be extremely lenient in all matters where time is concerned with these pagans, for most of them have absolutely no idea of any divisions of the year other than "harvest" and "non-harvest," nor of the sunny hours of the day than meal-time and not-meal-time; as the *Geisha* has it, "a month or a week or a day, sir," are nought to the happy-go-lucky savage. In fact these names are quite interchangeable in his mind unless connected with anything regarding his own welfare, and even then only if to his advantage. One is often taken in by the apparent innocence of the native, and this does not apply only to the newcomer—though he is naturally the most easily victimised—but to the men who rather fancy that they know a thing or

two like myself, for instance, for I am quite sure that I was deceived on more than one occasion, even during my last tour.

However, to get back to the tribute, I have said that it is necessary to be lenient in matters of time, but there is a limit in all things, and I thought that two years and more was quite long enough. We "sat down," as the expression is, for a few days at the Fada of the Kagoro, and wiped out most of the arrears due by that tribe, and then we proceeded to Akut to collect the Moroa money. One town, Babban Gidda, had been very obstinate, and as nothing much came in on my demand, I determined to play the people a little trick.

About 4 A.M. next morning we started off in two parties, and surrounded the town, and then, entering quietly, stole all the horses we could find. Day broke just afterwards, and lamentations arose in all directions, but we were by then clear of the town, and on our way back to the camp. Within an hour or two the necessary cash had been paid, the horses had been ransomed, and the tribute receipts given out, and I believe the victims rather enjoyed the joke, for they have a very clear even if a very primitive idea of justice. At any rate, although they had previously kept clear of our camp, they now came to sell food and joke with the soldiers, an extraordinary fact about the native being that he seldom has a lasting grievance against anybody, and if you attack his town and kill his people to-day, he will be only too delighted to join you to-morrow in an attack on some other tribe. I remember, on my first arrival at Lokoja in 1903, being struck by the fact that the civil prisoners and the police escort laughed and chatted together like old friends while at play ("work" was, I believe, the official term for what they did), and I have even seen a prisoner holding a constable's carbine for him! The old story of the prisoners having complained that they would not stay in the prison (a mud and grass erection) unless the food was better, is, of course, told about the gaol in Lokoja, but conditions are very different now, brick cells and a smarter police force having transferred the choice of staying or not staying to the Government.

The next town I visited was Chori, the chief of which had

given trouble on several occasions by beating policemen, and by refusing to come to Jemaan Daroro when summoned. I, therefore, was not surprised to find that his town was empty of horses, he having, of course, heard of the little raid on his fellow-countrymen a couple of days before. The chief was an old man, his name being Dawiya, and this struck me as being very appropriate according to the Hausa tongue, for *da wiya* means "troublesome," the only thing against this translation being that the man himself was not a Hausa, but a Moroa. He seemed to be always chuckling to himself, and it was impossible to speak to him without laughing. I began to disbelieve the reports I had heard about him, for he promised, in a most amiable tone, to do everything I ordered, and after half-an-hour or so we might have been lifelong friends. Food was brought, full payment of the outstanding tribute was promised on the morrow (when *is* the native's morrow?), and as an earnest four large bags of cowries were brought forth in great style—which, on being counted, were found to be worth 2s. each.

Next morning Dawiya came again, but without the tribute, of course, and began to explain that it was all in his house except for a shilling or two, and that he wished to complete the whole sum before bothering me to take it. When I suggested his bringing what he had already got, he pooh-poohed the idea, and he soon afterwards said that he had really not been able to collect any at all.

What was I to do with the poor old sinner? It would have been quite legal to have arrested him (even we in England are subject to such a proceeding), but in a country where enslaving is still rampant, one has to be very careful not to give the native the idea that arresting and keeping a man for debt is only another name for capturing and holding him to ransom, or for pawning. Strangely enough, at that very moment a charge of enslaving was brought against Dawiya.

It seemed that years ago he had sold a horse to a certain Hausa trader of Jemaan Daroro, and as it had not been paid for (at least that was Dawiya's defence), he had seized the man's daughter, Lahidi, who was then staying with her mother in

Chori. The trader afterwards tendered the money, or the balance of it, but Dawiya would not let the girl go. I ordered Lahidi to be produced, and she came, though very reluctantly. The system of pawning children, or handing them over to the creditor as security for repayment of a debt, is very common in West Africa, though now forbidden by our proclamations, and as I had then to think the matter out, I may as well give some account of it here.

A great-uncle of mine, the Rev. John Martin, writing at Accra in 1845, says, "I saw an open box [placed on four posts close to the path], containing a human skeleton bleaching in the sun. The flesh had almost all disappeared, being carried away, I suppose, by the birds. It was the body of a 'pawn' or debtor. He, dying in debt, the body, according to the law of the country, was refused burial until some friends should make satisfaction to the creditor. This pawn system is most destructive to the independence and advancement in civilisation of these people. It is not an uncommon thing for a parent to pawn his child, or for a man to pawn himself to a rich neighbour in order to obtain a sum of money to gratify himself for a moment. The creditor puts on an enormous interest, which requires the services of the pawn to pay, while the principal remains undiminished. If he have no friends to pay the debt for him, he dies a pawn, and his children take his place of bondage, and should he be destitute of both friends and children, his body is denied a grave, and is exposed in the way mentioned. In consequence of this law, the number of free persons is small." He notes that "Okanita, one of the headmen, appeared to be fully alive to the ruinous character of the customs for the dead, and to be very desirous that they should be abolished. They are, the chief said, the cause of more than one-half of the domestic slavery and pawns in the country. A man, who unfortunately loses any member of his family, must make an expensive 'custom,' which consists chiefly in drinking rum and firing muskets. If he is a poor man, there is seldom any other resource but to pawn himself or a child."

The reason of the debt, therefore, may be a religious one, but it is often on account of food that children are pawned and even

sold. Thus, during the famine in the Benue provinces during 1905, many Bashima mothers actually sold their children for a couple of bags of guinea-corn, and hundreds must have pawned their own offspring; but as I shall refer to this point in another chapter, I need not dwell further upon it now. With Kagoro and Moroa, the laws (or I ought, possibly, to say, customs) with regard to pawning are much less harsh than on the Gold Coast, for instance. The debtor does not appear to have usually handed the child to the creditor as security, but if he were unable to pay, the latter would try to seize him or one of his sons, if he had one, if not, perhaps a brother; and the captive would be compelled to remain with the creditor for four years, and farm his land and work for him generally. After that, supposing that he had not previously escaped, he would be free, and the debt would be extinguished. Of course, the father might pay up in the meanwhile and so release his son, but the other would probably be the usual course, for — as we shall see in the case of the daughters—the father is inclined to make as much out of his children as possible, and the pawn would, in any case, be kindly treated and not sold if of the same tribe.

Lahidi was, as I have said, brought from Dawiya's house with some show of resistance, and she seemed very much disinclined to return to her own father; but as, according to the Moroa laws, the debt had been extinguished even if it had not been paid before, and as I suspected that she would be under the influence of Dawiya while at Chori, I restored her to her parents, and sent her to Jemaan Daroro. Her lips had been pierced in the Moroa fashion (the Hausas do not do that, of course), and she wore only the Moroa maiden's girdle of string, and though she was given clothes on her arrival at Jemaan Daroro, she discarded them and escaped soon afterwards, walking alone by night to Chori—a girl of twelve years of age, and there are leopards and hyenas about! I had her brought back again, and told her that she would have to remain with her parents until she was of marriageable age, and then if she still wished to return to her Moroa family she would be allowed to do so. She was still in Jemaan Daroro when I left in 1909, and her parents were trying all sorts of

magani (charms) to make her shake off the attractions of Dawiya's country, but apparently they had not succeeded very well, as every now and then she would refuse to wear clothes, and that must show strong feelings in a daughter of Eve! Probably she wished to resemble her great ancestress the better by wearing leaves—that is if she knew of any Eve.

Another interesting case was one of debt brought by Kura, the chief of the Katab town Kaura, who claimed two horses from one of Dawiya's nephews; the defendant, a boy of some twelve years of age, being represented by his uncle. It appeared that some thirty years before, Kaura's father had given the boy's grandfather a goat to keep for him, and had somehow failed to return it on demand. As I have said before, the native has but a very short memory for such trifles as consideration of the proper ownership of anything he happens to be in possession of and has taken a fancy to. The goat had, of course, brought forth many young ones, as goats will, especially in the fertile climate of West Africa. A calculation of the value of the descendants gave an amount equal to the price of two horses, though perhaps I should not use the word "price," because human beings, horses, dogs, goats, fowls and many commodities such as salt and tobacco are really currency. Now, I myself had done a little arithmetic in my time, and had even struggled with the Government's revenue returns (in which the receipt of a goat, valued perhaps at 1s. 6d., has to be entered *nineteen times*), but this was an absolutely new problem, and, not being an expert in goats, I was somewhat at a loss to know whether they increased in an arithmetical or geometrical proportion.

The boy admitted that his grandfather had received a goat, but maintained that he had paid for it, and that the goat had, therefore, become his own property. I pointed out that no witnesses of the transaction were still alive, and that I had previously announced that I should not go into cases of very ancient debts, but as it was evident that Kura's father's goat had by some means become the property of a grandfather of the boy, and that many descendants of the animal were now in the latter's possession, he would have to give Kura a male and a female from

A Goat-house

The goat-houses are small, round huts, with logs on the floor to leave spaces for the droppings and for ashes, the mixture being used as manure. The door is closed by placing logs of wood on the top of one another, they being held in position by an upright on each side. Loose branches of thorn or euphorbia are placed in front to keep leopards and hyenas away from these logs. See p. 137.

the offspring. It was not a very learned judgment, I admit; it would, perhaps, not even appear to be logical to most of us. But it put an end to a dispute of some thirty years' standing, and satisfied both parties; for the boy was rather afraid that Kura (being a chief) would some day manage to get the whole of his goats from him, while Kura probably never expected to get anything at all under the Whiteman's law.

It was now lunch-time, and Dawiya's tribute had not been paid, so I told him to prepare to come with me to Jemaan Daroro. This proved effective, and by the time I had finished the meal, I had received the money. The cunning old man had got most of it in before my arrival, and had been hoping that I would go off without receiving payment, thus leaving him to spend it on himself. On a further demand being made, he would have said, of course, that he had not been able to get any, and would probably have got some of his people into trouble, although they were in the right.

From Chori I went to Bwingen, a town on the Gannawarri border, which had not before been entered on the map. As the afternoon was well advanced by that time, I returned to Akut instead of going on to Zankam as I had intended, it being impossible to camp there owing to an outbreak of small-pox. It was lucky that we did not go on, for I heard that night that the people of one of the quarters had laid an ambush for us, saying that they would pay their tribute in poisoned arrows. I might possibly have been successful had I attacked the place with thirteen men, but I had grown a little more wary than in the days when I went to the Kukuruku country, and, also, a Political Officer will obtain no sympathy (and his wife no compensation) if he gets into a mess without definite orders, so, as the tribute had been collected from nearly all the towns except Zankam, I determined to return to Jemaan Daroro, giving out that I would come back and destroy Zankam the following month, if the chief in the meantime had not come in person to pay.

Luckily, the people of Akut knew that I had decided to keep clear of the small-pox before the news came of the ambush, and as they told the Zankam people this we did not lose in prestige.

I went back to my old mud house in Jemaan Dararo, well content on the whole with the result of the tour, having travelled 362 miles during the twenty-nine days for which I had been absent.

Early the next month I was out again, visiting Fada Kagoro first, and then going to the Kajji district with the intention of using my persuasive eloquence on the resisters there. One town on a hill just outside Fada Kajji, but in Zaria territory, had made a speciality in highway robbers, and I was expecting to co-operate in an attack on them by a patrol from Zaria. However, nothing had been settled at the time, and so, after visiting some more Kajji towns, I went south and east to the Yesko country, which at that time was not under control. We marched eighteen miles and camped at Baddi, a town which had not before been actually entered by a white man, I believe, though its position was well known.

We were not at all sure of our reception, as a messenger, whom I had sent ahead, reported the place to be empty, and so we proceeded very warily, for that was a suspicious sign. The town was defended by a network of hedges so arranged as to make excellent cover for the defending archers, and every now and then a bottle-shaped pit, perhaps ten feet deep and six feet in width, yawned in the middle of the road. These are covered over with sticks, grass, and earth in war time, and a side path is cut for the use of the people of the village, the ground all around being dug up and disturbed so that no one except the defenders will know exactly where the pit and the side path are situated. Sharp stakes may be placed in these pits, but I believe that there is usually no need for them, the bottle-shape and the width giving a prisoner no possibility of obtaining a grip anywhere, and thus effectually preventing any escape.

We camped below the town, most of which was built on the top of a hill, and sent a message to the chief to the effect that he should come and greet us according to custom, but we could not prevail upon him to do so. We saw no one, until, towards evening, sounds of drumming and laughter were heard, and parties of men and women appeared, dressed in strings of beads, cloths, and other finery, coming from another town, Kworrebe,

where they had been feasting and dancing. They passed close by our camp, but took no notice of us, and things did not look too hopeful. Later on a couple of small calabashes of flour were brought, but they were, of course, quite inadequate for the men I had with me, and as there was evidently no chance of getting anything to eat there unless we seized it by force—and that I could not do—I determined to leave next morning.

About the middle of the night I awoke dreaming of poisoned arrows, and sure enough, I was being pricked all over. It is wonderful what a chain of thoughts rushes through one's mind in the waking moments. I was so certain that I had been captured, and tied up, and was now being tortured, that I could hardly believe it when I awoke, and saw by the faint moonlight that I was alone in the tent though there were sounds of angry words and movement outside. Still, there was no doubt about the stings, and I felt fresh ones continually, and pretty bad some of them were, too. It was of no use lying there and wondering what the trouble was, so I jumped out of bed, lit the lamp, and saw that my bed was full of travelling ants! To slip on my long, soft Hausa boots and run outside was the work of a moment, and there I saw that most of the men were rushing about with lighted torches, and beating the ground with their sleeping mats, having been attacked by the same enemy. Fire is, thank Goodness, a very effective antidote, and in half-an-hour or so we were clear of the pests, but it was a long time before we got to sleep again, and we had but little time for rest, for we left about daybreak, and went towards Jagindi, having more excitement *en route*, as will be seen.

I was told afterwards that the chief of Baddi had just been elected, and that when a man is appointed to the position, he must provide a feast of guinea-corn beer. He is given usually about three months in which to collect the necessary supply, but even then the feast probably renders him bankrupt until such time as he has seized enough of the property of his subjects to repay the loans. Until the feast has been given he is not considered as having been really installed, but during the interval he is *tabu* to some extent, apparently, as he must not see nor speak

to a stranger. The chief of Jemaan Daroro confirmed this account afterwards, so it is probably correct, though at the time it seemed to me very much too convenient a custom to be true. The people all speak Hausa, and they are probably a colony from Zaria, taking their name of Yesko (plural Yeskwa) from their original leader, a rebel.

We arrived at the next town, Kano, belonging to the Kagoma tribe, about 8.30 A.M., and halted a few minutes while I sent a messenger on ahead to say that I was going to pay the town a peaceful visit, the messenger rolling up his long Hausa robe and tying it on to the top of a stick, this corresponding to a white flag in that country, so he said.

Kano, possibly a colony from the great Hausa capital, and so named for the same reason that we christen new places New York, Perth, Richmond, &c., is built on the top of a high rock, and would be very difficult of approach if properly defended. I followed the messenger with the Mada(i)ki (the D.H.M. of the district), and a local man who also rolled his cloth on a stick, the escort following later so as not to frighten the inhabitants, and the carriers meanwhile continued along the Jagindi road until they reached a stream, where the cook had orders to prepare my breakfast.

I wanted a lot of guinea-corn to store for the Waff detachments at Jemaan Daroro, for during the wet season, just before the new harvest, it is very hard to get owing to the drunken habits of the surrounding natives. There was plenty in this district, so I gave the chief of Kano permission to pay his outstanding tribute in kind instead of in cash, and as the headman of the district was with me, I ordered the chief to pay over a certain proportion to him at once. Then, everything being apparently in order, I descended the hill and had my breakfast. I expected that the corn would be delivered within an hour or so, but when two hours had passed and there was still no sign of any one I began to feel anxious, and thought it advisable to go and see what was causing the delay; so, mounting again, I rode back towards the hill. And my anxiety was increased when on coming nearer I heard sounds of quarrelling, and saw my men coming down the

hill without any guinea-corn, and followed by armed natives. As soon as the latter saw me they halted, and on joining my own men I found that they had been turned out of Kano on the advice of two sub-chiefs of another quarter of the town, the further supply of guinea-corn having been refused, of course, at the same time.

The crowd of armed natives on the rocks above us was increasing every minute, and it was imperative to act immediately, for we were within arrow range from that height, so giving orders for the carriers to move on at once I fell in the escort and gave the Kano men a volley which dispersed them and put an end to their idea of attacking us. We waited for a few minutes to see if they would come on again, but they had evidently had enough, and we saw them moving off to better cover farther away. I was rather afraid that they might make a detour and attack the party of carriers farther on, for the low bush in this part of the country would have made it easy for them to have eluded the escort, and I had learnt enough of native tactics to beware of a cunning attack on a flank, so we moved off to guard it. However, there was no further trouble, and after having camped at the friendly town of Kirti we passed on the following day through Fada Kagoma, and returned to Kajji country.

The people of Kano are supposed to be good fighters, and they are said to have fought three Yesko towns double their size, their superiority being due to the fact that they have a particularly strong arrow poison—at least, so I was told by the Mada(i)ki, though I have not seen any of it myself. The Mada(i)ki also said that the fact that we had gone to Baddi from Kano, and *vice versa*, was sufficient to make us suspected at both places, for the people of each town thought we were friends of the other, and therefore enemies to them, since the towns are in a state of intermittent warfare. That is the most difficult thing in dealing with natives. One knows what one's own intentions are, but one seldom knows what the natives will think they are, and some apparently unimportant point puts quite a different construction on one's actions. It is a matter of regret to me that I was not able to visit this particular part again; Kano paid up in full later in the year on hearing that I was in the district (we had wounded two people, so

we were told afterwards), and I suppose Yesko has since been brought under control. I asked for a large escort to accompany me the following month, as there were several towns which defied our authority, but it was refused.

Fada Kagoma is the head town of the tribe of that name, as will be evident, being situated on a chain of hills which runs from Kano and Jagindi into Zaria territory. It had not been giving trouble lately, though the people were at one time very truculent, and as I had been there so recently I did not stay more than a couple of hours for breakfast and for a talk with the chief and the headman of the district, a Jemaan Dararo man.

The houses of the Kagoma are like those of the Kagoro and Kajji, but the language is, I believe, quite different; at least the people say so, and a few words and sentences which I tried certainly were. The unmarried girls wear a little apron, consisting of a fringe of string, dyed blue and ornamented with cowries, the married ones having a very short cloth, about a foot in width, around the loins, as do the Yeskwa. The lips are not pierced, nor are tails worn, so I fancy the similarity in the building of the houses is merely a coincidence; the people, too, say they have quite a different origin. The men wear the universal cloth or skin loin-covering. I did not see any dye-pits in the towns, and I fancy that the people must buy the colouring matter from the Hausawa, who are experts, Jemaan Dararo having several pits in the market-place (and a nasty, bitter smell they have), while the sound of beating the cloths afterwards can be heard every day in that town.

On my return to Fada Kajji, I found the Resident from the Zaria side there, and we settled some border quarrels and delimited a boundary. The patrol against the robber town, however, had been abandoned, as when the Governor had passed north towards Zaria a little while before with a caravan of some 500 men, the chief had gone to him and had expressed his sorrow. The great man was able (in theory) to do in a moment what the Resident, who had lived in the district for some portion of his previous tour also, and knew the people well, had failed to do in some months, and his Excellency cancelled the proposed operations, saying, "The chief is sorry; there will be no more trouble."

And of course there was not, at least not until the Governor and his large escort had passed, but only a week later there was another case, a bad one. However, the Resident cleverly managed to get hold of the culprits and to clap them safely in prison, and there was no doubt about their repentance and their inability to give more trouble after that. I wonder if His Excellency ever heard the comments of the men on the spot as to his wondrous powers (in theory) of judging men without having had any acquaintance with them. I do *not* think so!

I had now fifteen soldiers and four policemen with me, and so I went to Moroa again to attack Zankam, but on my arrival at Akut I was met by the chief, who brought his tribute, and said that the whole trouble was due to the sub-chief of one quarter only, and that all the rest of the town had paid in full. This being so, I set out early with the intention of catching the troublesome sub-chief, but he had got wind of it, and although it was before daylight when I got there, his compound was bare, so I had to content myself with burning down his house. This, considered as an actual punishment, is nothing, although it sounds so dreadful, for, palm fronds and grass being plentiful, the roofs can be renewed in a day or two, but, as a sign of ability to punish, it is very often quite useful. A truculent chief may often persuade his followers to oppose the Government, alleging that he is much too powerful to be attacked, or that the charms in his house will keep off any Whitemen; but when the followers see him hiding, and his house in flames, he loses a good deal of his evil influence. The only time the burning can be a real hardship is when it is done at the commencement of the wet season, for then the grass is too short to be of any use for roofing.

One stratagem having failed, it was necessary to try another, and the police constable, whose bravery at Toff I have mentioned in an earlier chapter, now did a very plucky thing which deserves mention. I left him behind when leaving for Jemaan Daroro before daybreak next day, and as he hid in Abomong's house until dark, no one knew that he had not gone with me. Of course the news of my departure spread, and the sub-chief returned that day to his house and re-roofed a room to sleep

in, and the constable, disguising himself as a trader, went over during the night and arrested him. I gave him six months' imprisonment in the Kajji gaol — where he was joined soon afterwards by his captor, I am sorry to say—and he returned some time before I left, apparently full of the greatest admiration for those whom he had once wanted to fight. On my last visit to Moroa he met me with presents of food in his hands, and a broad grin on his face, apparently a much greater person then (on account of his knowledge of the wonderful doings of the Whitemen in Keffi) than he had ever been before —but with, I am glad to say, a better private understanding of the limitations of his own powers, though I am quite ready to believe that he did not explain this fully to his followers.

CHAPTER XI

HABITATIONS

THE houses of the Kagoro, Moroa, Kajji, Katab, Jaba and Kagoma tribes are of a peculiar shape, being more oblong than round, the roof at first sight looking as if it had originally been conical and upright, but had been blown to one side, for the peak points in a slanting direction, and not straight up. The dwelling-houses are built of red or black mud, the walls usually much thinner than one would expect, judging by the size of the house, being only from three to four feet high, and the same height all the way round; but many are larger or narrower in proportion to their width, and many are much smaller than this, the ground plan of the larger houses being on an average thirty feet by eighteen feet. Each has one central door, or in a few cases, two, opening from the front of the house (where the roof is lowest), into the compound, each wife having a separate building for herself and her family. There is a porch or hall extending along the whole width of the house where wood is kept, and a verandah outside that where the people take shelter during the day in wet weather. When it is fine, they sit outside on palm logs let into the ground. It is rather peculiar that these people seldom seem to sit or squat on the bare ground like most natives; they nearly always have some form of stool when in their own compounds. Of course, when away from home, they have perforce to sit on the ground, but they do not do this if they can help it. The porch has a doorway from two and a half to three feet high, in the shape of a half-hoop, which may be closed by a curtain of string, something like those of Japanese make so common in England, or by a stiff grass mat which slides in grooves specially made in the wall, or there may be no pro-

tection. Between the porch and the sleeping compartment there will always be a mat or a blind, fixed in a similar way.

The plan of the houses reminded me very much of that of a Canadian Pacific Railway sleeping-car, the verandah resembling the open-air platform for observation, and the porch (where the fire is) the smoking-room and the washing-room, or the conductor's room, where there is often some kind of heating apparatus. Then comes a central passage into which open two compartments, one on each side, which can be compared to sleeping-berths, and, in fact, they are used as bedrooms, that on the one side, always the right apparently, having a bed of palm fronds or bamboos raised about a foot from the floor for the use of the husband when he sleeps in the house, the opposite room being for the rest of that particular wife's family. Then farther on, at the end of the central passage, is a circular room, in the centre of which, and, in fact, filling most of the space, is a large earthenware vase for holding grain. This will be built on stones as a protection against white ants, and there may be, in addition, smaller granaries, reaching to the ceiling which connects the tops of the walls with the vessels, and has a man-hole to allow the inmates to pass up and take the corn (for these granaries only open at the top), or to hide themselves in case of attack. The dome of the roof is over this granary, so as to give room for the people to climb up, and also so that the smoke will collect there, and not only kill the insects, but also keep the rest of the roof of the house clean. There is no chimney of any kind, but none is required, for the smoke naturally goes to the highest part, and from there escapes through the thatch, and at first sight one would think the houses were on fire.

A man can build or farm where he likes on unoccupied land, though he will usually erect his house as near as possible to that of his father for the sake of mutual protection, unless they have quarrelled. I am not quite sure if the joint family system is as strongly developed amongst the Kagoro as with the Kajji; but in the case of this latter tribe, it seemed to be flourishing, a very good example being in Mersa, where the

A Head-hunter's Habitation

The walls of these houses are only about three feet in height, and the doors are so low that the inmates have almost to dive into them; in fact, when in a hurry they throw themselves flat on the ground and crawl in. Nevertheless, they are marvellously quick at disappearing when they think there is any necessity. The roofs of these houses are very well made.

chief's compound included not only his own wives, but those of his sons and nephews and their children. In many towns this system may not hold except in the case of the chief, for there are special benefits to all parties in this case, the chief being thus more solidly supported in council, and his household being made more difficult of attack, while his children and others naturally have more property to divide amongst themselves, since they share in his perquisites. In an Ayu town, Giddan Sa(r)rikin Ambel, the chief's compound consisted of nearly a hundred houses, and in fact it formed the whole town—as the name implies—being large enough to shelter nearly two hundred of us when on a patrol, there being even then plenty of room to spare.

The father will usually choose the site of his son's new house, and will place stones in circles or threes for the granary to rest upon, this being because the walls are practically built around it, or perhaps the act may be a symbolic one to ensure good crops and plenty to eat. The blood of a fowl is spilt on the ground as an offering to the ghosts of the people already buried there or near, so that they may leave the house in peace, and then a few leaves of a certain tree are put in a hole dug in the spot chosen to bring good luck, and are covered over again with earth. After that the prospective owner invites all the important men of the quarter, or perhaps even of the whole village if he be a chief's son, and, of course, provides guinea-corn beer (*akann*), without which nothing of any importance is done by these thirsty people—though we should not laugh, considering that our foundation stones are usually laid to the music of the popping of corks. A little (a very little) beer is poured on the site three times, accompanied in each case by an incantation invoking the blessings of the particular person's ancestors, and the rest is drunk by the assembled company.

However, when the guests have drunk all they can get, they tell their host to remain in peace, and wishing him luck they take their departure, and he commences building his house. He starts with the granary first, so that the lower part may get the sun before the walls shelter it, and also because, being much higher

than the walls, it will take longer to build; it being, as I have said, in the form of an enormous vase with an opening at the top, and often eight feet or more in diameter. Then the walls are built in the form of an oblong, though the short end encircling the granary is rounded.

After the mud has become dry the roof is put on, long rafters of bamboos or palm fronds being first placed in position, so as to slope back gradually from the front, and sharply from the back of the house, in order that the dome may be over the granary, and longer poles are therefore used for the front face than for the rear. These poles are lashed together with tie-tie, and the whole has then much the appearance of a spider's web, for the lashings are arranged in concentric circles from the apex. Grass stalks, about five or six feet long, are then joined together with tie-tie into a flat mat-like fringe, which is rolled on to the poles, beginning at the bottom of those in front and going at first from side to side, and then round and round the house until the top is reached, where a knob is formed, each layer of grass being tied to the cross-lashings and to the next roll. The knob at the top may have a couple of sticks thrust through it horizontally, and at right angles, to keep it on, and an ostrich egg or bottle on the highest point as a charm.

The floors are trampled until hard, and sometimes charcoal is mixed with the earth to harden and blacken it, while cowrie shells are often inserted as ornaments and arranged in circles or "dice-cup" patterns. Sometimes the whole compound has a beaten floor, but this depends upon the women, whose work it is, the men being responsible only for the actual building. The outer front wall of the house is usually decorated in some way or other, even if the ornamentation goes no further than a coat of red earth or charcoal, and in some towns regular designs are worked out.

Usually the Kajji and Kagoma houses are much ahead of those of their neighbours to the east in every way, for the first-named build their walls more strongly, make better roofs, and they have more idea of decoration. The designs are usually in some form of the double triangle or dice-cup pattern, the insides

of the triangles being painted black, or sometimes even hollowed out, and there may be lines in white or black parallel with the sides of the triangles, or radiating from the centre of the dice-cup, dots in the same colour being often added, the patterns on the houses reminding one, in some degree, of those on the abdomens of the women and the chests of the men. The doorways may be ornamented by lines running around the half-hoop, and all of these may be simply painted on the flat wall, or a bevel may be first sunk by pressing sticks, straight or bent as required, into the soft mud when building the walls. One house in Mersa had a window on each side of the door; but that is the only occasion on which I have seen these extra apertures, and it is just possible that the owner (the chief's nephew) had copied the windows from those in the Europeans' houses at Jemaan Dararo.

The porch generally has a long trough-like shelf running right across over the inner door, corresponding in this (to continue the simile) to the hat-rack, for calabashes and other light articles are placed in this—"It must not be used for heavy baggage." There is usually a space around the house between the top of the wall and the grass roof, though sometimes extra mud is plastered on to the top of the wall, after the roof has been fixed, so as to fill up the crevices. Where this has not been done, there is plenty of shelf room, but otherwise, not only the porch but the other rooms also may be furnished with troughs. Sticks or horns are stuck in the wall as pegs on which to hang bows and arrows, &c., and I have also seen a hanging-hook of wood, something like a swizzle-stick, or an umbrella frame upside down. These hooks are simply cut from the forks of small trees, and are not improved in any way, but they seem to act well enough for all ordinary requirements, for these people, having no clothes, have but little to hang.

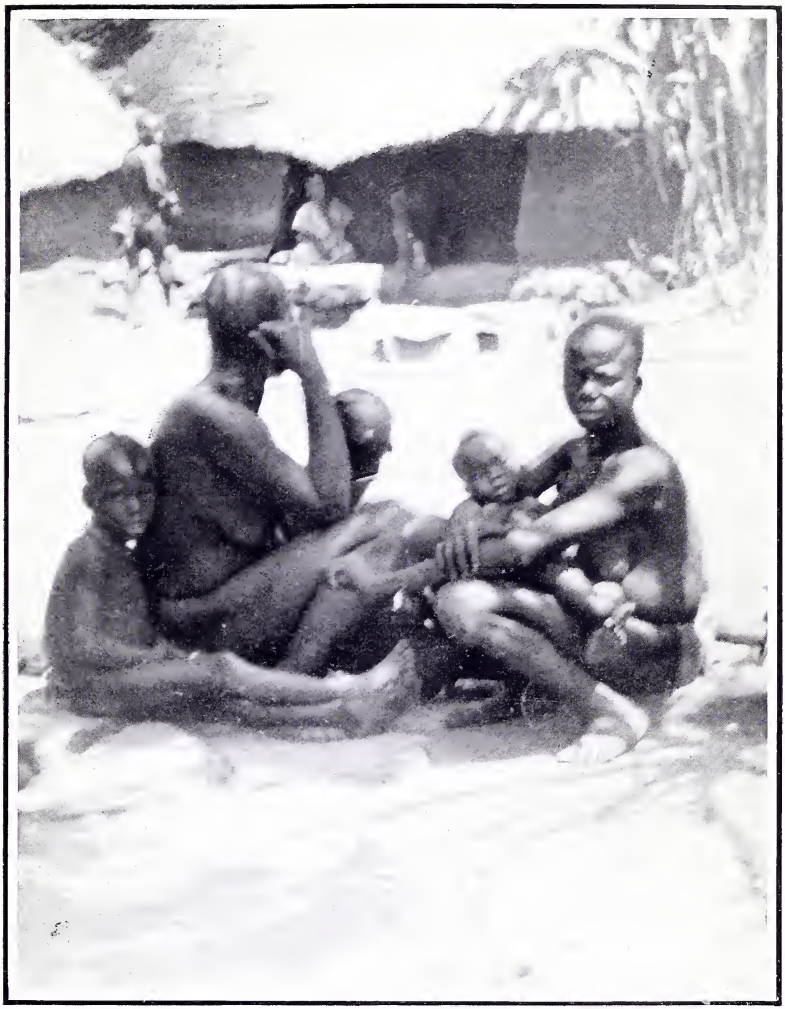
Low, solid, wooden stools, cut from a log, often furnished with a handle (and possibly meant to resemble a dog), are used in the houses, and in the courtyards also by women when cooking, though half-sunken palm logs form seats for the majority, and big loose logs may be arranged like forms around a fire in the centre of the compound for the family to sit upon in cold weather.

Skulls of men, and also of the hartebeeste, antelope, and monkey, are strung on a piece of native rope and hung up on the outside walls under the thatch to advertise the family's prowess, being passed on as family trophies. In the towns to the north they are always hidden inside the houses now, so that we may not find them, but when we attacked Jigga and Tafa I found several bunches, these clusters of human skulls being described by an author writing of tribes in another part of the world as resembling bunches of grapes, or strings of onions.

There are some medicine houses, but no stranger is allowed to go near them, and in fact, their existence is denied, and, as I had no wish to insult the places these people considered holy, I had to pretend that I believed the story; but a large number of skulls was found in a cave behind Fada Kagoro by the first expedition against them. The house at Mersa, the roof of which was ornamented with an ostrich egg, was said to be a medicine house. Blacksmiths in some of the Kajji and Jaba towns have round houses with very high conical roofs, the difference being due in some respect to the mystery of the iron working, but the Kagoro pay the smiths no special reverence, and I believe the two there before my arrival met with rather sudden deaths, though the last one could sleep in peace, for he was sent by me from Jemaan Daroro to make agricultural implements at the special request of the Kagoro chiefs, who guaranteed his safety.

There is very little refuse, the ashes being put in the goat-houses, to be used with the droppings as manure, and the remains of the night's food are usually eaten the following morning, or are given to the dogs or vultures, while any loose grain is soon picked up by the fowls and goats. Pits, however, are necessarily made when the walls of the house are being built, and whatever refuse there may be undisposed of is thrown in.

In addition to the granaries inside the houses, there are some outside as well, these being essentially the same in construction (round vases built on stones) as those already described, except for the fact that they have separate roofs, but they often present quite a different appearance, for a wall is built from the ground outside



A Kajji Compound

The earth is beaten hard to some distance in front of each house, and when the compound is small the earth of the whole may be thus hardened. In front of each house are the grinding stones. The young boys have a tuft of hair running along the top of the head, the rest being shaved off.

the stones, to meet the circumference of the granary, and this forms a fowl-house, the birds being between this wall and the bottom of the vase (and therefore not able to get at the corn), and having their entrance near to the ground.

The Kagoma and Kajji compounds are kept very clean, but the Moroa and Kagoro housewives are not particularly praiseworthy, and the air in those parts is not always as pure as it might be. A compound has a house for each wife, and, in addition to the conical goat-houses and granaries, other huts for the preparation of food, or for stables, and there will probably be some caves near the Kagoro and Kajji towns where the people can store their grain and hide when necessity arises, but they are merely natural cavities, and are not improved and concealed like those of the Nadu at Ayashi, described in a later chapter.

No sacrifices are made by the Kagoro when building a house, except for the fowl already referred to, or when felling trees, and in that respect they are less superstitious than we are, for there are no charms or coins placed among the foundations as with us, and there is apparently no idea that the sacrifice of a child is necessary to ensure the stability or the erection as was the case in Halle, even so late as 1843. The building being an intrusion on the spirits' domain, Professor Westermarck regards human sacrifices as being a kind of life insurance!!

In Angwom, a Ninzam town, I saw a rooster in a rather peculiar predicament. A pot had been let into the ground just in the centre of the doorway, so that the top of the pot was level with the floor of the house, and into this had been put a rooster, the narrow neck of the pot effectually preventing any part but his head from protruding. Fowls are often kept in pots for fattening purposes, and on my second visit the rooster was missing, but in the position just described the future meal can act as a watch-dog as well, for no one could pass into or out of the house without disturbing him. I do not know that such a proceeding would be popular in England, for after about a month or two the fowl would begin to get unpleasant, but that would not matter to the ordinary inland native, for he would be but little better himself in all probability.

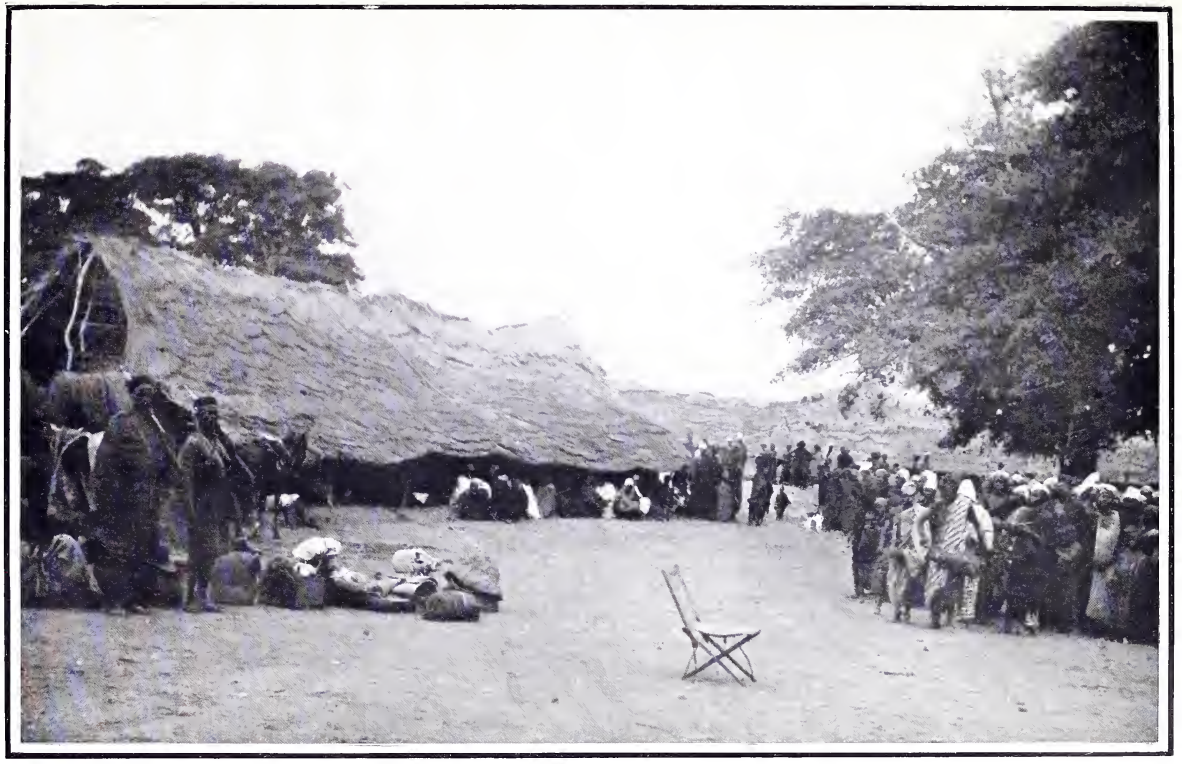
When the building of the house is completed, a meal of porridge (*tuk*) is prepared, and the guests again assemble, though on this occasion no beer is drunk—or rather so I was told, but I would not insult them by believing it. When all have eaten and departed, the family enters and lives happily ever afterwards. A house is reoccupied on the death of the owner, if of the Kagoro or Moroa tribe, but not always if of the Kajji or Jaba tribe, the difference being due possibly to the fact that the Kagoro have but little room, and the Moroa do not want to have larger compounds than they can easily defend, while the Kajji and Jaba have plenty of space.

As I have said, the houses of these tailed head-hunters are peculiar in shape, and it may be of interest to note some other forms met with in West Africa, but first I should mention that the houses in the Attakka and southern Kagoro towns are conical like those of the Bauchi plateau, and not oblong like those just described.

In some parts of the Hausa country, the mosques and the houses of the chiefs are very fine buildings considering the materials available. The larger dwellings are made of mud, the roofs being either flat and of the same material, or square and sloping, or conical, in the two latter cases being made of grass. The whole house is called the *gidda* by the Hausawa, the separate huts *da(i)ki* or *zaure*, and the wall, fence, or stockade, *bango*, *damfammi*, or *kaffi* respectively, the last word giving its name to many towns.

The first step necessary for the erection of a house is to clear the ground, the next to mark it out, and this latter may be done with sticks, or in the case of a round house with string, and then the plan is drawn on the ground by the chief builder, who drags one foot along the marks so that they become wider and more distinct, hoes or shovels being afterwards used to make these depressions deep enough to take the first layer of mud "bowls" of which the walls will be built.

The next step in the building of a mud house is the preparation of the material. The earth, having been mixed with water, is trodden and kneaded and left for a day or two, and it may then



YORUBA HOUSES

The Yoruba house is rather like a terrace, a large roof and verandah covering a number of rooms built side by side.

be made into sun-dried bricks or be simply moulded into rough balls about the size of a bowl, being brought from the pit to the builders by men on pieces of wood, or anything which may be handy. These "bowls" are laid in a line in the excavation, another line or two is placed on top, and loose mud is then pressed into the crevices between the lumps and squared off, thus leaving the sides quite straight. Some walls, especially those of a large, square house, will require several rows of these bowls or bricks, but one row is enough for those of the ordinary round hut, the process being repeated as often as is necessary to bring them to the required height. I have never seen any scaffolding erected; as the walls grow the builders climb up and squat on them (if too high to be reached by men standing on the ground, or on boxes or tree stumps), and as the higher the walls are to be, the thicker they will usually be made also, there is plenty of room for the builders to squat on the top.

The building must be done in the dry season to be any good, else the mud will be too damp to bind properly, and, so as to give each layer plenty of time to dry, the walls are usually raised but a foot or two each day. Should the work have to take place during the "rains," however, plaited grass protections are laid along the top of the walls to keep off the water.

Only the mosques and the largest houses are square among the Hausawa and Filani, and they may have flat roofs built wholly of mud, with tin or bark spoutings to carry off the rain water from the roofs, but the Yoruba nearly always use this form, though with high, sloping grass roofs.

With a grass house, after the forked poles, bamboos or palm-ribs, and grass have been collected, the rate of erection is simply a question of how quickly the builders can work. A small hut, with walls from four to five feet high, can be put up in a couple of hours, or even less, and the weather makes no difference—though it is, of course, preferable to have the floor quite dry at the time, otherwise it will be a long time before it becomes so, as the sun cannot get at it. I had a house in Ilorin built during the rainy weather, the walls of which exuded a green slime daily, with the result that I was soon invalided home.

After the ground has been cleared and marked out as before, holes, some one to two feet deep, are dug at intervals of a yard or so around the circumference, and forked posts of the required height are placed in them, arranged so that the forks will be on about the same level all the way round. A number of long supple withes (especially if the house be circular) and stouter poles are then laid in the forks horizontally, in order to connect the uprights, and are bound to them with tie-tie (bark or native string), so as to make the whole as rigid as possible. Other cross-pieces are then tied in parallel rows below these right down to the ground, and long grass may now be placed upright against, and outside of, these cross-pieces, being secured by other cross-pieces outside of it again. Lastly, a trench is made around and a foot or so away from the house, the earth being thrown on to the lowest part of the grass, so as to make the dwelling proof against rain streams, in the same way as we protect our tents. Sometimes large grass mats are used instead of the loose grass, in which case the lower cross-pieces may be dispensed with, and fences are made in the same way. The roofs are usually put on before the grass is arranged on the walls, but it is easier to finish the description of this part of the subject before going on to another, so the proper order has not been strictly adhered to.

When building a large grass house, or a mud house with a verandah, the framework of the roof would have to be erected at about the same time as the forked posts are set up, for all would be connected together. With a square house, two or more (with a large round house, one) stout forked posts, high enough to give the proper pitch to the roof, are erected in the centre line and are connected by a long cross-piece lying on, and bound to, the forks, as before. These and the cross-piece are then connected with the shorter uprights by other slanting poles—generally bamboos or palm-ribs in the large houses, smaller palm-stalks, or perhaps even guinea-corn stalks in the very small ones—which are again connected with each other by more cross-pieces, the whole, which now has the appearance of lattice-work, being securely bound. In the case of a high house these *tanka*, as they are called, are first tied on near the bottom, the builders gradually working upwards

and using each line like a rung in a ladder until they reach the top, when the projecting pieces are cut off or bent over.

The longer the grass, the easier is the thatching, and the better it will be; it is usually about three to five feet long when ready for use. While the builders have been at work, other men have joined the grass stalks together with *igia* or tie-tie, making a kind of fringe which is rolled up like stair carpets and stacked ready to hand, and on the completion of the framework, the rolls are passed up to the men above, who unroll the grass over the *tanka*, and either tie it (now known as *bunu*) or pin it with short sticks called *kinni*. This is also commenced at the bottom—as with our slate or tin roofs—and over the ridge at the top is placed a wide layer of plaited grass like that described as being used on the walls when building in wet weather. The framework of the roof of a small house is usually put together on the ground (perhaps being even thatched there), and it is then lifted bodily on to the mud wall or uprights by half-a-dozen men.

In the case of a grass house, the doorway is simply the space left uncovered between two of the uprights, but in a mud building a proper lintel is made by placing a stick or two across the top of the opening, long enough to rest securely upon the wall on each side, mud being placed on the top of this, and building going on as before. Windows, if wide, are made in the same way, but in the native houses, when they exist at all, they are mere slits or holes, and so no special treatment is necessary.

The doorway is closed sometimes with a roughly-made wooden or grass door kept in place by hinges or by a cross pole, but in most cases, a mat, a cloth, or a string blind serves the purpose. The floor will be stamped and beaten hard, when it is known as *debbi*, and may be blackened with a solution obtained from the locust-tree or charcoal, while the walls may be whitewashed with bone dust or white earth, reddened with red earth, or it may be blackened like the floor.

To the house proper many additions may be made. As with the head-hunters, outside hut-like structures raised on stones to keep out white ants, and perhaps two-storied, are built for grain, while smaller ones are placed inside the house. There is also a

lodge or *zaure* opening on to the street, where attendants generally live and are at hand to announce a visitor; the *zaure*, in many cases, also acting as a stable. A small porch or verandah may be built over the door of the *zaure*, or of any of the huts. Beehives are usually at a distance, and may be made of long stripes of bark cut in the form of a cylinder, or of gourds or earthenware pots. Each wife has her separate hut, the husband having a larger one which is probably nearer the *zaure*, and the whole will be surrounded by a wall or fence. In markets, or at halting-places, little grass shelters are run up for the protection of the travellers, but such consideration is usually misplaced, for natives, being particularly feckless folk, will pull out the grass at night to make a fire, though knowing full well that they may want the shelter badly a week hence.

Europeans have, of course, tried to improve the local conditions and methods, and it is usual for them to have an extra outside roof covering two or three complete huts, the verandah, therefore, having one roof, the rooms two. In many ways such a house is preferable to a bungalow, for the natives make but little noise when moving about, and mud is cooler than wood, but insects find a more congenial habitation in a hut, and the earthen floor and walls are very hard to keep clean.

In Ashanti I noticed that the ordinary houses were formed of small one or two-roomed oblong blocks, usually four arranged in the form of a cross. They were built of wattle and daub, and, as the work was well done, and the floors were raised above the ground, I generally found them very dry. They had one drawback, however, and that was their publicity, for the wall facing the compound was seldom more than a couple of feet high, and whenever I tried to bathe or dress, there was always a crowd of wondering (and let me hope, admiring) males and females to watch the operations. Any performance they could not understand they would watch in silence, or perhaps whisper questions to each other, but any act resembling something which they did themselves—like cleaning the teeth, for instance—was greeted with loud applause and broad smiles of appreciation. That was eleven years ago; I fear there is not much that they do not know now about Europeans.

The Hausas are very fond of riddles and proverbs, and it is only natural that many should refer to their domestic conditions. The best known riddles are: "My mare is in foal, but I do not ride her; I ride the fœtus." Answer, a hut with a bed. "The owner is in his house, but his beard is outside"—fire and smoke. Of proverbs, the following are examples:—"Does the rack (of string fastened to the roof) remain if the roof is blown away?" which comes to mean, "Will a good woman refuse to accompany her husband should he go to another town to live?" "The one who lives in the house knows where the roof leaks," *i.e.* "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," or the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. "Though a naked man may be ignored on the feast-day he will be sought after when building is on"—compare Kipling's "thin red line of heroes when the drums begin to roll." "The only prevention against fire is to have two houses." Grass is, of course, easily inflammable, but the cooking is usually done inside the huts. "The small pot (the wife) goes to and fro, but the big pot (the husband) remains at home"—*i.e.* does no work. Yet we think that we can teach them the dignity of labour!

CHAPTER XII

SOME EXCITING ARRESTS

THE Ninzam, a tribe to the south of Jemaa, which I have mentioned before, had been truculent for a long time. Some of these towns, also, had not paid tribute for a couple of years, and as no steps had been taken against them, other towns had given out that they, too, would cease their payments. Slave-raiding was rife amongst them, the worst offender being Awudu, the chief of Ungual Kaura ("the town of Kaura," named after its founder), and he had just added the murder of his wife to his little list of accomplishments. Moreover, some of the towns had been fighting amongst themselves, and quite a goodly casualty list was reported.

The Ninzam are a hot-tempered people, and when there is no common enemy to combine against, they indulge in private dress rehearsals amongst themselves, though these little differences are soon over, the combatants usually killing or wounding not more than a couple on each side perhaps—nothing to speak of, of course. Apparently, though, they are rather cowardly, when not full of beer (the cause of most of their internal quarrels), for we had but very little resistance later in the year—however I must not anticipate.

I left Jemaan Daroro on the 10th of March and went to Sanga, a town about twelve miles off, where I camped for the night, the chief of Sanga, who was the Headman of the District of Ninzam, having been warned to accompany us from there. He himself had been driven out of two Ninzam towns where he had gone to collect tribute, and a messenger of his had been wounded in another, so it was time to support his authority in some way or other. I had repeatedly asked for a patrol through the country, but the sanction was not forthcoming for various

reasons, so I had to do what I could for myself, though I was doubtful if it would be much.

I had my usual escort of eleven soldiers and a couple of policemen, but on this occasion the chief of Jemaan Daroro accompanied me with a following of some fifty men, who were unarmed, and, as proved afterwards, a source of danger.

Just after we had left Jemaan Daroro, down came a tornado, and we were soon made aware that the rainy season had commenced in earnest. There is no doubt about the rain in Jemaa; it pours down as if from a watering-can with very large holes close together, and I have been three days without seeing the sun, my predecessor having experienced even worse conditions, he said. Usually in Northern Nigeria it will rain very hard for a few hours almost every day from March to October, then clear up, and the day will be as bright as ever though somewhat steamy, but Jemaa has quite a system of its own, being situated on one side of a cup of mountains which catch the rain in all directions. For the remainder of the year there is no rain.

Travelling is apt to be somewhat exciting in the wet, for the roads become gutters, as I have said before, and the carriers continually stumble and slide about when walking on soft ground, the loads rocking to and fro in an alarming manner. However, the men have a marvellous power of balance, and they usually manage to right themselves in time, and go along with a "splosh, splosh, splosh," as before. But, if any one does happen to go down, the rest make no secret of the pleasure such a sight gives them, for they are always ready to laugh at a man in a slight misfortune, though they will help him readily enough should it prove serious. To a man on horseback, overhanging branches are very dangerous, and I was caught by one (not for the first time, either) just as my horse slipped down the bank of a river, being left hanging over a mass of mud till he was brought back again and placed underneath me so that I could drop on to him.

Soon after my arrival at Sanga, I received the cheerful news that my house at Jemaan Daroro had been unroofed by the tornado, and that two of the rooms were more or less under

water (more, I found out on my return). However, there was nothing to be done at the time, for I could not go back, and I heard that the caretaker had shifted the boxes to a water-tight hut, so I had to be content with wondering what the damage would be. Tornados play havoc with grass roofs, as can be imagined, and I remember once in Ilorin, when in bed with fever, seeing a regular douche of water suddenly come through one side of the roof. Luckily it was a few yards away from the bed, and by shifting farther into the corner, and by putting up a ground-sheet, I could avoid the splash—another testimonial to this useful article of kit. It was hopeless, however, to do anything to the roof until the rain had stopped, and the mud floor of the hut might have been the bed of a creek afterwards; it was not really dry for a fortnight.

Well, we left Sanga next day at 5.40 A.M., and after having passed through several towns, we camped at Zambar about twelve miles off. Here I had to try a case of wounding, and it is perhaps worth mentioning, as showing the Ninzam's primitive idea of responsibility. It appeared that a certain youth, by name Gareba, had had a quarrel with a man of another town (I forget what about), and had gone out looking for him and for trouble. On his way he met Umoru, a member of the other man's family, and promptly went for him with a knife, and the wretched Umoru had evidently had a bad time. Gareba could not see that he had done wrong, for according to the communal idea any member of a family is liable for an offence committed by any other member, though it seemed to me exceedingly hard on the innocent Umoru.

There appeared, however, to be some right on Gareba's side as to the original quarrel, but I had to try to introduce the idea of individual responsibility, so I gave him a month's imprisonment, and pointed out that either the District Headmen or I would settle quarrels between the actual parties in future. Had he been more civilised he would have had a couple of years in prison. It seems hardly possible nowadays that the same notion of communal responsibility was once the rule in England, and that the difference between tort and crime arose

A Corduroy Road

In many parts of West Africa the ground is so soft in the wet season that travelling is difficult over it, if not impossible. This road was constructed for the passage of the troops to Kumasi in 1900; certain parts of Northern Nigeria would be much benefited by similar treatment.

A Kajji Granary

This is built in the shape of a bowl, and is placed on stones for legs. The top has a permanent roof most of the way up, and a removable cap (now removed) so as to allow of access to the grain. A low wall built outside the stones at the foot enables the vacant space to be used for poultry, the fowl-house having a separate door.

through the notion that the disabling of a warrior injured the chief (as representing the tribe) through depriving him of his services, whereas a tort was a private wrong. Even to-day the king nominally prosecutes criminals, and the victims cannot refuse to give evidence if called upon to do so, while civil actions are brought by the parties wronged, on their own initiative.

Next morning we went to Ungual Kaura, and halting just outside the town I sent for the chief. After some delay he came, and at once putting him under arrest (somewhat to his surprise, I fear), off we moved towards Fada Wate. Immediately there arose shouts and cries from the town, and people began running out, and soon afterwards little bands of savages began advancing across our left rear and front by a short cut, singing as they went. I could distinguish the shrill voices of women, and I was quite pleased, picturing to myself the gratitude of the people to the Just and Great Whiteman for removing a tyrant. But I was quickly disillusioned, and in a most rude manner (I wonder how often there is a difference between what we imagine the native thinks, and what he really does think), for back came the Mada(i)ki and the chief of Sanga at a gallop to say that the people were going to attack us. "But," said I, "there are women amongst them, and all of them are singing." "That is so," they replied, "but the women accompany the men here when they are going to fight, and they sing to encourage them."

Being thus brought back to earth again, I could see, on more careful examination, that some of the people were armed (the men, no doubt, it being extremely difficult to tell the sex of these people at a distance, for the women's cloths were hardly larger than those worn by the menfolk), and calling my little escort together, I managed to frighten them off for the time, and so let the carriers get into Fada Wate.

This town had been fighting with Ungual Kaura during the previous month, so the headman thought that we ought to be safe there, but to test the feeling of the people I called on the young men to drive away the Ungual Kaura parties, and as only about a dozen came out, I did not rely too much

on our chances of a quiet day. Some of the little bands had meanwhile come up within about a couple of hundred yards of Fada Wate, and there was nothing for it but to give them a fright, so we dropped a few bullets amongst them, and scattered them for the time being.

It was now breakfast time, and after that was over, I commenced the trial of Awudu on the charge of murdering his wife, and on about nine different charges of enslaving and selling women and children whom he had seized on the road. When a man is down there is usually no lack of others to kick him, whatever his colour, and this case being no exception to the rule, there was plenty of evidence. I had got about half through the trial, when a report was brought by the chief that the people of a town on our right were going to attack us.

It appeared that the large town of Amar (not the old Muri headquarters, of course, which is really Amara, but one belonging to the Ninzam tribe), had sent in some goats as tribute, but these had been intercepted by the people of Ungual Maitozo and seized; that the Amar men had been driven off, and that the nephew of the chief of Sanga had been killed. Ungual Maitozo had also been fighting with Fada Wate during the previous month, so I still thought we were fairly safe, and I soon found that, beyond sitting down armed on some hills about half a mile off, the people made no attempt to attack, so after lunch I proceeded with the trial.

About 3 P.M. one of the carriers, who had been sent to take over some goats which the Mada(i)ki of Fada Wate said were ready to be delivered as tribute, ran up with blood spurting from arms and neck, saying that he had been wounded, and lest any more evidence was needed, the chief of Sanga reported, a few minutes afterwards, that he had been in the town, and had overheard some men saying that an attack was to be made on us during the night, and sure enough drums commenced beating, and armed men began to appear from the huts of Fada Wate itself.

The only thing to do was to go. The chief of Jemaa's men were unarmed, and my eleven soldiers and two policemen would not have protected the party, especially as we had some twenty

horses with us. I had also to get my prisoners to Jemaa somehow, and had, therefore, to detail some one to guard them. All retreat to Jemaan Daroro was cut off by Ungual Kaura in one direction, and by Ungual Maitozo in another, so the only way open was in front, but unfortunately the road had been traversed by only one of our party, and he said he could not remember it. However, there was no choice, and at 4.20 P.M. off we moved.

The Ninzam let us go through their town, the unenterprising idiots, and we were soon clear, but darkness came upon us while we were still in thick bush, and we should have been rather an easy prey had they come for us. We got over the river by the light of torches of dry grass, and then determined to halt and take our chance, being about six miles from Fada Wate. We slept, ready to move off at any time, with double sentries on the river, of course, but (except for the continual tapping of drums in the distance) there was nothing to disturb us, and we continued our march soon after five o'clock next morning.

We found that we had camped quite close to a town belonging to the Ayu tribe, and that was probably the reason we had not been attacked. At least I thought so at the time, but I have since doubted if the Ninzam would ever have come against even our small force when once we had got clear of their district, though there is no doubt that they would have attacked us had we slept in one of their towns, for fighting on one's own ground, and in sight of one's own people, makes a wonderful difference in the valour of the warriors engaged.

Passing on, we camped at the Giddan Sa(r)rikin Ambel ("house of the chief of Ambel"), which was composed of one enormous compound of two long *zaures* or halls, and enough small huts to house about 300 or 400 people, all being occupied by the chief and his wives and children — the joint family system with a vengeance.

The chief was a fine-looking old native, who greeted me with a "Hullo, Bature," repeating the English word on every possible appropriate and inappropriate occasion. He was a strong man, and proved rather obstinate in many ways, and

I found that he had been taking tribute in our name from the people of a neighbouring town, telling us all the time that they were *tawaye* (rebels) and would not pay. I therefore determined to take him back with me to Jemaan Daroro, both on account of the example it would be to the other chiefs, and also for the chance it would give the alleged rebel chief to come in and tell his part of the story.

Next morning, therefore, I told him to accompany me, and so great was his indignation that I had to arrest him at once. We then went on to Amanchi, and had only just had breakfast when a rubber trader from Jemaan Daroro ran in (the district is rich in rubber and palm oil), saying that two of them had been caught by an armed party assembling on the far side of a small hill, with the object of rescuing their chief, and that he himself had managed to escape. A little while afterwards the chief of Jemaa reported that some other rubber traders from his town had been murdered on our departure (which report proved unfortunately to be true), and that the chief of Amanchi had disappeared with all his people. There was no help for it, we had to leave again, and we started off at 10.15 A.M., camping at Ningishi, some eighteen miles from Ambel. We were shot at while crossing a stream just outside Amanchi, but, except that one of the Jemaa men got an arrow through his clothes, no harm was done to us, and a little exchange of courtesies drove them off with a couple of mementoes, incidentally allowing two other rubber traders to escape and join us.

After opening up a new road, a short cut from the main route to Keffi, we returned to Jemaan Daroro on the 17th of March, and I was not sorry to see the old home again, despite its dilapidated appearance. Had I had another dozen men and a supply of ammunition we might have made a stand, but the escort I had was much too small for anything more than a running fight, the men were new to me (the detachment at Jemaa having been changed), and I had not much confidence in them. However, I had got in a fair proportion of the outstanding tribute, and had brought back four prisoners, two being the strongest chiefs in Ninzam and Ayu respectively, so on the whole the tour was quite successful.

Poor old Sa(r)rikin Ambel! I gave him a month, if I remember rightly, in the guard-room under the Revenue Proclamation, and he died just four days before his sentence would have expired. He had been suffering for some time with an internal complaint, and I suppose the confinement (or the blow to his self-esteem) made him less able to fight against it. I had really released him about a week before the proper time on account of his illness, pending confirmation from headquarters, and had put him in charge of some Ayu people in Jemaa so that he could hear his own language again, and be cheered up, but without success. It was very hard on him, poor old man, though it was, of course, absolutely his own fault; but it was also bad luck for me, for he was a brave and strong-minded man, and after his lesson would have proved a valuable ally. Many of these pagans die of imprisonment, however, like caged wild birds, often through no complaint at all that can be diagnosed, and simply because of the confinement.

The other chief, Awudu, I had to condemn to death, having full judicial powers: circumstances compelled me to carry out the sentence myself the following June as there was no sheriff available. It was a nasty business, and I hope I shall never have to perform a similar act. However, he was guilty up to his eyes, and had really committed enough crimes to hang half-a-dozen men, so there was no occasion to waste any sympathy on him. Still, taking a man's life in cold blood gives one a weak feeling about one's waist-belt; it is quite different in action, when you know that unless you are too quick for your enemy he will murder you, and you do not think you are trying to kill a human being, but merely that you must stop the advance of a dangerous enemy.

As to Gareba, he was released in due time, and was one of the first to welcome the patrol later, for ex-prisoners are in most cases, as I have observed before, quite good friends afterwards. And I think the fact is a great tribute to the system of justice which prevails in the country, for after all, we do not want to make enemies of those who offend against our laws, especially when the offenders cannot be called civilised, but our aim is to teach them some higher ideals than they have learned from their fathers, and strangely enough, a gaol is one of the best places for the purpose.

The tribes I had just visited were all head-hunters, and there were others with black marks against them, who were set down for punishment by a patrol on some future occasion, so it may be of interest to make some remarks on warfare from their point of view. There is a good deal of similarity between their ideas, and though the following notes refer particularly to the Kagoro people, most of the information will apply equally well to the Waiwai, Ninzam, Nadu, Ayu, and Kibbo.

There is a very close connection between the hunting and the war parties of these head-hunting tribes. A chase may be easily turned into a battle when the arms for both are the same, even amongst the hunters themselves; and the search for beasts may develop into a hunt for men.

From the accounts given me by the Kagoro, it would appear that when they first came to the country they now occupy, they were dependent on the chase for their food, and that they at first lived in caves. Somehow or other they discovered the bow and arrow, and then they were able to drive off the dangerous and kill the edible beasts. Probably they did not discover the use of poison for some time, for the chief of Jemaan Daroro assured me that the Attakka learned it from the Kibbo only some twenty years ago. Possibly the Kagoro depended in early times on the sling and spear; the Gannawarri even now fight with the latter weapon, and on horseback.

There is apparently no actual compulsion on male adults to fight in case of a war, but, judging from their general behaviour, I should think that they would be only too glad to have the chance; a National Service League would have a rosy time amongst that tribe! The country is so small that the Kagoro are always within easy distance of their towns, so they can go out in the early morning—not too early if the cold harmattan is blowing—fight by day, and return to sleep at night, a very comfortable arrangement, reminding one of the Concentration Camps in South Africa. They tried about nine o'clock one night to surprise the patrol sent to punish them in 1908 for attacking the Resident and his escort and wounding the officer in command, but they were driven off with some loss, and this was the first night attack known in the

district up to that time, but since then there have been several, both the Mada and Nadu tribes copying the bad example in the following year. The warriors take food enough to last them for the day—though if they are attacking another town they usually rely on getting something extra there—but if fighting near their own towns their women-folk will probably bring them something extra to cheer them up.

There is no need for any permanent organisation for war during peace-time, for the men are always in excellent training through hunting or farming, and they are always prepared for eventualities since they never leave their homes unarmed, and so are constantly handling their weapons. "Boy scouts," too, are a recognised institution, being taught how to attack and take cover by practising first with stones, and later with toy bows and arrows, and those who have shown the right qualities in these sham fights will be noted for posts as subordinate leaders when they grow up.

Before a war is decided upon, the priests and elders repair to the sacred grove and ask for the opinion of the ghosts upon the question in point, and as the spirits can be approached only through the medium of beer—of which, I fear, by far the greater part goes down the throats of the men still alive, the ghosts having to be content with a few (a very few) drops spilt on the ground—the reply is usually most favourable. A leader, the *Agwam Wuta*, is then appointed, and he will probably be some man specially chosen on account of his skill in arms and his bravery, and not the chief or a priest, though these men will follow behind their troops, like the Duke of Plaza-Toro, to cheer or drive them on as the case may be. If in alliance with another tribe, the general of the tribe first starting the trouble would be the commander unless the ally was much stronger in men and had better leaders.

Their religion is conducive to warlike prowess, for the strongest on earth will be the most influential in the spirit world, and also, the ghost of a slaughtered enemy must serve the ghost of him who has taken the head. Again, the hero is the admiration of all the belles of the village; and last, but

not by any means least, the effect of the stories and songs of the prowess and fame of bygone heroes must be considerable. I am not sure if the head of every person, male or female, adult or infant, is equally beneficial, but I think so, for I was told that if a woman who is enceinte is caught and killed, the head of the fœtus will be taken, if old enough, as well as that of its mother. A case was mentioned, and the name of the woman given by the chief of Jemaa, and in a case of highway robbery I tried later, one of the witnesses, a woman, stated that that was what she was afraid of, so I fear it is true. One can easily believe it of the cannibal Nadu or the cowardly Ayu, but the Kagoro seemed too brave for that sort of thing; however, there is no doubt that they all kill women, for I found some female skulls.

With the Moroa, at any rate, the most foul treachery is quite justifiable, for a case happened while I was at Jemaa. The people of Babban Gidda had a feast to which they invited a number of Gannawarri, and having made five of their guests drunk, they shut them up in a hut and killed them, the rest of the honoured guests managing to escape. The heads of the victims were then cut off, and were set up by the chief in his house as a memorial of the gallant deed, and such was the condition of things when I heard of the deed.

I at once went to Moroa, and sent messages both to the principal Gannawarri chiefs and to the Babban Gidda people, saying that I should settle the matter, and commanding the people to remain quiet. The latter I knew I could deal with, but the former were warlike and were likely to give trouble, especially as they had killed and eaten a Moroa chief on the day of my arrival (although he had had nothing whatever to do with the murder, but was guilty according to the communal idea) and were reported to be celebrating the *wasan wuka* ("sharpening the knife"), a ceremony which was said to last for three days before the opening of a campaign. The Gannawarri sent to say that they could manage the affair quite well themselves, and the Moroa people were so frightened that they were escaping to the towns of friendly tribes, strings of women laden with stores being seen in all directions. But even so, the Babban Gidda

people would not come near me, so I went to the town and seized everything I could find. I then sent to the Gannawarri through some Attakka people to say that I would give them ten sheep or goats and five shillings in cash for every person killed, and I went into their country as far as a certain tree which was always the scene of any agreements between the two peoples. The Gannawarri did not turn up though, and I was at a loss what to do, but after waiting until near sunset, I tied up the stock to trees in the vicinity, and returned to camp, sending again to the Gannawarri to tell them not to leave the animals there all night, lest leopards or hyænas should get them. The friendly Attakka had himself seen the goats there, and we had caught a Gannawarri youth who had lost his way in the harmattan, and had strayed into the camp, and they prevailed upon the chiefs to send for the goats; and as the chiefs were now certain that they could depend upon me, they said that they would keep the peace.

A few days afterwards I managed to arrest the chief of Babban Gidda, and then the principal Gannawarri chief came to my camp, and on receiving the twenty-five shillings (mostly in "tenths" of a penny) his eyes glistened, and he said he would not mind losing a few more of his people under similar conditions.

I sent the Babban Gidda chief to prison; it was not a case for hanging, life being held much too cheaply in that district, and within a month or so the two tribes were apparently as friendly as ever before. I confiscated the skulls—which, luckily, the Gannawarri did not want particularly—and they now repose in peace on the shelves of the museum at Cambridge.

There is no formal declaration of war by the Kagoro, Moroa, &c., for fights usually arise from sudden quarrels, but if there should be any delay between the disagreement and the commencement of actual hostilities, the women or people of a town friendly to both sides usually hear of it and pass the word along. The Gannawarri, however, have a *wasan wuka*, which, as I have said, lasts for three days, during which time preparations both spiritual and physical are made for the coming conflict.

When the force, if for attack, has assembled, the chief and the chief priest, after having addressed the men, hand them over to the leader chosen, and he then marches them off to the scene of battle. Scouts are sent out in front to avoid surprise, and to obtain news of the enemy's dispositions, and they will climb trees if necessary, and perhaps waylay some unsuspecting stragglers or scouts belonging to the other side. In fact one of the Mada ambushes which the patrol of 1910 experienced was the tying of goats to the base of a tree, a few men hiding in the branches, which were covered with creepers, so as to snipe any soldiers or carriers who came to unloose them.

Usually some plan of campaign would have been thought out, and the men would be disposed accordingly; a fairly good line would be kept in the open, but the men would not trouble about the step. All would be on foot—only the Gannawarri and some of the Kibbo having horses—and the advance would be well concealed, probably, for all warlike natives seem to be adepts at taking cover. No dogs are used in warfare, and I should not think they ever could be, for they are fearful curs. The warriors shout their war-cry—"*Wifu, wifu!*"—to try to terrify their opponents (and a nasty sound it is if you are not expecting it), and they insult them and boast of their own deeds, imaginary or otherwise.

When an enemy has been slain, the victor, on removing the head with his knife, will sing a special or impromptu song about it, but there seem to be no general songs sung by men to encourage themselves while the actual fighting is in progress; nor do the women cheer them on, as is the case with the Ninzam. I ought to mention, however, with regard to the latter, that no women ever came out against our patrol, later, though we could often hear them cursing and abusing us from the bush.

Most of the Kagoro towns are defended by labyrinths of euphorbia hedges, perhaps twelve feet high, as mentioned before, and there are usually caves up above the towns—which are built at the base of the mountain spur—where the women can flee with the foodstuffs and other property. The men, if driven

out of the town, smash the beehives (earthen pots, standing by the side of the houses) as they leave, so that the insects will be furious by the time the attacking force arrives, and when the invaders have been scattered by this means, the defenders return and pour in poisoned arrows, and probably capture a good many stragglers and fugitives who have taken the wrong turning. And there must at times be many of these, for a man can have no time to choose his direction when attacked by bees in a narrow lane of euphorbia, and will take the first opening out of it to escape his tormentors. The second patrol in 1909 was treated in this way by Jigya and Tafa, three of the Europeans and many of the soldiers and carriers being so badly stung that they were laid up for some days, and the patrol of 1908 had a somewhat similar experience.

The Kagoro have never dug pits for their enemies, they say, and this is rather surprising, for many of the surrounding tribes do, such as the Gannawarri, the Yeskwa, and the Ninzam, and holes were made for animals before the days of the bow and arrow. Except for the scouts in the trees, there is no idea of raising the position of defence. Of course, they will try to get on higher ground if possible, so as to give their arrows a longer range, and to be able to roll or throw down stones, but houses are not built on piles for defensive purposes, nor have the people any knowledge of earthworks, escalading, or breaching, for there are no walls in the vicinity, but they do cut paths through the hedges of other towns. The euphorbia hedges are more or less peculiar to the Kagoro, other tribes in the district contenting themselves with hedges of some thick, strong bushes, or simply with the ordinary grass fences, strengthened, perhaps, with palm fronds with short poisonous spikes—as we found to our cost near Aro.

The weapons of the head-hunters are (1) a wooden club, (2) a knife, (3) the bow and arrow, (4) the sling, (5) the spear for throwing or thrusting, and (6) the shield. The club may be a mere thick stick, or a knob-kerry, or it may be a heavy wide scimitar, as with the Kagoma, or a longer, narrower one of light wood as with the Ayu. The knife may be of the usual dagger

shape, or the handle may be in the form of an oval ring, and it will be bought from a Hausa trader, or else made in their own towns by foreign blacksmiths. The bow is not strengthened in any way, being merely a piece of bent wood some three to five feet long, but a ring may be worn on the right thumb when drawing it, so as to give a better grip on the missile. The arrows have iron heads with flanges, and are poisoned, the shafts being notched but not feathered, and usually about three feet in length, but Jigya used some 4 feet 8 inches against the last patrol. The Toffs used wooden-pointed arrows, the tips of which broke off on touching the target; the object in both cases being of course to keep the poison-bearing material in contact with the flesh as long as possible. Fire arrows are unknown, and this is rather surprising, considering the fact that the burning of the enemy's town is one of the objects of every attacking force.

I have not seen a sling, but the chief of Jemaan Daroro told me that he was wounded by a stone from one at Jigya some time previously, and others say the same thing. Stones are not usually rolled down on the enemy, but the last patrol had an experience of the kind, and I still wonder why the towns built up the mountains are not always defended in this fashion. The spear has a long head with flanges, and a small piece of iron round the butt for balance; it also has a projection on the shaft on which to rest the forefinger. The shield is round and made of hide, bullock for preference. I believe there are some made of grass also, but I could not be sure that I saw any, though the Attakka seemed to be carrying such weapons; if so, they are much smaller than those made of hide. There is another shape, more square, used by the Mada warriors, resembling somewhat those used by the Toff people, whose weapons have been already described.

Although these tribes are always fighting amongst themselves, there seems to be a good deal of intermarriage between them, and so, when one side has had enough of the war, any women who once belonged to the hostile tribe, but have been married to men of the tribe wishing for peace, are sent to their relatives as

ambassadors, and they are naturally sacred, for they have friends on both sides. If peace is agreed upon, important representatives of the two tribes meet, each party bringing a he-goat in the case of the Kagoro, and decide the terms of peace, and swear friendship in the following way—all their bargains being celebrated by banquets, as with us.

After having talked matters over, and after the usual agreements have been made, payment of compensation, delivery of prisoners, or giving up the right to a claim for territory, whichever the case may be, each goat is killed by having its throat cut. Some of the blood is then smeared three times with three incantations, of course, on a tree or stone agreed upon, and this act apparently makes it a witness to the compact (have not European lovers sworn by the moon?), and possibly a partaker in the feast also; and perhaps is thenceforth regarded as sacred, like the stone used when praying for rain. This is not impossible, for Jacob poured a drink offering on the pillar of stone which he set up at Beth-el, and Joshua took a great stone and set it under an oak, and "said unto all the people, Behold this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the LORD which He spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God." Each party then divides its goat into two halves lengthwise, except for the head, which, with the skin, is the perquisite of the chief priest of the town or tribe bringing the animal, and one-half is taken by each party, the members of which then separate, each cooking and eating the two different halves at some little distance apart in the bush. When the flesh has been eaten, some three men of each party will be told off to accompany the other party to their town, and then all go home, their hostages, who stay for a few days with their late enemies, being, of course, sacred—how that word has changed in meaning!

The Moroa apparently cut a female goat across the middle while still alive, and give the hinder part to the party from the other tribe or town, receiving a similar portion in exchange, and then all mix together and eat with one another. I am not sure if they too smear the blood on a stone or a tree; I saw no special

stone at the place where I waited for the Gannawarri, nor was the tree in any way remarkable.

A broom is constructed by the party from the people who have made the first overtures of peace, and is handed to the other party, the most important men on each side holding it, and swearing that it will sweep out all evil-doers. In the case of the Kagoro, the broom is made of the grass used for lighting fires, the idea being that if the people who gave it ever attack at night, the torch will blaze up and show where they are, for the others will take it to their town and keep it there.

The principal causes of war are the capture of women or else the murder of men, the latter nearly always, and the former very often arising out of a drunken row. Sometimes the most fiendish treachery is indulged in during a friendly feast, such as I have described at Babban Gidda, and head-hunting was always regarded as a popular and manly sport. In any case blood-feuds must have lasted a long time between tribes before we were there to put an end to them, for the children of a man killed even in battle would keep up the vendetta unless prevented or bought off, and, when life is cheap, and men are anxious for heads, no great sums will be paid to keep an enemy quiet.

The Kagoro have not amalgamated with any other tribe; and though they have repeatedly defeated the Kajji, they never seem to have followed up their victories nor to have deprived them of any land. This happened indirectly, however, for the Kajji were for a long time too much frightened to go to any of their farms near the Kagoro frontier. I managed to make the principal chiefs of these tribes meet and swear friendship at Jemaan Daroro during the year, and I believe the feeling of greater security, and the consequent increase in the area under cultivation, nearly doubled the harvest of the towns nearest each other on each side of the boundary. And if so I justified my name with them, as with the Hausawa of Jemaan Daroro, who nicknamed me *Maikwoshe* ("the full one," *i.e.* "the maker of plenty"), not on account of a wish to make rude remarks about any personal peculiarity, but because, while with them, I encouraged their agricultural habits, and made every householder have a farm.

CHAPTER XIII

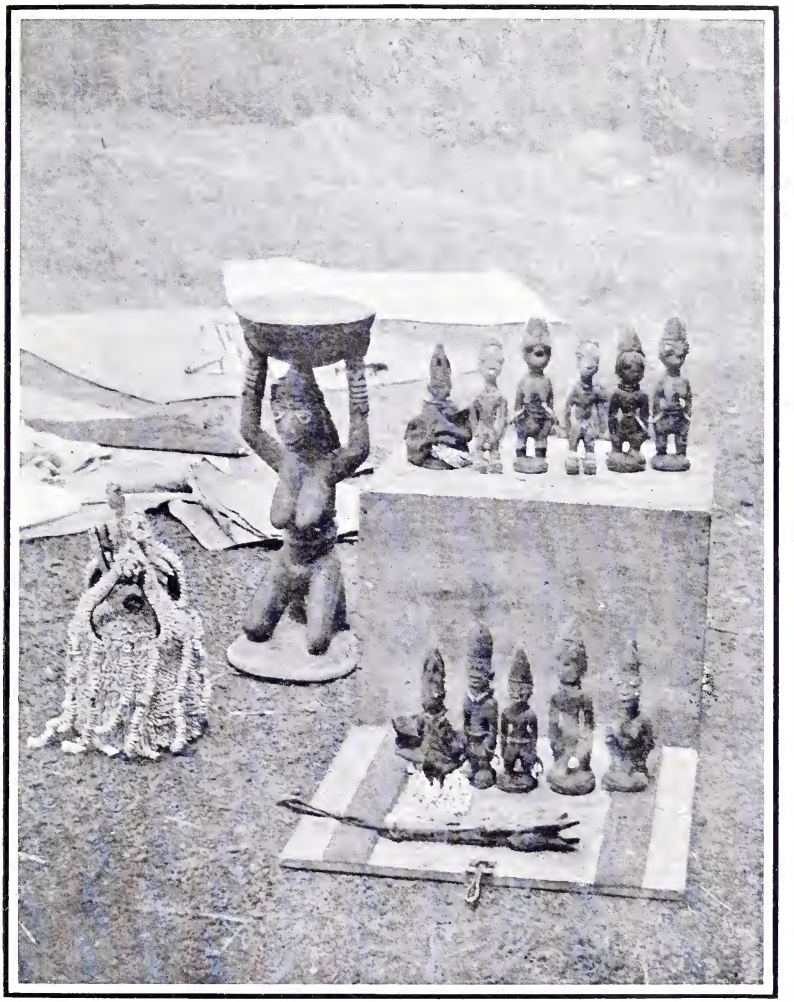
CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

SOME people hold that the wild pagans in their native state are absolutely beyond the pale, incapable of any good without our intervention, and quite useless in every way unless or until they can be taught to live according to European ideals. Others maintain that it is only in their wild state that pagans are truthful, honest, well-behaved, and in fact thorough gentlemen, and that contact with us does everything to lower and nothing to elevate them. It is true that many of the inland tribes are dirty, though the river people are often the reverse; it is true that they do not know of our Bible, but it is in many cases most untrue to say that they do not know of God, or that they do not worship Him to the best of their ability; it is true also that many, I might almost say most, of their songs would be considered rather too strong for even our music halls, but they do not go much further than some of the worst of our Immortal Bard, Shakespeare; and as for the wearing of clothes, natives with any pride in themselves like the Kagoro say—"We are Kagoro, we do not know these customs, our fathers did not teach them to us, we do not wish to change."

Many writers on Africa besides myself urge that natives shall be educated *as natives* and not as Europeans, because the local laws and customs are in many cases much more suited to the black people than are those introduced by a foreign race. And naturally so, for it seems the height of impertinence to imagine that West Africa has been left to grow in sin and darkness for centuries simply that the whites might come and save the people at some future time. We do not realise that Mohammedans regard Christians as lost, that Hindus and Confucians consider that we are utterly damned in the next world, that even

the wild, dirty pagans imagine that they, and they only, have found the true God, and that we are *impious* because we revile theirs while urging the acceptance of ours, not recognising them as one! We ridicule such an idea, we think the native blasphemous for entertaining such views, we turn over in our minds the many absurd (to us) superstitions and customs that he has, and we regard any arguments in his favour with pitiful contempt, or with amusement. But before laughing at him would it not be best to consider if we are really so very different, so very superior after all? Some tribes pierce their noses! Very funny indeed; but do we not pierce our ears? and not only women either, for sailors do, or did. Some of the black women compress their arms or legs, or tie strings around their waists; but is not a modification of the latter the rule in England, where a few years ago the woman who could boast of a waist of only eighteen inches was more envied than one who had won a University degree? Men's high stiff collars are as bad. Native women paint their faces to make themselves appear more fascinating, and even that is not unknown in England, though our ideas differ from theirs as to what is attractive. Black mothers massage their babies' heads to mould them into the particular shape favoured by the tribe; is this never done in England? The people carry loads on their heads, but even this can be observed here, kitchen boys being particularly noticeable, and I have seen white women at Oporto stumbling along under great planks and stones, and working harder than any negresses.

So too with the beliefs, superstitions, and customs, many of which, if we take the trouble to trace them, will resemble those of our early forefathers, and we do not immediately recognise even our own nowadays because they have become modified as we have developed, and many have been lost altogether. But people who will not walk under a ladder, those who throw salt over the left shoulder, refuse to sit down thirteen at a table, and will not cut their nails on a Friday, cannot look down upon the wildest pagan so far as superstition is concerned. Those who use crests, burn obnoxious persons in effigy, or believe that the burning of the dressings has an effect on the wound



Ugly, but Revered

The object on the left is a head-dress composed of leather covered with cowrie-shells, the figure of a man on horseback surmounting the cap. The centre figure is that of a girl kneeling, with a calabash on her head. The small carvings are said to represent dead children, and are male or female in form accordingly. These are Yoruba objects. See p. 34.

from which they have been taken, will not be surprised to hear of totems or of sympathetic magic. The savage wears a charm to make him victorious in battle, even our racing motor-cars have mascots; the native perhaps regards some particular animal with affection, fear, or loathing—it may be as a result of totemism, it may be for other reasons—but we know of instances of men amongst ourselves being afraid of cats and horses, although in battle they are as gallant as any heroes have ever been.

Again as regards religion, many tribes conceive of a Supreme God, the Almighty Creator, in the same way as we do, but whereas we portray Him as a Glorified Being, in shape like us, they may think of Him as such also, or as partly animal or element. He is at times supposed to inhabit representations of Himself, or perhaps idols may be made which become gods, and even nowadays it is impossible to say exactly how some of the lower and ignorant classes in Europe really regard the figures of the Saviour and the Virgin, or the Holy Relics! We are often amused at the accounts of natives reminding their gods of their existence, or of trying to cheat them by offering gifts at their shrines during a period of stress, but taking them away when the danger is past. At St. Adresse near Havre in France, last year, when on my way to Portugal, I saw many models of ships in the church, placed there to remind the Virgin that the crews of the vessels they represented were at sea, and invoking her aid on their behalf. After the vessel's return the models are removed again, and in many cases a tablet is erected in grateful remembrance, though this cannot always have been done, otherwise the building would have been a solid mass of them long ere this. Many of the Roman Catholic churches abroad are like toyshops. Again, some of the pagan hymns are more beautiful than a good many found to-day in our hymnbooks, and we often ask for the same things, namely, blessings on earth, and a good place in the next world.

However, there is no room in a book like this for the discussion of all the points of resemblance between the pagan mind and ours, nor have I the ability necessary for such a work, but it would be as well to remember also, that whereas *we* may know that we are superior to the black man, *he* does not admit the fact,

but actually thinks that he is quite as much superior to us! A European will never get anything like as good or as willing service from a native as one of his own natural rulers would; the expression "as foolish as a white man" is as common as one we have relating to the people of a certain neighbouring continental country; and the conviction of most sects — specially Mohammedans—that Christians will be damned in the next world is even stronger than the belief to the contrary of our most ardent missionaries, who think that we only can show them the way to salvation, and without *us* they will have no hope.

And lest there should be any misapprehension, let me say at once that our customs and beliefs certainly *are* superior to those of the natives, for we have weeded out most of the bad and useless parts, while they are still in a backward stage; and I do not compare their customs to ours simply for the purpose of belittling our state of culture, but so as to invite sympathy for theirs. The only thing I wish to insist upon is that we cannot afford to deride the savage until we have become absolutely certain that there is nothing corresponding to his foolishness in our mode of life.

Those men who wish to study primitive instincts have an excellent opportunity amongst the pagan head-hunters of Northern Nigeria, though the recent discoveries of tin in the district will soon render the people useless anthropologically. I always sympathised with them even when, according to our ideas, they were doing wrong, for it is, after all, not so very long ago that we became so exceedingly moral and orderly. Would England have been Mistress of the Seas but for unscrupulous pirates like Drake and others? Did Japan give Russia formal notice that she was going to attack the fleet at Port Arthur? Did Austria and Italy rush to the Hague? Did Portugal? Are we in our next war going to ask the enemy to kindly get the first blow home so that other nations may not say nasty things about us? They will say nothing nasty to the conqueror, whatever he does; deeds and not words will decide the contests ultimately, and the spectators will perforce uphold the winning side unless they are prepared to fight on behalf of the vanquished. Thus, when on a patrol, it was not always a question of fighting the particular tribe destined for

punishment; one had to consider too what the neighbouring people would do in the case of a reverse, for it is the nature of nations as well as men to kick another when he is down, and to curry favour with the victor.

Our policy with these people has been to preserve as far as possible their old institutions, and not to interfere, unless it was necessary to stop some practice which was harmful to the community generally, or contravening some law. And by law I do not mean only that which we have laid down in learned enactments (which are so badly expressed that thousands of pounds have to be spent in the law-courts before any one can find out what they mean), but what is included in the general policy of the tribe concerned, for it is a mistake to think that savages are absolutely unrestrained. They are not, custom being a very exacting code, any infringement of which is often regarded as being not only an injury to the society, but a slight to the gods as well.

It is not necessary that a law should be written to make it binding; there are some "unwritten laws" with us—as was seen lately in America—which nevertheless are almost invariably held to be of equal authority with those appearing in the statute book. And there are customs too, the infringement of which would call forth a chorus of disapproval strong enough to compel the person guilty of the offence either to comply with them or to fly, and ostracism, or even worse punishment, might follow. Such customs gradually tend to become fixed, and they are then equal in every respect to laws, and their infringement, even with us, would in many cases sooner or later bring the offender into conflict with the law-courts. Take, for instance, the case of a 'bus full of women except for one man, and another woman entering, it will certainly happen that the man will give up his seat and offer to stand—but why should he? He has paid for his seat, and having been there first has the prior right to it, but he will not keep it because he respects womankind, and the constant exercise of courtesy in response to that feeling has become so universal that it has grown into a custom, so that if a man ignored the unwritten rules he would be made to suffer by ostracism, or even by actual violence. Again, if a Government

refused to resign after having lost its majority in the House of Commons, the members would very soon be guilty of breaking the law, for they would be spending money illegally. The former is one of our customs, the result to a great extent of Christianity, but regard for women is not yet universal among savages, I fear.

A Kagoro custom, mentioned later, is that the women shall not wear clothes of any kind, and though I gave many of them brightly coloured handkerchiefs of the kind which gladden the hearts and brighten the eyes (and heads) of most of the dusky beauties, they would never wear them; the reason given when I asked for one being, that "the Kagoro did not do so," and apparently no further explanation was thought necessary. There is no reason to suppose that these particular females were absolutely different in nature to all the other daughters of Eve of every colour, and I think that it is quite likely that but for the fear of disapproval they would have worn them gladly; but I respected their customs, and did not attempt to persuade them to do so.

Religion is about the last subject on which a native will talk, and it was not until I had been known to the Kagoro some months that I could get any information at all, and even then it came only in little bits at a time. Had I only been able to do another tour amongst them I should have found out most of what was worth knowing even on this head, but it was not to be. They believe in a Supreme God who is called *Gwaza*, and he must be in some way confused with the Universe, for the names of both are the same. So far are they from "worshipping the devil," as is often stated about such people, that they regard the god as a beneficent spirit who helps them against the ghosts of their dead ancestors, and he is apparently regarded as almighty, for at new moon there are rejoicings, and he is invoked and asked to give the people health and good luck during the coming month.

In times of drought he is asked to send rain on the land, a special day being fixed by the priests for the offering of the supplications of the people, after which they make various mystical preparations, and rain always comes within a day or

two. No doubt the priests arrange the time with some relation to the state of the atmosphere, as in the Murray Islands, where Dr. Haddon says that the impossible was never attempted; a rain charm would never be made unless there was some expectation of rain coming. But the explanation given by the priests is that they are powerful and can prevail upon God, and that any delay simply shows that they have had to argue all the more strongly. All the people turn first to the south when praying, if it can so be called, at this time, and then towards the other points of the compass, the reason being that they first look towards their place of origin, as the Jews did towards Jerusalem, in which direction our churches are also built.

No native beer, or *akann*, is drunk at the time of the new moon, but in seasons of drought some is said to be thrown three times on each corner of a special stone which is set up for the occasion in the sacred grove, and is supposed to be inhabited for the time by the Supreme God, an incantation being spoken while each of the three sprinklings is made. But before this is done a fowl is killed, and a little of the blood and feathers is placed on the top of the stone, perhaps also some flesh, and the Supreme God is supposed to eat these and be pleased. I did not myself see the stone—if such really existed—it was kept in the sacred grove, but a Court Messenger who had travelled through the country before we came described the rites to me, and said that the stone was about two feet high. It is kept for these rites only, and this, or the stone or tree used as a witness to covenants of peace, seem to be the only things approaching idolatry or fetishism. Most Europeans swear on the Bible, or on relics.

There are no other gods or spirits—for instance, none of rivers or mountains; ancestors are worshipped so far as their ghosts are feared, but no further, and there are no models or carvings of any kind that I could hear of. Some of the Mada people to the south have various figures in wood and clay, but whether these are idols or not must be left for some one else to determine. By the way, why is it that these figures, idols, or otherwise, are always hideous? We read in Genesis that "God made man in His own image," but nowadays the process is reversed so far as the idola-

trous pagans are concerned. It is possible that a man knowing that most of the petty acts of everyday life were done by some human being like himself, imagined the greater phenomena, such as thunderstorms, floods, &c., to be ordered by some being as much greater than he, as a thunderstorm was more wonderful than the pouring of water from a calabash, and since the manifestations of this mysterious power were destructive more often than not, he was filled with fear.

In order to propitiate this being, evidently angry or malevolent since his acts were directed against the man, he sought in his mind for some means of approach, and as a native usually wants to visualise everything, he made an image. But what was the image to be like? He knew himself to be better as a whole than the animals around him because of his superior intellect, though he was often inferior in bodily strength, and so the god was depicted as being of human form, or partly of human and partly of animal form. The swiftness of the eagle and the strength of the lion have always been known to man in the countries where such creatures existed, and we often see parts of them in the representations of the gods; and fishes were also included, particularly amongst maritime nations. Man and all these animals felt hunger and other emotions, and so it was natural to suppose that the gods would experience them also, and offerings of food, and drink, and of riches were made to propitiate them.

But, strangely enough, the malevolent gods were often made much more of than the beneficent ones, since the former were always likely to do mischief if not appeased, while the latter would do good in any case, and I fear that the same thing holds good in everyday life amongst us even to this day, for even in Parliament it is not an unknown thing for a member who can worry the Government to be offered a post, in preference to a staunch supporter who will always vote for his party. Often, then, the representation of the god was made terrible in order to match his reputation, and that accounts for a good deal of the ugliness of the idols, though a certain amount must be attributed to indifferent workmanship, and also to the fact that beauty of face seldom appeals to a West African; a woman

who is strong in body, and likely to be a good worker and a prolific mother being much preferred to a girl whose face is her fortune, or would be amongst us. Where iron is rare and precious, it forms part of the offering to the god, and a pious native propitiates his deity by hammering nails into its stomach, or head, or other part of the body (so says *The Globe*), and goes on his way rejoicing in the knowledge of a good deed done.

As man rose in the scale of civilisation, he gradually dropped the animal parts of the representation, and the offerings became of a more spiritual nature, though even to-day, at harvest-time, food is still sent to the church by us. However, we know now that it will not be partaken of by the Almighty, but that it will be devoted to charitable purposes, and that we shall derive benefit, not through satisfying any desires on the part of the Creator, but because of our own self-denial in making the gifts. A good example of the gradual change in our own case is seen in the idea of the cherubim, which Ezekiel describes as having the faces of man, the lion, the ox, and the eagle, and they were furnished with wings. Now, all of us see birds, and flying is still a wonderful feat to us—much more so than swimming—and thus we have kept the wings on our pictures of the cherubim to make them appear superior to us, though otherwise their bodies are exactly the same. So, too, with our delineations of the Creator; although once depicted as a Mighty and Reverend Patriarch clad in Eastern raiment—thus showing the origin of the idea—the modern custom is rather to indicate His position in a picture by a blaze of glory, through which, however, we dimly see that His shape is supposed to be like ours, for we can understand no higher organisation that the idealised human form.

The Kagoro did not know, or at least they would not tell me, anything about the origin of man in the world, though they had heard of a big flood. The ancient people are said to have been much wiser than those of the present generation, and they drew up all the laws and laid down all the customs which the Kagoro now follow. They were, however, in no sense superhuman; and in fact were not so strong as the people of to-day (pointing to the fact that they were fugitives in the mountains rather than

conquerors in the plains), but they were also not so wicked. They invented many things, but forgot the art of swimming when they learned how to make bridges, and that is the reason why no Kagoro can swim to-day—though as these bridges consist merely of palm trees felled so as to fall across the streams, the reason does not seem to be a particularly good one. It is more likely that this is another sign that the Kagoro came from Bauchi, where the level is higher and the streams are fewer in number and smaller, than from the west, where they would have seen rivers much enlarged since leaving the mountain.

Some Kagoro say that there will be punishment after death for evil deeds not expiated during the offender's lifetime. But the majority hold that he who has the stronger arm on earth will become the more powerful spirit in the after-life, and this view is so eminently in accordance with the general ideas of the Kagoro that I cannot help thinking that the other has been borrowed from the Mohammedans, for there is no Hell, and the provision of a feast of *akann* will thoroughly atone for the commission of any crime.

All living Kagoro have souls or shadows which leave their bodies during sleep, and it is dangerous to awaken any one suddenly lest his soul should be too much preoccupied with the pleasures of the moment and not be able to get back properly to the body at once, a fact which is shown by the feeling of heaviness and the dull look of the eyes. The souls were said to be connected with the breath as well as with the shadow, but how they could leave the bodies of sleeping—and still breathing—persons my informants were unable to explain. The soul always has the form and voice of the body it occupies, and each individual has one, and one only.

If a person is likely to die, the soul leaves its bodily case and travels towards the stream which divides this world from the next; and if the ghosts of the departed ancestors on the other side think it is time that the person died, the soul is allowed to cross, but if not, they drive it back to the body, and the sick person recovers. It is curious to note that similar beliefs are prevalent elsewhere; for instance, I have seen it stated that the people of New

Britain think that when a man dies his soul goes to the spirit-land and meets his friends there, but if they do not want him at that time they all drive him away, and so he returns to life again. The stream is crossed in the case of the Kagoro souls by a bridge, and I rather wonder if the difficulties of travelling gave them the idea of a stream; if so it would appear as if they had come from the north-west, where the rivers are formidable, and as if the bridge were a later addition. Sometimes there is a delay, the ghosts not being unanimous in their opinion, and so deferring the final decision, and when this is the case the soul, being without a habitation, shrinks, and if it should in the end be compelled to return to its body the person will feel the effects although he recovers, and will not have the proper use of his brain perhaps, or of one or all of his limbs. But if the ghosts decide that the person has lived long enough on earth the soul is allowed to cross the bridge, and it can then never return to that particular body, which must die.

The question of the detention or return of the soul is wholly in the hands of the ghosts of the patient's dead ancestors, and no rites are performed by the relatives on earth because they could make no difference; but if the person who is causing the illness be found, severe measures are taken against him, for all deaths and illnesses are due to black magic, and so when a person is sick it is necessary to discover who is responsible. Souls and ghosts are like human beings, and are exposed to the same dangers, and so while a soul is absent from the sleeping body it may be caught by that of an evil-wisher, or the latter may beat the victim's soul with a stick. In both cases an illness ensues, which in the latter will be evidenced by a feeling of being bruised (I wonder if this has anything to do with malarial fever?), but will not be serious; while in the former case it is known that the victim's liver has been removed and taken to the cave in the sacred grove, where all the evil-wishers will assemble to eat it.

An ordinary individual cannot see these evil souls, but a witch-doctor can, because they glow like fire at night, and he is, of course, immediately appealed to and asked to "smell out" the owner. On being summoned he will call over the names of several

persons, and the sick man will recognise the one who is afflicting him, so a rush is made for some poor wretch who has evidently offended the witch-doctor, and he is caught and shut in a house with a fire in it, into which pepper is thrown, and he is kept there until he agrees to remove his curse. If he really returns the liver to the sick man, the latter will recover, but he may have only promised to do so in order to escape from the burning pepper, and may eat the liver after all, in which case the person dies, and, if the evil-wisher is still in the town, he will be sold as a slave or choked to death if the family of the victim is strong enough to exact the punishment. If, however, the sick person is very old the evil-wisher may not be punished at all, for since a beer-feast will result on the death of such a victim the deed is rather an advantage than otherwise to the rest of the family.

The Kagoro know of cases where the evil-wisher who thus became an evil-doer gave back the sick person's liver, and consequently allowed him to recover, but took a corresponding organ from a dog or a sheep instead; and although the culprit may have denied the charge, there was no doubt of his guilt, for the animal would die soon afterwards of a similar illness. Probably the evil-wisher would be required to make good the loss, but, as in most other cases, all would depend upon whether the family suffering it was stronger in numbers or more powerful in influence than that of the person causing it.

The ghosts live the lives of ordinary men—Kagoro men, of course—and spirits of enemies will continue their feuds unless stopped by the Supreme God. The ghosts ride, eat, and hunt as in life, and are always ready for beer, but they cannot be destroyed. They live in the sacred grove and in the mountains behind Fada Kagoro—not in houses, for there are none in the next world; and the plants and trees in the grove being real, there is no need for ghostly vegetation. They seem to have horses, and dogs too, though some Kagoro say that animals have no souls, for the shadow disappears at death; others, however, hold that they have souls of the same shape and size as their bodies, and all agree that they can see the ghosts of men

and many other things which the eye of no human being can discern unless he possesses the secrets of the black magic.

The first husband of a woman will be her husband in after-life, and, if dead, his ghost will come to her house for her when she is dying; the ghost of the first wife will come for a man when he is dying; and, also, the spirits of parents will come for their unmarried children, and *vice versa*; in fact, the organisation of society is as much like that in force on earth as can be imagined. The ghosts are always hungry and thirsty, and unless well looked after will soon punish their relatives left alive on earth, but they will first warn them in dreams. We have many stories in England of the ghosts of murdered people worrying their descendants until the crimes have been brought to light, and the ghosts allowed to go to their resting-place, so we should be able easily to understand the Kagoro beliefs in this respect. A few cases have been known by the Kagoro of members of their tribes having seen the wraiths of their loved ones at the time of their death, although far distant at the time, but it was admitted that such strokes of luck seldom occur.

A ghost may transmigrate into the body of a descendant born after the ancestor's death, and each may be male or female; in fact, such a thing is common, as is proved by the likeness of children to their parents or grandparents and others. It is very lucky, too, for it shows that the ghost, which was always liable to misbehave at any time, has returned to a fleshy habitation, and so will have no further power to frighten the family until the new body dies, and it is set free again. But though the Kagoro may welcome a reincarnation, other peoples object, and Mr. Martin says of the Akra people that he saw one morning a great number of women and children carrying a child about the streets in a basket, shouting as loudly as they could. On inquiry he learned that the mother had previously lost two or three children, who had died when about the age of this one. When such was the case, they believed that the same soul which was in the first child had returned and entered the next, and that the child would die of its own free will, unless

prevented, through mere spite. Hence these steps were taken to cure it of such practices. The child, while alive, was besmutted with charcoal, put into a basket, and carried around the town, the people taking care to abuse it for its wickedness, or to threaten it, should it die, with further penalties. Every ill usage that could be offered, short of murder, was shown it, and should it afterwards die, in spite of this treatment, its head was sometimes crushed with stones, and the body, instead of being buried, was thrown either into the sea or into the bush; these things being done to prevent its coming again into another child. Some of the people had a notion that such children belonged to the ourang-outangs, and that when they died these animals came to claim them. They made images, therefore, and placed them in the road so that the beasts might take the images and spare the children.

Ghosts cannot take up their abode in animals, nor in inanimate things, but those of beasts are said to be able to enter the bodies of any children of their slayers who are conceived but unborn at the time, and this is shown by the fact that more than one case has been known of a child being born with marks of wounds exactly like those received by his father or mother when fighting with an animal, or by the animal itself, if the fight took place not long before the child's birth. There seems to be a curious confusion of ideas here; the former phenomenon is, of course, familiar to us, but the other is strange, and yet would fit in better with the Kagoro view of the transmigration of the animal's soul. However, the idea of transmigration is common, for Mr. Martin says of the Akra people that the spirits of departed ancestors received daily offering from their respective families, and when a child was carried off by a wild beast, as sometimes happened, it was supposed that the spirit of one of the departed ancestors had entered the beast in revenge for some neglect on the part of the living. Other writers say that there is a general belief in West Africa that those persons who kill crocodiles, for instance, take their form after death, a reversion of the Kagoro process. At a place called Zoutomy in the Vey country, on the day of the Banquet of the Dead, Dr. Blyden

tells us, thousands of people make offerings of rice, flour, and meat (not fish) to their ancestors. At the call of the prophetess in charge, a huge crocodile comes to her and is fed, and this is repeated until the whole surface of the creek is ruffled by their heads, the food being distributed amongst them. There are several of these sacred places, at any of which one may see the prophetess go down under the water, and after an hour or so return to the surface with her hair plaited and her body decorated with strings of beads. In New Guinea and the East Indies, too, crocodiles are frequently respected as being the abode of souls of ancestors, and, on the whole, the idea is not much of a compliment to the late lamented.

CHAPTER XIV

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS (*continued*)

WHEN a death occurs, which is, of course, ascribed to the evil-wishing of some person or other, the women related to the deceased, and any others eager for a little excitement, assemble and cry (howl would be a better word, perhaps, or shriek) for the rest of the day, or if the death occurs at night, until next morning, and horns are blown. It seems to be the custom in many parts to make as much noise as possible on these occasions, no doubt in order to frighten away any spirits which may be still hovering around. When in the Kukuruku country, I heard great lamentations for one of the wives of a chief, and guns were fired off at intervals; but the Kagoro do not shoot, no doubt for the simple but sufficient reason that they have no firearms. The people of the dead man's town and of other towns collect, and the corpse is wrapped in a new mat of plaited palm-leaves said to be kept for the purpose. The corpse is not preserved in any way, no coffin is used, nor is any platform erected near the house for its reception, as I have seen elsewhere; it is simply left in the house until the grave has been made, the guests assembled, and the sacrifice prepared, and then the burial takes place.

A grave is dug in the compound, in somewhat the shape of a bottle belonging to a tantalus, the mouth being perhaps three feet in diameter and six inches deep, the neck two feet across, and extending downwards for a foot or so, and then comes the body of the bottle, perhaps six feet in diameter, and six to eight feet deep. These measurements are, of course, only approximate, and the shape may not be universal, for the grave I saw was a Kajji one in the town of Abett on the Zaria border, but I was told that those of the Kagoro were similar. Dr. C. G. Seligmann tells me

that he has seen a grave in Southern Kordofan which was in the shape of a decanter, and had no relation to the Dinka or Shilluk graves. In this case the narrow neck was some five or six feet in length, so the proportion of the different parts of the grave differed greatly from that of the Kajji one here described, but still, there is some resemblance in the shape, and although there can be no connection between the two, the fact is perhaps worth mentioning.

A fresh grave is usually dug for each corpse, but there may be no objection to burying a body in a very old grave. I do not know how long the corpse is kept before burial, the length of time may differ amongst the various tribes, but the Kajji girl who had died during the night was to be buried next day, though I could not stay to see if this was actually done. However, whenever it may be, at the appointed time the women and children are driven indoors, and the most important men then present carry the corpse to the grave (only a few yards off, unless the deceased has died away from home) amidst shouting, blowing and drumming. The body is then placed on the ground, and the chief priest wishes the soul good luck in the spirit world, and hopes that the deceased's relatives will keep well; and this is possibly a hint to the ghost not to worry them, for though it can never again re-enter the body after it has once passed the stream, it can return to its old haunts and be the cause of many an anxious moment to the surviving relatives.

Two men then enter the grave, and the corpse is lowered in, feet first, and made to recline against one of the sides, with its face towards the sacred grove, according to one account (and in this case the measurement of the width of the grave was given as being only about four feet below the neck), or, as others say, the corpse is laid flat on the ground, that of a male on its right side, that of a female on its left. In the case of the Kajji the bodies are laid on the ground, with the face upwards, the head, in the case of a male, pointing to the east, in the case of a female, towards the west. The two men then climb out again, and sticks are placed over the mouth of the grave and plastered with clay (or, as with the Kajji, a round, flat stone is found to fit the cavity),

and the excavated earth is heaped on top, but none is let fall into the grave itself, nor are any arms or food placed there. If the deceased has been an important person, the head of a family for instance, a goat will be killed at the grave side; if unimportant, a fowl; if it be only a baby, there may be no sacrifice. In all cases it is said that branches of two certain kinds of trees are intertwined and placed on the grave, and a little of the blood of the goat, or whatever it may be, is sprinkled on them, the flesh being cooked and divided amongst all the relatives and others present. The relatives are always summoned; to forget to do so on one side, and to refuse to come without good reason on the other, would be giving a deadly insult, for as natives poetically put it, "Meat is a message which must not be ignored," and this being interpreted means that no Kagoro will miss a feast if he can help it.

After this, a pole will be set up on the grave, to which are strung all the skulls in possession of the family, and formerly, if the deceased had been a person of importance, people were killed on the day of the funeral so that their ghosts might accompany his, their dripping heads being placed on the grave and left there until all the flesh was gone, the skulls being then added to the other trophies of the house. Those good old times are gone, however, in Kagoroland, and nowadays there is no difference in the procedure obtaining between the burial of a chief and that of any other person, except that the family of the latter might have no skulls to exhibit.

It is thought by some that head-hunting is a survival of cannibalism, and certainly it might once have been the fact with the Kagoro that the bodies of the victims slain were afterwards stowed away in the stomachs of the mourners at the same time as their heads were placed on the grave of the deceased responsible for the funeral. But there may be no connection really, at any rate in some cases, the skull being the token of the successful issue of a dangerous adventure, like the scalp was amongst the Indians of North America, and the war medal is with us; and just as the soldiers of a European regiment are fêted after their return from active service, so too was the warrior honoured who brought back a hot and dripping head. In some parts, such as Fiji, for instance,

SOME KAJJI DANDIES

The youths dress their hair, sometimes ornamenting it with brass rings. The loin-covering of cloth or leather is universally worn by men of the tribes in the Jemaan Daroro district, and, in addition, there may be a cape of goatskin (centre figure) or sheepskin (on the right) tied by the legs over one shoulder. Brass rings or cowrie shells may be used to adorn this cape, and even the bands of leather around the loin-covering. See p. 103.

he was even given a special name, and was permitted during the next few days to besmear his face and chest with a special mixture of lampblack differing from the ordinary war-paint, and the hero thus decorated would strut proudly through the town, an object of praise to the old men who had done the same in their youth, of envy to his comrades who had not been so successful, of veneration to the small boys who hoped some day to emulate his deeds, and of tender interest to the village belles, the latter by no means a negligible incentive. Dr. Haddon says of the people of Borneo that one of the chief incentives to procure heads was to please the women, and among some tribes a young man had to do this before he could marry, the possession of a head decapitated by himself being a fairly general method employed by suitors to ingratiate themselves with the maiden of their choice. And this can be understood, for the fact that a young man was brave and energetic enough to risk his life in such a dangerous game promised well for his ability to protect and keep a wife, and so well was this recognised that formerly, amongst the western tribes of the Torres Straits, a youth who had taken a skull would very soon receive a proposal of marriage from some eligible young woman, leap year or no leap year. We know from the Bible that Saul demanded a somewhat similar proof of prowess from David before the latter married Michal. And we have seen how in the case of the Kagoro, a hero was honoured on his return to his home, being allowed to paint his legs red, the women dancing before him while he was carried in procession on the back of a friend.

A raid to get a head was amongst some tribes a religious business, the warriors being excluded from intercourse with the women and compelled to live apart. The Kagoro hero boiled his booty in private, but of the Kiwai we are told that the head was hung over a fire until all the hair had been singed off, during which process all the young girls of the village assembled and danced near the fire, singing all the while; and after the singeing process the head was taken away for the flesh to be removed, after which it was washed and hung up on the main post of the house. But, unfortunately, an act of bravery was not always a necessity for the

receipt of the honours, for we learn from Mr. Fison that in Fiji the distinction of the *Koroi* was not necessarily earned by some deed showing a noble self-devotion and contempt of danger, for he once saw a stout young warrior adorned with all the paint, not for slaying a worthy foe in battle, but by lying in wait among some mangrove bushes by a river, and killing a miserable and defenceless old woman belonging to the hostile tribe as she crept along the mud flat looking for shell-fish. The Kagoro are said to have even removed the unborn child of a woman who happened to be butchered, and many of the animal skulls show that there could have been no danger in their acquisition, yet they are hung up in the place of honour. The Moroa also are not particular.

There is evidently, then, some other reason in some cases, and this is, so the Kagoro say, that the ghosts of the victims must serve that of the slayer in the next world, every householder in addition inheriting in some way the benefits from the heads collected by his ancestors, as well as from those he has himself obtained. Dr. Haddon says that some tribes in the islands about Australia have a similar belief, and in the case of such people head-hunting would be a wise provision for the future, and one, he supposes, which every careful householder would endeavour to make! Again, the members of a certain Australian tribe hold that, when a warrior slays his first man, the spirit of the victim enters the victor's body, and henceforth warns him of the approach of danger, this being rather like the Kagoro theory that the spirit of a slain animal may enter an unborn child of the slayer. Another reason is that head-hunting in some countries is a rite precedent to the cultivation of the land, it being necessary to show the head to the fields to ensure a good harvest. Still, the admiration of the fair sex and the pride in the number of trophies would have a very great influence, though a father of the Kagoro and surrounding tribes did not insist upon a youth showing that he had not only "a head on his own shoulders" but one of somebody else's in his house before he gave up his daughter to the eager suitor's care.

As for cannibalism, various reasons are given for the practice. The tailed head-hunting tribes do not indulge in the luxury of

human flesh, at any rate not now, but the Gannawarri to the east and the Nadu to the south do so, and when some of the latter tribe came to visit me at Jemaan Daroro in 1908, I asked them the reason why they pretended that they had given up the practice though eight Hausa traders had been killed and eaten the year before (and an Ayu was treated in the same way a few months afterwards). They would not tell me, saying that they did not like human flesh, but when I showed them my white arm, they admitted that it might be better than chicken, and seeing a hungry look in their eyes, I considered it best to cover it up again.

There is evidence to prove that, amongst many tribes, cannibalism arose out of a belief that eating a man caused his good qualities to pass into the body of the host, which is only the idea that special foods have special effects on the body, and then on the brain and nerves, carried a little further. So brave enemies were eagerly sought for, and the more gallant the foe, the more certain was he of providing a "joint of black brother" for his captors, if he were unlucky enough to be taken prisoner. Or again, the victim might be one famed for his magical powers, or remarkable in some other way above his fellows. Thus in Fiji, mothers have been known to rub their babies' lips with the flesh of a warrior who had been killed in battle, in the belief that such treatment would make the infants grow up into brave men, and elsewhere old people would eat the bodies of babies that they might renew their youth, and charms were made of pieces of the flesh.

Another idea which we can understand is the thirst for revenge which cannot be satisfied with the mere killing of an enemy, but insists on his utter extermination and humiliation. The Psalmist sings of dipping the foot "in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same," and again, "The righteous . . . shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked." Thus Fijians would eat the thorns which pricked them, and we know that in the English law concerning deodands, the weapons used by a murderer, for instance, were confiscated and perhaps destroyed.

But even when the death was through misadventure, the instrument sometimes had to suffer; thus Blackstone mentions that a well in which a person had been drowned was filled up

by order of the coroner, the deodands coming within his jurisdiction.

According to the laws of Ine and Alfred, says Dr. Carter, the thing causing the death was forfeited to the kindred, but later on to God for the king. In 1221 some persons fell out of a boat on the Severn and were drowned, the boat being then sold for eighteenpence, which money went towards the building of a bridge. The Church also claimed the proceeds in many cases on the ground that as the person died unconfessed the thing causing death should be devoted to buying masses for his soul, in the same way as the apparel of a stranger found dead was applied to that purpose. In all indictments for homicide, the instrument of death, the "bane," and the value were presented and found by the jury in Blackstone's time (thus, that the stroke was given by a certain pen-knife, value sixpence) so that the king might claim the deodand.

Professor Tylor says the fact that the cartwheel that ran over a man or a tree which fell on him were deodand (given to God) shows how inert things were supposed to be alive and conscious, and the pathetic custom of "telling the bees" when the master or mistress of a house dies is a survival. This is made clear in Germany, where not only is the news conveyed to every beehive and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched, and everything in the house shaken, that they may know that their master is no more. Again, the expression, "I'll have his blood for that," is still heard, and many children have been known to take a delight in smashing up teeth after extraction, which had been aching, and many adults, even, will want to kick a table or door which they have run up against. I always do so myself.

In Fiji, according to Mr. Fison, no greater insult in the way of abuse can be offered to a man than to call him the "Son of a Baked Father," and he says that more than one instance has been known of a chief refusing to allow any one to share with him the body of a particularly obnoxious foe. In some countries the eating of a captive might, by sympathetic magic, have an evil effect on the whole of the enemy. Strangely enough, in Fiji the refusal to eat a captive was an even worse humiliation than to eat him, not only to

the man himself, but even to his whole tribe, the body being perhaps even cooked and then left to rot as too loathsome to be eaten.

But to find a human grave may not only be less humiliating than to be left, it may even indicate great respect, the victim being eaten tenderly with every mark of affection, the kinsfolk in certain Queensland tribes eating certain parts of the deceased as a charm to prevent their remembering him and grieving, murderers in Prussia and Southern Italy eating a part of their victims for a similar reason. Further, by eating part of a victim the murderer would become related to the victim's kinsfolk, and so be free of the blood-feud. The Gallas, too, "bury their dear ones in the stomach instead of the ground," according to Bottego—in the case of some tribes, perhaps, with the idea of preventing the ghosts troubling them. There was often a sense of religious duty in the act, shipwrecked mariners, for instance, being supposed to have incurred the wrath of the gods, and so the captors had to eat them whether they wished to do so or not, and in other parts the human beings offered as sacrifices were eaten.

Lastly, the lack of animal food is the reason ascribed in many cases, and where there is a scarcity it may well be the case, but there is no doubt that a longing for the actual flavour of the human meat is one of the principal causes, it being sometimes preferred "high," and being kept in water for the purpose, sometimes seasoned with limejuice. Thus we are told of paddocks where "human cattle" were kept and fattened for the market like stall-fed oxen, and when in good condition would fetch about twelve shillings each, and of the bodies of even the nearest and dearest being disinterred and bartered for others not coming within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. It must be horrible enough for captives to know that they may be eaten after they are dead, but what can we say of the people in the Congo, who, as elsewhere mentioned, hawk their victims about piecemeal whilst still alive, the wretched people being led from place to place in order that individuals might mark on the body the portions they wanted when it was cut up!

In some parts of the world not only captives, but even those incapacitated by age or infirmity, were eaten alive, the victims

voluntarily suspending themselves from a branch and being killed directly they fell. But the depths have not even yet been reached, for an old writer quoted in *Liberia*, describing a battle between two local tribes, says of the victors that "each female leaped on to the body of a wounded prisoner, and passed from body to body, digging out eyes, wrenching off lips, and slicing the flesh from the quivering bones, while the queen of the harpies crept amid the butchery, gathering the brains of each severed skull as a *bonne-bouche* for the approaching feast. After the last victim had yielded up his life it did not require long to kindle a fire and fill the air with the odour of human flesh. A pole was borne into the apartment on which was impaled the living body of the conquered chieftain's wife. A hole was dug, the staff planted, and faggots supplied to cook the meal, and after they had eaten all they could, the bushmen packed in plantain leaves whatever flesh was left over from the orgie, to be conveyed to their friends in the forest." And lest this should be thought to be impossible, it may be said that similar practices have been observed in New Guinea; and Waff soldiers have told me that when they fought the Gannawarri the women came behind their men-folk carrying baskets over their shoulders and knives to collect the "meat."

With such peoples there must be a wild-beast instinct for the taste of blood, and that this is sometimes bred in the children is shown by the following facts which came under my notice in Zungeru in 1905, although it would not be safe to argue that one instance proved any universal rule. A small child belonging to one of the cannibal tribes had been found in the bush with his mother a year or so before, the mother being already dead at the time, and when discovered the child had eaten part of one of her breasts. He had been taken to the Resident of the province, and sent by him to a home, and was there taught various useful accomplishments like the other boys in the institution. In the middle of 1905 a little girl in the place died and was left for a few hours during the night in the sick ward there, and the small boy—not more than six or seven at the time, if that—heard of it, and, dodging the person who was watching, got in, and when found in the morning he had eaten half her face!

Compared with such beasts, the description of whose practices makes one want to go and wipe them out, we can turn again with relief to the Kagoro and their relatively humane customs, though it would not be safe to say that even they have never been guilty of somewhat similar cruelties. I rather fancy not, however, for although they captured a policeman and a Court Messenger in 1908 and afterwards cut their throats, there was no torturing beforehand. The Kajji say that they took up head-hunting only because the Kagoro practised it on them, and this is probably true, for when I offered to pay for skulls brought me I got five Kagoro heads from the Kajji, but I could not get one from the Kagoro, nor would the Moroa produce any except the five Gannawarri trophies which they had obtained by treachery, and which I forced them to give up.

But to return to the death ceremonies. At the expiration of seven days the relatives living in the deceased's quarter prepare *akann*, or native guinea-corn beer, and this is drunk some four days later by the adult males of the place, the feast lasting three days if possible. Why the number is always three I do not know, but I am told that this is the case, and there is evidently some magic in it, for we have seen that the incantations and sprinklings are always in threes. A big pot, some three feet high and from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, full of *akann*, is first brought to the grave, on which fresh branches have been placed, and the most important man present—one of the priests, usually the chief priest—dips a calabash into the pot and pours a little *akann* (a very little) on the grave around the branches, at the same time saying mystic words. This is done three times, the rest of the people sitting in a circle, and then a goat, or one to three fowls, having been killed, the blood is sprinkled on the branches as before, and the flesh is roasted close by. A kind of porridge of grain (*tuk*) is eaten together with the meat, and an onslaught is made upon the *akann*.

After the pot has been emptied all go to their houses, and then the adult males repair to the sacred grove and drink whatever else has been prepared by the family, the women and children being also supplied with the good cheer, but being forced to drink it

within their own houses, for it is dangerous to be about at such times. The drumming and horn-blowing are kept up at intervals as long as the beer holds out, but, alas! it comes to an end at last, and the merrymakers disperse, a good deal the worse for wear, but none the less eager for the next bit of good luck in the way of a death or some other event which will again give them a chance to get gloriously drunk.

With Moroa people, on the death of a chief, his son (or heir if he has no son) must provide a mare which is led around the assembled guests by a *laughing* woman who is dressed up for the occasion. It is absolutely necessary that a mare should be obtained for the funeral—should the heir neglect to do so the ghost of the deceased will never give him any peace—and she must be sold afterwards; if not she will die. Why the woman should have to be laughing is past my comprehension, but that is what I was told, and so I suppose it must be correct, and after all, it is quite a mistake to suppose that people must necessarily look glum on these occasions, for we need not go far—only to Ireland, in fact—to find a parallel to these apparently festive funerals.

Both sexes paint a black stripe from forehead to stomach about an inch wide all the way down, and the women will probably cover their whole bodies with red earth now, even if they do not do so at other times, and the men their legs from the knees downwards. On the seventh day after death all the household of the deceased, except the wives, shave their heads, but the women, being always shaved at ordinary times, now let their hair grow as a sign of mourning for a month—or until married again, if that be sooner—and they remove their tails, not wearing them again unless remarried. I am not sure if the Kagoro regard these changes in their attire as a means for deceiving the departed spirit so that it will not know them again (imagine any one accusing us of doing such a thing), or whether the hair is offered as a substitute so that the man may be left alive, but I fancy that even if either idea once existed, it holds good no longer, for the people can always lay a troublesome ghost by means of beer, and there are but few amongst them who object to refreshing

their memories and their throats at times. Should any of the family dream of the departed, beer must be provided at once.

The Aragga, a tribe to the south of Jemaan Daroro, and north of Lafia Beriberi, are said to smear the corpse of a chief with grease, and they may keep it near a fire for a month or so; the grease being probably a medicinal ointment, and the fire (the smoke from it?) helping to preserve the body. It is then buried together with the favourite wife, child, and three attendants, who have been killed for the purpose, and also the chief's horse and one-half of his clothes and other possessions; and it is well to note in this connection that officers' chargers are even now often led behind the bodies of their masters at military funerals, the riding-boots being reversed in the stirrups, and in Germany up to 1781 the chargers were shot. Other animals have also been in the procession, and one often hears of cases of people having their pets and some particular articles of jewellery (especially wedding rings) buried with them.

In such cases, no doubt, the idea still holds that the ghosts of these people, animals, &c. will accompany that of the chief, though there is amongst some peoples a baser motive in killing off the widow, namely that of depriving her of her right of inheriting her husband's property, the principal reason for the introduction of *suttee* by the Hindus. Where the belief still exists amongst a tribe, I would suggest, not the absolute prohibition of such practices and the ridicule of the tenets of their religion, but the introduction of the idea that substitutes and representations can be used instead, such as animals for human beings, and later on models in wood or even paper for these. The idea is not opposed to either the principles of common sense or of science, for such a process of substitution is known to have been developed in China, and it can be observed in part even in West Africa, where certain Guinea negroes pretend to sacrifice a sheep or goat to their fetish, but feed upon it with their friends, only leaving for the deity himself part of the entrails which they do not want. In other cases a part of the body, such as a finger (for which in further development a piece of valuable metal was substituted) or a lock of hair was con-

sidered to do as well, a very satisfactory conclusion for the person who would have otherwise been the victim. A belief in the efficacy of substitution would soon automatically put an end to the sacrifices of human beings, for, after all, every one is fond of life, and most of these practices are performed from religious motives, whereas a violent prohibition would, of course, stop all open performances, but would not stamp them out, and a good many would still be carried out in secret.

Again, to come back to ourselves, as I always try to do in describing customs which at first sight appear strange, as Professor Tylor says, the offering of the model of his diseased limb by a sufferer is distinctly of the nature of a sacrifice, whether it be a propitiatory offering before the cure, or a thank-offering afterwards, and there are other matters which will occur to the reader but are better not mentioned in a book like this.

Flour and water will be poured over the graves of important men at the next harvest, so that their ghosts may not be hungry, but this is done only once, and there will also be a pot of *akann* at the same time, or if that be too soon, at the first harvest after the anniversary.

Almost every people have attached great importance to the funeral and other ceremonies for the dead, the motives ranging from natural love and affection to fear, and from rational sorrow to the deification of the departed, some of the most magnificent wonders of architecture being due to the last-named cause. The offerings of flowers upon the graves of friends, relatives, and parents are an indication of the sentiments which originated in the institution of ancestor-worship, the dead parents being pictured as real beings exercising a beneficial influence on the conduct of the living descendants, being, in fact, guardian angels. We have ourselves heard expressions like "I wonder if your grandfather can see you now," and imagine we see looks of approval or the reverse in the faces of pictures of dead ancestors. We regard the soul as having a continued existence, and some authorities maintain that the praises (often undeserved) lavished upon the dead, and the heavy tombstones placed on

their graves, are survivals of the time when the ghosts were flattered so that they might feel no anger against the living, and were weighted down so that they could not get up to earth again even had they wished to do so. The ghosts of suicides were especially feared, and the extraordinary precautions taken with the bodies of persons who had taken their own lives were abolished only as late as last century.

Again, the feasts held on All Souls' Day are, in imagination, a feeding of spirits, the object being to alleviate the sufferings of the souls in purgatory by offerings on earth; "a commemoration of the dead," says Professor Tylor, "which combines some touches of pathetic imagination with relics of savage animism scarcely to be surpassed in Africa or the South Sea Islands." In Italy the day is given to feasting and drinking in honour of the dead, skulls and even skeletons in sugar and paste forming appropriate toys for children. In England we can find a lingering survival of the rite of funeral sacrifice even to this day in the soul-mass cakes which girls beg for at farmhouses, and we know that by one of the Saxon tenures (*frankalmoigne*) a religious corporation held lands on the condition of praying for the souls of the grantor and his heirs, their tenure being spiritual and not feudal.

It is often thought that, natives being simple and ignorant like children, a study of the latter will go a great way towards the understanding of the former; for there are similar limitations to the intelligence, as this little story will show—a true one, or else there would be no point in putting it here. A fond mother had been telling her little son, aged three, who was always afraid of the dark, about the guardian angels around him, and that he should not, therefore, be afraid, and to emphasise her point, she had brought him a coloured picture showing a beautiful winged figure floating in a protective attitude over a small boy. Her little son examined the picture with intense interest, and the mother, feeling that she had duly impressed him with the loving care of the guardian angel, asked him what he thought of it.

He regarded it with great interest for a long time, and then "Oh, mummy," he exclaimed with joy, "that little boy has got braces just like me!" And one has to be just as sure when

questioning natives that they really understand the point upon which one is trying to obtain information.

We are, nowadays, so much accustomed to regard our deceased ancestors as good spirits, that we cannot at first understand the Kagoro view that the only reason for which they visit their living relatives is to annoy them. We imagine our "guardian angels" to be always anxious for our good; the Kagoro thinks that his ghosts will do him a bad turn unless propitiated, and it is mainly upon these grounds that they are consulted about important events, such as the undertaking of war, the formation of a hunting party, or the building of a house on new ground, though the assent of the ghosts—obtained through the elders—was always forthcoming if the *akann* was good and sufficient. Corresponding to this in some degree are the facts that in the days of chivalry the young knight had to pass some time in a church before setting out to put things right, and even now regimental colours are blessed. The object of the libations of blood and *akann* is that the ghost of the deceased may not get hungry or thirsty, and return to harass his relatives. It cannot worry any one but its own people, and it therefore differs from the soul of a living body; and the idea that those who succeed to the property of the deceased are responsible for the proper performance of the funeral rites is seen plainly in this, an idea with which we in England are familiar.

It is thought that the spirits of the dead would find no rest unless honoured in the proper fashion, though certain allowances are made when it has been impossible to bury the deceased in the usual way (through having been eaten by wild beasts, for instance, or, perhaps, carried away by a river), and if they are not treated properly, they will certainly vent their displeasure upon their neglectful relatives. Even after the proper rites have been performed, if any member of the family dreams of the deceased, *akann* must be procured next morning, for that is clear proof that he has visited the house during the night (the ghost being exactly like the man was when alive) to let the relatives know that he is thirsty. If there be none in the house, it must be obtained elsewhere, some being poured on the grave three times

as before; but no flesh is provided, nor are branches again placed there. The most important man present will ask the ghost how he is, and when he has finished his oblations, he will invoke the Supreme God, begging him not to let trouble come upon the family.

The principal people at these rites are always the priests, or medicine-men, and they may be the only persons present who are not related to the deceased, for although the immediate relatives might not have enough beer to suffice for the guests were they to ask all their friends outside the family circle, they would hardly dare to offend these powerful personages by omitting to send them an invitation. There are no priestesses, only priests, and these are given presents for special work, and are not paid regular salaries, their chief having even more influence than the *agwam*. They foretell events not by haruspication, but by examining a bowl of water into which a little flour has been thrown, or by counting lip ornaments threaded on a string, but they do not go into convulsions or trances. They have no power over the fate of the ghosts so far as being able to send them to another place is concerned, for there is only one after-world, the sacred grove, and all spirits go there when they leave their bodies, whether chief or poor man, whether good or bad; and in fact, the worse—or at any rate, the stronger—the men are on earth, the more influential will their ghosts be after death. But the priests are supposed to have more influence with the Supreme God in other ways than ordinary men, as, for instance, when praying for rain, and they have certain powers over the ghosts, for they can always summon them for a conference on an important matter, such as the declaration of war or the making of peace, by providing enough beer.

Priests are usually trained by their fathers or uncles, the secrets being kept in the family, and I could not, of course, find out what they were, but all I heard was various shouts and grunts (imitations of the sounds of animals, perhaps; there seemed to be nothing mysterious about them), and they cannot perform any tricks of sleight of hand. The Waiwai priests dress themselves in whole suits of string dyed black, having large headpieces of palm fibre, with horns and red seeds affixed, and I can easily imagine

that meeting such an object on a dark night would give one rather a shock, especially as rattles, bells, and other instruments of torture are hung about the body in various places. But the Kagoro seem to do nothing of this kind; they merely smear their faces with red earth, and rush about shouting to frighten the women and children. Apparently they are successful in this, for females and infants are not allowed to leave their houses at night, and no doubt this accounts in a great measure for the morality of the fair sex.

Dreams of animals are not feared, and if, therefore, they have ghosts, they are not malignant, and, alas for the dreamers, there is no need to have a feast of guinea-corn beer next day as in the case of the appearance of a member of the family. A thirsty man, no doubt, has many visions, and, needless to say, he dreams of departed ancestors, thus ensuring another glorious "drunk," and not of dead animals, which, having had no acquaintance with beer during life, have no longing for it afterwards.

CHAPTER XV

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS (*continued*)

THE Kagoro say that the sun falls into a great water when it sets, and the fire in it is then put out. The water is some imaginary lake, or else the Kaduna or other great river to the west, for there is no lake near them, but I do not think that the Kaduna is meant, because it rises as a small stream a few miles to the east, flowing in a wide semi-circle westwards. It is possible that they have heard of the Niger, and that this is the great water referred to; and if they have not themselves come from the west, but from the south as they say, an account of this river may have been brought by the Kajji, who got it from people farther to the west again. The sun is thought to travel back to the east behind the Gannawarri hills by night, and by a higher route, so that no one can see it, and it is there given fresh fire by the Supreme God and sent on its way again next morning.

If any tree or house is set on fire by lightning, all the people will at once quench their fires and hasten to the spot with bundles of grass to get new fire to rekindle them. To neglect this would show that the person so doing possessed black magic, and did not want to change his fire, and there is evidently some connection between fire and magic, for we have seen that souls glow like fire at night, and it is easy to understand that the ignition of a house by a flash of lightning would make a native believe that it had been sent by God, for he had just seen that it had come from above. For this reason many people are very careful never to let it go out, but with the Kagoro there seems to be no special religious idea as regards this. Fire is naturally said to have originated in the world from lightning, but it was obtained later by the friction of two pieces of wood in what is called the "upright method," several kinds of wood being used for that purpose, and I believe

the Filani, in certain parts, still make their fires in this way. The next method was by striking steel on pyrites or flint, and this is now very common, little leather purses containing the necessary implements being found in all directions, and probably emanating from one and the same source—the Hausa blacksmith.

But if there is no religious reason for keeping the fire alight, there is an economic necessity to save the wood, for women have to go some miles to get it, and, though now, when once fire has been brought to a house it is practically never allowed to go out, except when fresh is sent from heaven, I daresay the practice will gradually be dropped as matches are introduced. The first fire for a new house is obtained from the nearest neighbour, who will probably be the parent; there is no need to wait in order to get it fresh from lightning.

Fires for warming and cooking purposes are formed by arranging three logs on the ground like spokes of a wheel; one end of each almost touches the one end of each of the others, and a fire is lighted in the triangular space thus made. As a bit is burnt away a log is pushed towards the centre, and although there may be no actual flame, this kind of fire seems to be almost inextinguishable, except, of course, in rain. It is wonderful to see how long even a stick will keep burning under proper treatment, the embers being sometimes placed in chaff to prevent too rapid combustion.

Generally, magic is harmful, and all accused of using it are in danger, though this is not universal amongst natives, for other writers have stated that men of certain tribes they have visited are pleased to have the reputation of being able to perform wonderful acts. No Kagoro, therefore, will own to having the power of black magic, but every man possesses some of the white variety, at any rate while in his own house, it being useful, apparently, in correcting his wives and children. Charms for warding off danger exist, but they do not seem to be worn on the person, and there are philtres for various purposes, such as making a wife cleave to her husband. If a man has been wounded with a spear or a sword, and the place refuses to heal, the weapon, if obtainable, is washed with water, which is drunk by the sufferer, and he will recover.

In 1907, when at Amar, I made a life-size figure-target to

represent a man firing, and set it up in the barrack-square to give the men practice in aiming before transferring it to the range. The next day I was begged to take it away, for some of the women had seen it and feared a miscarriage, and I was assured that if it were left there no births would occur that year amongst the police women. I was also asked to keep the face quite clear of any lines or spots, for if there were any tribal marks on it, those men having scarifications resembling them would die if the target were pierced, this, I could understand, being sympathetic magic, but the complaint of the women seemed to be carrying the idea of the evil-eye rather far. However, I removed it as requested, and I painted the face white, so that they might shoot in comfort, for the fact that I did not understand their reasoning was no excuse for laughing at it. Still, there are certain times when one has to object. At Jemaan Daroro, for instance, on one occasion, I found that the Mada(i)ki had not obeyed my order to go to his district, and on asking the reason, I was told that the stars had not been propitious. I told him that although he might be quite right to consult them when going on his own business, he must leave the time to me when on my business, and that I should be responsible as to its suitability. The work was important, and he did it without any mishap, and I was relieved, for had an accident occurred my astronomical powers might have been doubted.

The name of an individual is never hidden, for such a course would not help him to escape the evil-wisher who catches his soul or takes his liver, and does not work his ill by simply calling his name, nor can he do it by obtaining locks of hair or nail-parings of his intended victim.

Formerly no woman of any age could eat a dog or a fowl, for they were supposed to belong in some way to the mysteries of witchcraft in which women have no part, and also the *tichiak* would prevent it, but there is no longer any restriction of any kind imposed upon old women with regard to any food. This is probably because they have grown out of their fears and fancies, and would not regard any rules of the kind, which were no doubt invented by the men so as to ensure that there should always be plenty of these particular delicacies for themselves.

In 1904, when coming up the Kaduna, I bought a young turtle, which I handed to the cook, an Ijo boy, for the purpose of having it converted into soup. He flatly refused to kill it, saying that it was his brother, and took it away to the stern of the barge; there he talked to it for a long time, finally asking me to let it go, and offering to pay the price. Unfortunately, I had not commenced the study of anthropology at the time, and beyond being amused, I took no further interest, but I let the animal go, as the boy seemed so anxious, and I did not much relish the idea of eating anything which had been petted. I wonder if it was a totem!

I was told that all male Kagoro eat with spoons, except in the case of a medicine, but this is extremely doubtful, even when the people are at home, and it certainly does not apply at other times, for I have had chiefs with me, and they had no spoons then. The use of such articles is said to be forbidden, except to men, so that the father may not hear his women-folk and young children eating their meals, the latter taking their food with the right hand—possibly an idea learned from the Mohammedans, and strictly observed by them because other things of a different nature are done with the left. The spoons are made of wood, or from calabashes specially grown with a long neck and a ball at the end so that when cut in two, lengthwise, they form a pair of spoons. I found a double wooden spoon at Jigya, but cannot imagine what it could have been used for, and there were also some made of brass, obtained from the Hausawa.

There is no particular magic in a name amongst the Kagoro and other head-hunting tribes, and even dead people are spoken of as in life, though they would not be abused lest the ghosts should hear and punish. A Kagoro woman will call her husband, even the first one, by his name, after she has been married a couple of days, though a Filani or Hausa may never do so; in fact, amongst the latter people such a thing is an offence, and there is a song, apparently a prayer, which goes *Allah, na tuba, na faddi sunan mijjina*, "O God, I repent, I have spoken the name of my husband." Kagoro husbands will also name their wives, parents their children, and men themselves, whereas with the Filani, and I think the Hausawa also, the eldest child is never

known by its real name, but by some nickname bestowed upon it at the same time. Thus the wife of one of the Court Messengers was known as Yar Jekada ("Daughter of the Tax Collector"), though her real name, almost forgotten, even by the woman herself, was Ashetu.

Again, children may be named after special events; for instance, several girls are called "Wife of the Whiteman," on account of their having been born when a European was in the vicinity. They may also have names of animals, possibly because it is suspected that the ghost of one has become the soul of the child, or simply because one of the species was caught on its birthday; compare our own custom of christening children born on Christmas Day, Noël, and even Melbourne, Tasma, &c., after the names of towns where the interesting event took place.

Kagoro wives do not mind their husbands seeing them suckling their children, but many Filani and Hausawa do not allow this, at any rate with their firstborn, on account of the sense of shame which they are supposed to feel, and so far is this carried in some cases, that the mother will not allow her eldest child to be near her when her husband is present, although she may really be very fond of it.

Some of the slave names amongst these people are rather interesting, being composed of a whole sentence (like our "Praise God Barebones"), or even of two sentences, the latter being spoken by the person addressed thus, "The King of Slaves," and the person named replies, "is God." "There is no one who can do it"—"except God." Again, "Ask God"—"and you will obtain it." "You hoped that I should become destitute"—"God willed that I should be fortunate"; but the whole of the sentence is rarely said, the first couple of words sufficing in each case, the rest being understood.

Women and children are not allowed near the sacred grove under penalty of death by stoning, nor can they ever speak of ghosts; even their own relatives would kill them lest their impiety should bring disaster upon the whole family. By this means the husbands manage to keep their wives in subjection,

and the husbands are in turn overawed by the priests through the fear of false accusations. It is a strange fact that almost everywhere the women are much more influenced by religion than men, and it is usually through the wives that the priests exercise their power over the people. One of the causes is no doubt due to the more emotional nature of women, another may be that they are usually less educated and less worldly-wise when adult, for they have not had the same advantages in training their faculties as their men-folk have had, although they may be quite as clever naturally, or even much more so. It is often put forward as an argument that a man's brain weighs much more than a woman's, but some have pointed out that, allowing for the size of the body, the proportion of grey matter to muscle and bone is about equal in both sexes. I rather think that a good deal is due to the fact that the mother has much more connection with the birth of children than has the father, and the wonder of the creation of a new living being is more forcibly brought home to her. Thus she is more ready to accept a religion which will explain any of the emotions she feels at such a time, and this is more likely to be the case, in that her life, being less exciting than that of her husband, gives her more time to think over and brood upon such matters. Not that a native woman has time to sit down with nothing else to do, but that her work takes her less out of herself, and seldom requires the concentration of her brain on her tasks to the same extent as do fighting, hunting, or many of the other pursuits specially allocated to, or seized by, the stronger sex. One result is that the greater the direct domination of the priests over the women, and the indirect influence over the men, the greater the ignorance and superstition, and the greater the cruelty inflicted upon those who object to this domination, for any tendency to lessen the powers of the priesthood is naturally put down by them immediately if possible.

It is often said by some that the African in his native state is lazy, while others hold the reverse, and sayings such as "he is as lazy as a black," and "they worked like niggers," illustrate both views. Probably both are right, for the native will not work

unless there is a great necessity, but when he has put his shoulder to the wheel he does it with all his might. But there must be a necessity, either hunger or else superior force must be present to make him toil; there is no working for the love of it, there is no such thing as the dignity of labour, and even the phrase, "working like a nigger" has probably come from "working like a slave."

In 1901 I returned from Prahsu, where I had been in command of a detachment, to Kumasi to do duty as an ordinary company officer again, and naturally I found there less office work and more drill to do. Personally, I did not mind the change, but my servants did, for my position was naturally reflected on them, and they sadly asked me why I was a "big man" in Prahsu, and only a "small boy" in Kumasi. "There is no difference," I said. "I have exactly the same rank whether I am in Kumasi or out of it. What makes you think I have come down in the world?" "Oh no, Massa," they replied, "it cannot be. At Prahsu you were an important person, you were always sitting down, but here you are always running about."

It must not be thought that the women do all the work, even in these primitive communities, for if the tasks be reckoned up it will be seen that each sex has an almost equal amount. The men do not toil as regularly or continuously as do the women, but while they are at it they undoubtedly have to expend more energy, for they do all the hard work. Certainly they have chosen, if not the wiser, at any rate the more enjoyable part, for hunting animals gives more pleasure than searching for firewood, fighting enemies more excitement than nursing a baby.

However, the division of labour must always be on much the same lines in primitive societies, for the male's superior strength and health enable and entitle him to choose his tasks, and although female warriors have been known they have in the end been conquered by those of the stronger sex. Men clear the ground for the farms because women are not strong enough, they hunt because women are not able to do so, they fight their enemies to

prevent them carrying off their wives and children, and it is at this time, I suppose, that the division of labour takes place. The male is watching his enemy, and his attention must not be distracted lest he be surprised, so the household duties naturally fall to the female, and when he does return he is too tired to collect firewood for fuel and perform other simple duties, so she must do them. Again, it is in her interest to save him as much as possible so that he may be fresh for the next encounter, for if he is defeated she also is lost. A man trained in the same way as a woman might be very useful to have about the house in a highly civilised country, but he would be a poor protector in a savage land.

Hunting is a natural training for war, and as such, and because it is fatiguing and takes the hunter away from the home, it falls to the man's share. Nature prevents women competing, for they would not always be able to fight or hunt, and so the whole community would suffer at some time or other if dependent on them, and they would either have to bear no children so as to be free in their movements, or else be forced to take their offspring with them, and so be an easy prey to a swift enemy, and quite useless as huntresses. However, this is hardly the place to enlarge upon such a subject, so all that need be said further is that labour seems to become sharply defined into men's tasks, or those concerned with the protection of the home, and women's tasks, or those performed actually in the home itself, and as the latter are not dangerous they are looked down upon as "women's work." And this is true not only of members of primitive societies but even of the most advanced people, who ought to know better, for neither kind can be performed alone because each is dependent on the other.

When taking an oath, the person swearing holds in his hand some ash, and says that if he has done whatever he is accused of having done, or if he breaks his word, may his body become as white as the ash. Or else he takes a head of corn and says that if he swears falsely may the next grain of corn that he eats kill him. However long afterwards he may live, false swearing will be said to be the cause of his death whenever that does eventually take place. But this will not be sufficient in serious cases, perhaps,

and then the poisonous pith of a certain tree is pounded and soaked in water, and this mixture is given in a calabash to the accused, who will drink water alone first, and then the infusion of *sap*, as it is called. After he has drunk it he is made to walk around the empty calabash, this making him vomit if he is truthful, but it has no such effect if not, and in this case he will die that day. Sometimes he is allowed to have his throat tickled with a feather, and even then when he vomits he may be considered innocent by the Kagoro, but amongst the Ninzam and Ayu he would be judged guilty and would be punished, perhaps even killed, all the same.

In most of these particular head-hunting countries, a powerful man would have a fowl to drink the *sap* as his deputy, and I was informed that Awudu, the chief of Ungual Kaura, had thus proved his innocence of the murder of his wife to the entire satisfaction of the people of his town. They apparently accepted the acquittal, although several of them had seen him beat in her head with a wooden stool. Unfortunately for him, I had rather more faith in the accounts of witnesses to the murder than in his protestations of the evidence of the gods, or ghosts, whichever it was, in his favour, and so his successful issue from the ordeal did not avail him much. I was told that if salt is mixed with the *sap* the infusion becomes very poisonous, otherwise not, so the priest administering it has a little under his finger-nails. And I fancy from questions, that he gives the one whom he wishes to be thought guilty the drink last of all, but before doing so he takes care that the salt—enough for his purpose now the contents are greatly reduced—is first mixed with the *sap*, and so the drink is sufficiently poisonous to produce the desired result. Before making too much of an outcry against such customs it is well to remember that trial by ordeal has not been abolished so very long ago in England, and in one of the tests it was quite impossible for the accused to escape, for on being thrown into water he sank if innocent, and was drowned ; whereas if guilty the water, being holy, refused to receive him, and as he floated he was taken out and executed.

Festivals are held at any time when beer is available, and always at death, puberty, and marriage, though apparently not at birth in the ordinary course of events. Every now and then there is a three days " drunk," and at such times it is best to give the towns a wide berth, for all the people are intoxicated, and quite irresponsible and uncontrolled. I am not quite sure if these orgies have anything to do with their religion, but it is quite probable that they have, and they may be something like the annual devil-drivings and other " customs " in Cape Coast Castle. My great-uncle, writing there in 1844, says that during such a time the people were in a state of intoxication and frenzy. The fetish-man walked in front, sprinkling water on the people, some of whom were firing muskets, others beating drums or blowing horns ; many were covered with the skin of beasts, or wore caps of the most fantastic shapes, and all appeared to be anxious to make the greatest possible noise. Next came a troop of females, dancing and muttering as they went. Concerning a " custom " made by the natives on the finishing of the harvest and the beginning of their new year, he says that the first day was dedicated to eating, and the second, the great day, to drinking, and with but few exceptions all, old and young, male and female, were in a state of intoxication ; some whose friends had died during the past year were walking about the streets and visiting the houses of their friends, making bitter lamentations. One old woman, after proclaiming the departed one's kindness to her, turned herself round, and, with outstretched arms, addressed the spirit, and implored him to come back again. Others were dancing, some had painted their faces ; many carried branches of evergreen in their hands; many wore a stripe of yellow ribbon about their heads or waists, and many were reeling about in the maddest enthusiasm at the sound of the drum.

Of the annual " custom " of driving the evil spirit " Abonsam " out of the town, he says that as soon as the eight o'clock gun had been fired in the fort the people began firing muskets in their houses, turning all their furniture out of doors, beating about in

every corner of the rooms with sticks, &c., and screaming as loudly as possible, in order to frighten the devil. He being driven out of the houses as they imagined they sallied forth into the streets, throwing lighted torches about, shouting, screaming, beating sticks together, rattling old pans, and making the greatest possible noise in order to drive him out of the town into the sea.

This custom is preceded by four weeks of dead silence, during which time no gun is allowed to be fired, no drum to be beaten, and no palaver to be made between man and man. If during these weeks two natives were to disagree and make a noise in the town, they would be immediately taken before the chief and fined heavily; or if a dog or pig, sheep or goat, were found at large in the street it might be killed or taken by any one, the former owner not being allowed to demand any compensation. This silence is designed to deceive Abonsam, so that, being off his guard, he may be taken by surprise and frightened out of the place. Even if any one died during the period of silence, his relatives were not allowed to weep until the four weeks had been completed.

All males are circumcised amongst the Kagoro, but not the females, and this practice extends to the other tailed head-hunters, but not to the Gannawarri and other natives of the Bauchi plateau. It is done when the boy is about eight or nine, apparently, and has not been in any sense copied from the Mohammedans, so the Kagoro say, but is an old custom; if so, this is a difference between them and the people who occupy the site of their supposed origin; but the fact that Mohammedans have the practice will help to keep it up. It makes no difference to marriage so far as fertility is concerned, but women would probably object to marry a man who had not been through the rite, which is supposed to separate the person from sickness, and I suppose the same repulsion exists to-day among Jewesses. In many tribes the females are also operated upon, notably during the Bundu ceremonies in Sierra Leone amongst the Mendi, but I have not met with it in the Nassarawa district. Because of the accounts in the Bible we are

accustomed to imagine its being always done on the eighth day of a boy's life, but it is probable that the Jews themselves shortened the period to that time, for the Hebrew word for "father-in-law," according to Dr. Driver, is derived from an Arabic root signifying "to circumcise," and this would indicate that in primitive times the rite among the Hebrews was a preliminary not of christening but of marriage, being performed therefore much later in life.

The next ceremony is that of initiation, and this again applies only to the males. When youths are to be initiated, at about the age of ten, they are assembled early on a certain morning in the house of the chief priest, amidst drumming and blowing of horns and other music, each candidate being smeared all over with grease after having been shaved clean. The grown men present, who have been drinking *akann* to work them up into the proper religious frame of mind, then beat the youths with switches until they are tired, this being, I suppose, a test of endurance. Then the chief priest addresses the candidates, giving them certain information, and telling them to keep away from women until the ceremonies have been completed; and after having been given switches to beat or drive away any females who may come near them, they are taken to the sacred grove by the men, all of whom indulge in *akann*, but do not give the candidates any—this being perhaps a test of self-control.

The boys then go away to the place provided for dancing, generally in front of the chief's compound, and dance all night, and next day there is more dancing, but no more beating, and again the men show the boys how delicious is the *akann* by drinking it themselves in front of them. This goes on for seven days, and after that the candidates return to their own homes, but must not speak to a female for another seven days. Except for the grease and the shaving, there is no special preparation of the body, and no particular dress is worn, nor any disguises, nor are their names changed. It is said that there are no grades of initiation, but apparently no male is considered to have become a man in all respects until he has been circumcised and initiated, and has

taken a head, the stages of development to full manhood being circumcision, initiation, scarification, success in head-hunting, marriage, and the shaving of the head, though this order is apparently not universally observed.

The only time when females are allowed to enter into religious rites seems to be at Moroa funerals, when a laughing woman leads a mare around; but in some parts of West Africa they play a very important part, sometimes learning a special language of their own which is unknown to the men. Mr. Martin, writing from Badagri in 1846, says there were some hundreds of people, chiefly females, in the town consecrated in an especial manner to their gods. After having spent some months of confinement in houses connected with the idol temples, during which time they were initiated into all the mysteries, and were taught to speak a language peculiar to themselves, they were regarded as sacred persons, and their names were changed. Their heads were in a peculiar manner sacred, and should any one strike them on the head the offence was considered very great and generally unpardonable. A case of this kind came to his notice where a man and his wife had been quarrelling, the woman being one of the sacred persons, and the man had struck her on the head. She immediately fell down, and uttered their peculiar scream, which quickly gathered a number of her own class around her, and they repeated the cry till it had gone around the town and set them all in motion. They continued all the night dancing and screaming, and the next evening the man was taken and bound and placed in the midst of them, they dancing around him in fiendish triumph. Nothing would satisfy them but money, and if that was not forthcoming in such cases they would destroy the man's house and everything he had, and ruin his family. Such was their influence that no one, not even a chief, dared to oppose them, for all the people stood in fear of them, and these people frequently endeavoured to raise quarrels in the town so that they might possess themselves of the property of others. The females, though married, were generally abandoned prostitutes, their husbands not daring to punish them lest they should be involved in trouble.

Regular farms are laid out by every Kagoro householder, the men usually doing the digging, and the women the sowing by poking the toes of one foot into the newly-turned ground, and thus making a hole for the seeds, and then dragging the other foot along the ground, and so closing it up again. The implements used by the men are an iron hoe with a very long shaft of the same material, and a hoe-shovel with a larger iron blade and shaft of the same shape, and a wooden handle affixed to it, which curves round and ends opposite the middle of the blade. These are made by the foreign blacksmith before each harvest, the ore being obtained from the Jaba through Kajji country, and are used afterwards as money in payment of tribute, and as presents at death and other festivals. There is, apparently, some *tabu* connected with them after the digging of a grave, for they will not be taken into the house again until after the final feast is over.

No domestic animals are employed in agricultural work, but goats' droppings from the goat houses are collected and mixed with ashes for use as manure. Land is allowed to lie fallow (I believe three years), and there is a certain amount of rotation of crops. When the grain is ripening, strings may be tied right across the fields to posts erected at each end, and these are vibrated by a watchman on a raised platform, or in a tree, to keep off birds and monkeys; or if no string be available, he will shout at intervals. There are no scare-crows, but charms consisting of leaves tied on sticks, are placed at the corners of fields to prevent theft, and it is interesting to note that some authorities consider these to be the origin of the Tar-baby stories, examples of which are to be found in the immortal Brer Rabbit collection, and in a book published last year by myself and my wife, *Fables and Fairy Tales, or Uncle Remus in Hausaland.*

A man is free to farm anywhere on unoccupied ground, but he must first obtain the consent of the ghosts, and the chief priest may graciously consent to cut the first sod if the beer be sufficiently plentiful and good. The man establishes his right to the ground by tilling it, and it will remain his until he allows it to go out of

cultivation. A fowl is killed when the corn is ripening, a hole is dug in the centre of the farm, and the blood of the fowl and the leaves of certain trees are put into it, but the flesh is eaten when the corn is ready for harvesting. Fires are then lighted in the houses, and the smoke having killed off the insects, the corn is stored in the granary. These insects are very destructive, and are called by the Hausawa *Kukichi*, a condensed form of *Ku ki chi, mu, mua chi* ("You have refused to eat, we, we shall eat"), showing how absurd it is to store up food when you can eat it all at once! "Eat, drink and be merry" appeals strongly to the native comprehension.

After the corn has been stored in the granary, another fowl is killed, and the blood is smeared on the outside, the flesh being eaten by the men—and the old women if they are quick enough. The blood has the same effect as the beer, it appeases the appetites of the ghosts, who will then allow the people to live in peace—until, of course, they are thirsty again. At least, that is the explanation which the Kagoro give, but it is quite possible that it is the survival of a form of human sacrifice, for we know that in some parts of the world offerings were made to the Earth-goddess, the flesh of the person selected being torn from his bones, the priest burying half of it in a hole in the earth behind his back, while each householder carried off a piece of flesh to bury in his own field; and in others a head had to be shown to the fields to make them bring forth a good harvest. The first-mentioned people now sacrifice cattle instead of human beings, and those of another tribe are known to have substituted fowls, and so the process I have suggested in an earlier chapter is not impossible of fulfilment. Still, I do not wish to accuse my people of anything that I cannot prove, for after all the poor pagans have enough to answer for as it is, according to our rules of conduct.

The Kagoro and other head-hunters have no conjuring tricks that I could hear of, but I have seen snake-charming amongst the Hausawa; a woman in Lokoja who pretended to swallow the reptile being the best whom I can remember. A conjurer came to Jemaan Daroro and performed two simple tricks, assisted by a

youth, the two singing all the time and ringing bells to distract the attention. One trick consisted in making water drip out of a gourd, or remain in it, at word of command, this being done by having a gourd with a very narrow neck, and a hole in the bottom which could be stopped with the thumb, and by lifting the thumb or pressing it down when the gourd was reversed, the water naturally flowed or stopped. The only other trick in their repertoire consisted in the man's pretending to draw a needle and cotton through the youth, who had donned a magic belt for the occasion. The belt I found on inspection had several loose strands of thread concealed in it, and the operator really pulled one end out in front when pretending to stick the thread through the youth's stomach, and pulled out another behind as if it had come right through the body, and when he drew this to and fro, it looked as if it were right through, but it really ran inside the belt for half its circumference. He took about an hour to do these two tricks, and I thought the whole performance painfully slow, but I daresay the bell-ringing and singing pleased most of his audience, for a noise is always welcome.

On another occasion, a man appeared from Zaria way with a magic hoe-shovel with a curved handle as described before, though about ten times the ordinary size, and with a hollow blade, this hoe-shovel having the magic power of running away with men, and to my surprise many Europeans were deceived by it. After a couple of times I thought I saw the secret, and offered to pick half-a-dozen soldiers and keep the hoe still, but the conjurer would not allow it, and so I am certain this explanation is correct. The hoe-shovel is placed on the ground, handle upwards, and some six or seven men are told off to hold it, there being always two or three of the conjurer's own followers among the number. The conjurer then stands in front and begins saying magic words, gradually working himself and his audience into a state of excitement, and shouting louder and louder, and after a little time the hoe-shovel begins to move, soon jumping up in the air, the holders falling over one another in their efforts to hold it. There is no doubt that the confederates start the motion, and as soon as that

is done the excitement of the others, increased by the voice of the conjurer, does the rest. It is, in fact, on the same principle as table-turning, only much more crude. Poor man! I fear my challenge must have ruined his trade in Jemaan Daroro, for he left next day, and I was greatly disappointed as I wanted to see him do the trick again. I took some photographs at the time, but they were failures, as were about three-quarters of the others, films being undependable in that climate.

Formerly, there were but few salutations, sons and wives ignoring or abusing their parents and husbands as the fancy took them, unless in fear of physical punishment; and even now there is no bowing, though some have learned the prostration on the ground from the people of Kaffanchan who often come to Jemaan Daroro. Others, again, try to salute a European like a soldier, the action generally looking as if they were brushing away perspiration from their noble brows, or wiping their noses, though this is much preferable to the customs of some other tribes. "Every man is a chief in his own house, and there is no need to recognise any one else," so the Kagoro say, and they have a reputation for being surly and boorish, but I think that a good deal of it is due to fear, for I have always found the women and children, at any rate, quite polite, and when Kaka, the *Agwam* of Fada Kagoro, went with me to Keffi (and every one thought he had been killed, as he had been away for seven days), he was met on his return by all the people of his town with drumming, and blowing, and other demonstrations of welcome. Of course, there were certain men who regarded me with no favourable eye, and it could hardly be wondered at, considering that some of their relatives had lost their lives when fighting against us; and under similar circumstances (but happening in the contrary way), I should not have felt particularly well disposed towards them.

But if the head-hunters are chary with polite greetings, the same cannot be said of the Hausawa. I believe amongst the Masai spitting at each other is the rule, the intensity of the friendship being measured by the amount of spittle bestowed on the other's naked body. Fortunately the Hausawa do not indulge

in this luxury, they are more concerned with words than with deeds, and they will squat opposite one another, touch each other's hands and their own breasts three times, and then go through whole strings of salutations, even should they meet each other several times a day, commencing in a loud voice, and gradually dropping off into an almost undistinguishable grunt or two like this:—

Hail	Hail to you too
How are you to-day?	Quite well, thank you
Thanks be to God	Praise be to God
Hail	Hail
Are you tired?	I am not
Hail	Hail
What is the news?	There is none but what is good
Hail	Um
Hail	Um
•	O
Um	
O	Um
•	Hail
Um	O
O	Um
•	O
•	•

CHAPTER XVI

A MUTINY

THE little experience in the Ninzam and Ayu districts gave weight to my next application for a patrol, and about a fortnight later I had the satisfaction of knowing that one had been sanctioned at last. On the 18th April, therefore, our noble force, consisting of the Waff subaltern and his detachment of 25 men, about 30 carriers, and myself, left Jemaan Dararo, and camped at Akwa, the Keffi contingent of some 80 men and as many carriers under the O.C. (as the officer commanding is called) intending to meet us farther to the south-east in Mada country on the following day. A doctor was also coming from Keffi, and as there was now heavy rain each day his services would probably be more in request for cases of illness than for those of wounding. We arrived at Akwa, where I had had temporary grass shelters erected, about mid-day, and all of us were very much pleased that the patrol had really begun at last, but the fates had willed that we were to be disappointed after all, for about tea-time a runner arrived with the news that there had been a mutiny of a Waff detachment at Abuja, and that the Keffi men had had to go there; the patrol had therefore been cancelled, and we were to return to Jemaa at once!

Our personal feelings of disgust can be better imagined than described, and, politically, the news was most unfortunate, for the tribes whom I had threatened with punishment would now think that the whole thing had been merely a "bluff" to frighten them, and would be all the harder to control afterwards. Various rumours, too, began to come through from Abuja, some to the effect that the soldiers had killed all their officers, others that they had killed one and taken the others prisoner—and there were other variations. Luckily the outbreak proved to be not so

serious a one as was at first feared, and it was quelled very quickly by a mere show of force from Zungeru.

Mutinies are not always so easily settled though, and when they do happen they are exceedingly unpleasant and much more dangerous than ordinary fights, and, also, though some one always has to be blamed in these matters, no one can obtain any credit. I was in one in 1901 in Kumasi, while attached to the West African Regiment, and I do not want a similar experience. I had been invalided to England after having been wounded in South Africa, and though, perhaps, I could not have walked well enough for work on the Veldt, I could travel quite well in a hammock, and so I had been fortunate enough to be accepted as a Special Service Officer in Ashanti. The chance came at a lucky moment too, for my own (the 1st Australian) Regiment was due to leave South Africa for home, and had I not come to Ashanti my active service would have been over.

Probably most of my readers will remember that in 1900 the Ashanti besieged the Governor of the Gold Coast and his wife in Kumasi, and that, although they had managed to escape, it was only on the arrival of the expedition under Sir James Willcocks that the garrison was relieved. And as this was not our first war with the Ashanti, though it was rather remarkable as being the first occasion on which black troops were employed without a stiffening of whites—mainly owing to the fact that all the available regiments were in South Africa or China—it may be as well to go back a little to consider what led to the trouble with the natives and what was the cause of the mutiny of our own troops later.

The Ashanti have always been a cruel and warlike race, noted as much for their bravery as for their numerous and bloody sacrifices, and our troops have not been invariably victorious in their conflicts with them; in fact, in the early days the natives usually had the best of the deal. Sacrifices were very frequent, hundreds of captives being butchered in a single day, perhaps, and the Ashanti became the terror of the surrounding district. But as our position on the Gold Coast improved, we were able by degrees to drive them farther and farther inland, and to confine them within their own boundaries, and so to set free the conquered

tribes who had begun to look to Englishmen to save them from annihilation.

It would appear that the Ashanti first came into contact with Europeans more or less through accident, or, at any rate, on account of a side-issue. Early last century three rival chiefs of Asin, the country between the Coast and Ashanti, quarrelled because of a theft from a grave (a considerable amount of treasure being buried with the corpses of rich men in those days) which had been committed by a follower of one of them. The case was heard by the chief of Ashanti, Osai Tutu Kwamina, and though Amu, the chief of the parties wronged, was willing to abide by the decision, his rivals, Chebu and Apute, were not, and having failed in law they proceeded to the test of battle. After several vain attempts on the part of Osai to make peace, his messengers were massacred, Chebu and Apute and the actual murderers taking refuge in Fanti country. Osai then sent a messenger to the Fanti chief with the request that he should be allowed to send a force through his country to capture the culprits, but the Fanti people not only refused his just request, but foolishly espoused the cause of the refugees, with the result that they themselves were attacked and defeated. Within a short time the Ashanti had utterly subdued them, and being now full of the spirit of conquest, they began advancing towards the Coast.

The fugitive chiefs, Chebu and Apute, then took refuge in Annamabu, where a British fort had been built, but the Governor of Cape Coast Castle at the time (1806), being not altogether inclined to protect them, proposed making overtures to the Ashanti, who shortly afterwards seized the Dutch fort of Koromantin. The Annamabu people would not hear of this, but Mr. White, the officer then in charge of the fort, managed to get a message through to the Ashanti commander there, offering to negotiate between him and the Annamabu chief. The offer was, however, rejected, and the Ashanti attacked the town, and though, it is said, they had had originally no intention of fighting with the white men, they were naturally soon involved with them when they came close to the fort, and a great struggle took place. So well did the enemy fight that the Europeans at

length sent a flag of truce to them, and soon afterwards made peace by arresting and handing over the murderers, or rather one of them, for the other had managed to escape.

The Ashanti, after having concluded a treaty of friendship with the British, retired to their own country, and later on the Fanti, now freed from the fear of their conquerors, began to play up again and pay back old scores. Partly on account of tribal hatred, partly for the sake of plunder, they attacked Elmina, Accra, and other States, and since the Ashanti at that time traded with Accra, they determined to interfere, the result being that the Fanti were taught another severe lesson. Unfortunately the British policy was never very definite nor consistent, and, instead of remaining neutral, the officers then in charge were inclined to encourage the Fanti, with the ultimate result that in 1816 they were themselves blockaded in Cape Coast Castle, and had to pay the Ashanti a considerable sum to raise the siege. In the following year Bowditch and others concluded a treaty with the Ashanti chief in Kumasi, and a Resident was installed there.

Friendly relations existed for some years, but the newly-appointed Governor of the West African Settlements, Sir Charles McCarthy, and the new chief of Ashanti came to loggerheads in 1823 over the murder of a native sergeant of the Royal African Corps—though it is probable that the Fanti were the real culprits—and there was some fighting with varying success on each side. Early in the following year Sir Charles himself took the field, and through greatly under-estimating the courage and numbers of the enemy, he was utterly defeated at Essamako, nine of the twelve Europeans with the little force being killed, and the other three seriously wounded, Sir Charles's skull being afterwards decorated with gold and used as a drinking-cup, so it is said.

In 1826, however, the defeat was avenged, and there was no serious fighting until Lord Wolseley's expedition in 1873–74, which destroyed Kumasi. There were other expeditions in 1863 and 1896, but no actual hostilities took place on these occasions, and the next and last conflict was in 1900.

ASHANTI MEN

One of the peace palavers after the Expedition of 1900. Note the gorgeous umbrellas and the typical chairs and stools.

ASHANTI HOUSES

My party entering Esumeja. The Ashanti house consists of four oblong buildings placed in the shape of a cross. They differ very much from the buildings of the Hausa, Yoruba, and the Head-hunter. See p. 142.

The payment of an indemnity had been imposed as one of the articles of the treaty of peace in 1874, but no very special anxiety to comply with the conditions had been noted on the part of the chiefs, and the Government had been unable to enforce them. Demands had also been made by the Governor for the delivery of the Golden Stool which, much more than the actual person of the chief, represented the sovereignty—in much the same sense as we now speak of the Crown instead of the King—and these also had been ignored. The Governor visited Kumasi in March 1900 and made fresh demands, and, knowing that we were at war with the Boers, and being told by their fetish-men that the time was ripe to rid themselves of our control, and that they could easily capture the Governor and hold him as a hostage for the restoration of Prempeh (deposed from the Stool of Kumasi in 1896), the Ashanti revolted and besieged the fort on the 25th of April. The Governor and Lady Hodgson, together with most of the garrison, escaped on the 22nd June, but the remainder were not relieved until the 15th of July following, after a gallant defence.

The Ashanti fought most valiantly, and the casualties on both sides were very heavy, but the excellent plan of campaign thought out by Sir James Willcocks, and the discipline of the British column, told at last, and in the end the Ashanti were utterly defeated.

However, to return to the mutiny. The actual fighting ended in the November of 1900, and the troops brought from the other colonies (Northern and Southern Nigeria, Lagos, Sierra Leone, and even from the East Coast of Africa) began to look forward to being sent back again, and to dream of their homes and their dusky "mammies." Unfortunately, it was found impossible to let them return as quickly as had been originally expected, for it was not considered safe to leave Ashanti without a large garrison so soon after the war, and the local troops were quite unable to furnish the required numbers. The Nigerian Waffs were ordered back first, since fighting was then going on in that country, but as all was peaceful in Sierra Leone, there seemed to be no hurry in regard to the troops from that part of the Continent.

A MUTINY

One of the best bodies of men in the relief column, as far as the fighting was concerned, was the West African Regiment, which, although but very recently entered in the Army List, was quite a veteran corps. It had been raised in Freetown, in 1898, by Colonel Woodgate (killed at Spion Kop) to assist in quelling the Hut-Tax Rebellion in the interior of Sierra Leone, and within a week or two of its formation it began sending up drafts to the front. That outbreak was not settled until the following year, and a few months afterwards, Colonel Burroughs brought the regiment to Ashanti. The men thus had but little of the "barrack-square" (which is most essential to good discipline, however much it may tend to kill individuality), and some of the officers were new to them, so that they were not, perhaps, as much in hand as would have been the case had they had the chance to learn the drudgery properly before going on active service. Again, a number of tribes were represented in the ranks —Mendi, Timmini, Susu, Lokko, Limba, Fulah, &c., and there were even a few men from Senegal and Dahomey, so there was no common bond between them such as there would have been had they all been of the same nation—a bond which is now supplied by their esprit de corps. While the fighting lasted they were splendid; there was no doubt about their bravery—nor about that of their colonel—but when the excitement had subsided, they wanted to get back to Freetown, which was very "sweet" to them, although perhaps distasteful to many of their European officers.

They had been told, when proceeding to Ashanti in the previous May, that they would probably be back in about three months' time, and after they had been kept nine months, and still saw but little chance of returning, they began to grow restive—it is a fatal error to mislead a native, however blameless one's intention may be. There were other causes too; the pay accounts had somehow become muddled, and arrears were not forthcoming: the uniforms were ragged, the equipment (said to have been second-hand to start with) was mostly string and wire; and worst of all, the bayonets could not be fixed on to the carbines!

The blame for this state of affairs has been fastened on to

different people at different times; but it seems to me that no one individual was particularly responsible, for no one really had any opportunity to improve matters. The real cause of the whole mutiny was probably the men's knowledge that they had been deceived—though that point would seem much less important than the other reasons to a European—and nothing one could say tended to make them think otherwise. We were white men, we knew everything, we had used them to fight for us against the Ashanti as long as we wanted them, we had not paid them what we had promised (a deduction—quite a legitimate one too, though they refused to see it—had been made from their "chop-money" because rations had been supplied in kind), we had not let them return when we said we would, and we were probably going to keep them there for ever, until they died. It was of no use our saying anything to the contrary, if it was not true let us send them back. That was their argument, and it seemed rather hopeless to combat it, since we could not let them go.

The new Governor arrived in March 1901 for the purpose of settling the payment of the Ashanti indemnity and other matters, and, when inspecting the West African Regiment, he told the men that two companies would return to Sierra Leone at once, but that the others would not follow until they could be relieved. This was absolutely the last straw, and on the morning of the 19th, when the Governor was leaving Kumasi, hardly enough men could be found in the camp of the Wars (as they were called, from West African Regiment) to form a guard of honour.

The Governor, of course, postponed his departure, and five of us were sent post haste to try to get the deserters back, only two of the party belonged to the regiment, the other three, including myself, being Special Service Officers. We travelled all night, and nearly caught them up at Kwissa, but they departed at once and got ahead again. However, two more companies of the regiment were stationed there, and we paraded them to warn them not to follow the bad example of the others, but they immediately shouted out that the deserters were their brothers, and started marching off to join them. We tried to stop some of them, but we were fired at (bullets have an angry "ping-buzz" at such

close quarters), and, as it was absolutely impossible for five men to do anything against over 200, we desisted. Just afterwards a message from the Governor—which had unfortunately been delayed in transmission—was handed to us, ordering us to accompany the deserters, and not to use threats nor force, so we therefore started off again, and came up with the whole four companies at Fesu. I remember, when approaching a turning in the road, hearing a tremendous cracking ahead, and I thought that we were being fired at again. But on proceeding farther I found that the sounds were made by burning bamboos, and I admit that I was greatly relieved.

The men, we heard from our orderlies, had elected as "colonel" Private Morlai Mandingo, a very brave man who had been wounded three times, if I remember rightly. And he, rising to the dignity of his rank, had thrown away his carbine, and was using his side-arm—a sword-bayonet—as an officer's sword, while instead of a red fez he wore a cloth cap. Each company had its captain and "one-star" captains (lieutenants, who wore only one then), and there were orderly buglers and others detailed for duty daily.

And so much authority did these "officers" possess that on one occasion a couple of privates were flogged for having dirty rifles on parade, and it was rather amusing to find that such a fault was punished with so much greater severity by them than would have been the case had one of us tried the men. There was thus a certain amount of discipline preserved, but this really showed that the state of things was very serious indeed, for it became apparent how much in earnest the men were, though when a question was asked afterwards in Parliament, this served as an excuse to treat the whole affair with ridicule. The men had 100 rounds of ammunition each, and they had been given a week's rations of rice a day or two before they deserted, but the latter was beginning to run out, and we saw trouble ahead, the Native, like Nature, abhorring a vacuum. Luckily, however, another message from the Governor arrived, ordering us to pay out ration-money at the usual rate of 3d. per day, and this move prevented a general raiding of the towns passed through.

Four of us were fairly popular with the men, but the other officer had had to stay behind in consequence of a notice posted upon the road that the men would "dismiss him ourself" if he came any farther (it was bad luck on him, for he really liked them), and if we had been able to think things over calmly, we should have been compelled to smile, for we were actually paying the men to defy our authority, so long as they did it quietly. I had "doctored" a few of the men while in command of a detachment at Prahsu, and was called in by the mutineers to do the same for some of them, and our own orderlies were on quite good terms with their comrades although they gave us a hint when to expect the next move. But in spite of the half-friendly attitude of the main body of the men, the leaders would have nothing to do with us, and remembering the experience at Kwissa, we had to make up our minds to "wait and see," though it was not good for one's nerves.

So it went on, the mutineers suddenly marching off, and we hurriedly collecting what carriers they had not taken from us, and following as fast as we could, until after over a week of it we reached Cape Coast Castle, where the men, ahead as usual, were met on arrival by the late Captain Watson, who guided them to quarters in the town. The men, to his surprise, followed him without question, but they had no quarrel with him, of course, it being confined to the Governor, and the senior officers of their own regiment, who had, as they thought, wilfully deceived them. Colonel Burroughs with the rest of the regiment (part of the two companies under orders to leave for Sierra Leone not having deserted) soon afterwards arrived, and with the Governor and us went to the men to try to persuade them to give up their arms. But this they, of course, refused to do, and we were given a fairly plain hint to quit.

The next day the Governor had a parley with them outside the fort, they having been told to come down and be prepared to go on board a steamer which had come in the day before, but on hearing that they would have to give up their arms first they refused to do so. "Very well," said we, "we shall go without you," and we made a pretence of going off, and in fact Colonel

Burroughs and some others did get off to the ship. This, however, brought more than we bargained for, for the mutineers rushed the surf-boats and took the paddles, marching back with them in triumph to their quarters, and leaving a guard to see that we did not go away. This step also prevented the colonel from returning, for no ordinary ship's boat can live in the Coast surf, and in his absence Lieut.-Colonel Henstock became the senior officer, and he proved to be the right man in the right place.

It was useless now to deny the seriousness of the position, and had his ruse not been successful, we might have had trouble with the Cape Coast natives also, for directly these half-civilised people saw that we were in difficulties they began to revile us, although they had fattened on us for so long. But even then some of the mutineers showed up well, for several of these people were unpleasantly surprised at receiving punishment instead of applause from the soldiers for abusing their officers. However, there was no doubt that something decisive had to be done, and immediately, and this is what happened. The mutineers were invited to come next morning for a further parley, and were told that the captain of the ship had refused to take them armed, but those who gave up their carbines would be given £5 each out of their arrears of pay at once, and would go on board the steamer. At the same time we did not neglect to make what preparations we could in case of trouble; an old Maxim gun was patched up (it might have fired a dozen shots perhaps), and mounted on the wall of the fort to overlook the place where the mutineers would be formed up, the Europeans in Cape Coast were invited to come inside the fort, and, a steamer from Nigeria having arrived, some officers on board were warned to be ready if called upon.

Next morning the "loyalists" were formed up under my command against the wall of the fort, being placed so as to be under the Maxim and opposite to the church, while a detachment of the Hausa Constabulary was posted on our right, at right angles to us, and we waited developments. Soon after the appointed time, down marched the mutineers,

and formed up opposite to us on being told to halt in front of the church, *i.e.* in the most favourable position for our fire. They came waving a white flag in front of them, and we were at first very much relieved to think that the trouble was over, but we were soon undeceived.

The "loyalists," the Hausas, and the mutineers formed three sides of a hollow square, and, on its completion, by the arrival of the last-named, Lieut.-Colonel Henstock roared out "Shoulder arms, order arms, ground arms," thinking to catch the deserters on the hop—especially as they would see us going through the movements. But no, only a few men grounded their arms, some refused to move at all, some wavered, then those who had placed their carbines on the ground recovered them—and there was a horrid pause!

"I will give you one minute," shouted Colonel Hemstock, alive to the danger. "There are some good men here, but there are some bad also. Those who ground arms will get £5" (we had the money ready in sight of all by the gate of the fort), "and will go aboard at once . . . A quarter of a minute gone," continued he, so that the men would have no chance of talking together, "one-half — three-quarters — one minute—ground arms," and about half the men did so.

Immediately Captain Watson and our colour-sergeant gallantly ran forward and seized Morlai Mandingo (who was in front of "his command"), and rushed him into the fort, and meantime we went over to speak to men whom we knew only required some encouragement to give in, and soon there was a stream of repentants going into the fort. But all was not over yet, for some 100 refused to submit, and marched off, their plan being to go by land to Sierra Leone, being captured later, however, by a gunboat with a loss of, if I remember rightly, over thirty in killed and wounded. Still, we had practically five-sixths of the men back again, and off we sailed that night to Sierra Leone, arriving there on the 3rd April.

But there was a gruesome duty to be done first. Private Morlai Mandingo was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot, and, after the Governor had confirmed the sentence, it

was carried out against the walls of the fort, the prisoner being tied to a ladder. As junior member of the court-martial I had to give my opinion first, and I can remember even now the impression it made upon me. It is a horrible responsibility to have to decide whether a human being is to live or not! However, such things have to be done if any discipline is to be preserved, and the sooner they are over the better; mutiny while on active service is, of course, one of the gravest offences. That is the only occasion on which I have seen a man shot, though I have had to witness, and even to take part in, several hangings since, but I have never been able to get used to such scenes, which always make me feel sick. And if other people were affected in the same way (and I suppose they would be), public executions would have a much greater deterrent effect than those carried out in the gaol, for at present there is always a certain amount of sympathy with persons being done to death in private. There would be, of course, some people who would enjoy spectacles like this—there will always be such ghouls in the world—but the general public would, I think, be much more stirred and impressed. Still, I would not advocate public executions, for they were no doubt abolished with very good cause; all I hope is that I shall not have to see any more.

It may be imagined how we relished the ship's quiet and rest after the preceding fortnight. There was more disagreeable work at Sierra Leone afterwards in trying some of the mutineers, but it was recognised that the circumstances had been exceptional, and that the men's hardships had been great, and so only a few of the worst of the offenders were punished, even in their cases the sentences being very light. I doubt if the regiment is any the worse for the mutiny: no one can wonder at natives becoming restive under such conditions, and it is hardly likely that a similar trouble will occur again, for they have since had a good deal of experience of the barrack square—also there are white troops now stationed in Freetown. Most West African natives are good soldiers, and these are certainly no exception to the rule. I acted as adjutant of the regiment for a short time

afterwards, and the better I knew them the better I liked them.

Perhaps it was right to treat the whole affair as a glorious farce; probably it was a joke to people at home to think that the native rank and file had taken charge of their European officers. But it was grim earnest to those who were in it!

CHAPTER XVII

COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, AND CHILD-BIRTH

AT some period in the history of every society, the family and the nation were one and the same thing, and this can be easily understood if we imagine a man and his wife penetrating alone into a new and uninhabited district, and there raising up a family—or several families, if there be more than one wife. We see such a condition of things related in the case of Adam and Eve; the Moroa ancestor, it will be remembered, was Eniluchwi, who took his wife to Ungual Tagamma, and became the father of all the Moroas, and almost every tribe has a similar tradition. Now, as the family grew in numbers, so also did the influence of its founder, the husband's position as father gradually becoming that of chief as well, and later on, probably the leadership in religious ceremonies was centred in him.

The idea of consanguinity may be based upon kinship through the father alone, through the mother alone, or partly through both parents concurrently. One is at first surprised to find that the second of these systems is to be found, but where a woman is allowed or compelled to have several husbands, it becomes quite impossible to reckon kinship through the father, whereas there can never be any doubt about the descent from the mother, for that is apparent to all. This is known as matriarchy; patriarchy being, of course, the system of tracing kinship through the male parent. And as a study of these subjects may help towards a better understanding of the totally different conditions existing amongst native peoples, it will be worth while to consider what was the origin of the differences in these systems, and, in fact, what was the origin of marriage.

It was at one time thought by many writers that in the earliest times the relations of the sexes were not controlled in

any way, and that communal marriage, or even promiscuity, was allowed. But it is now more usual to admit that there were always some restraints, and that in consequence of these arose group-marriage (some deny even this primitive form), which represents the first attempt to regulate the relations; the essential features being that males and females belonging to the same group were not permitted to intermarry, but would have to take partners from another group. If the whole clan consisted of only one group, this would be exogamy, but if, as was more usual, it was composed of several groups, the members might be allowed to take partners from groups in other clans, or they might be compelled to choose them from other groups of their own clan, this last case being what is called endogamy. In theory, all the males of one group had a right to all the females of the other, but there was always some trace of individual claim of priority at any rate, though it cannot be said that there was the slightest idea that one man and one woman ought to hold together, but still there would be some preference shown by both sexes. The custom of lending a wife to a guest is said to have come from this system.

Now, when a woman has several husbands, no child can know who is his father, and no husband can possibly tell who is his own offspring. In fact, he does not consider the point at all, his mother's children and his mother's daughter's children being regarded as his nearest kindred, as with the Ashanti and others, for he knows them to be of the same blood as himself, *i.e.* he traces his relationship through his mother. In this case the woman who bears the children may be the head of the household, for there is no doubt about her being their parent; so a girl on becoming a mother either starts a new establishment of her own, the husbands being only secondary in importance, or else she remains in that of her mother, this being an example of the rudest form of polyandry. But it is not necessary that a wife should have more than one husband to enable or compel her to remain in her mother's household. The husband might be, in some cases, more like a mere guest, his visits being made more or less surreptitiously, so as to avoid being seen by her mother, brothers, and others, and taking place at night only, the husband not being allowed to take

the wife away to his own house until she has borne a child—if even then. The story of Cupid and Psyche is said to be founded on this custom, says Mr. Hartland in *Primitive Paternity*, the breach of which resulted in separation, but afterwards in open and permanent union.

While the wife lives with her mother, her earnings will probably be taken by her parents, but once the husband has been allowed to remove her to his own house, she pays them over to him. It may be worth noticing that the word for marriage has in one language been found to signify "to slip by night into the house," thus clearly indicating the prevalence of this system; and there is evidence of it even amongst the Kagoro. In many cases the visits of the bridegroom began before marriage, though they may sometimes have been innocent, as we find exemplified in Romeo and Juliet. In others the lover perhaps did not even enter the girl's apartment before she was his wife.

With some tribes the husband never has the right to take his wife away, being forced instead to enter her family, but even then there are cases when he is allowed to build a separate dwelling for himself and her, thus indicating the beginnings of a conception of father-right. Again (as with the Bassa-Komo) all the men may have to live in one part of their village, all the women in another, the husband visiting his wife, or the wife her husband, as occasion permits.

Under this early form of matriarchy the authority over the children is vested in the head of the mother's family, generally the eldest male, perhaps her brother, and the gulf fixed between him and the husband may be so wide that one is liable to the other in the blood feud, and even the children may join with their uncles against their father. On the contrary, when a husband has entered his wife's family he may have to fight against his own blood relations in a quarrel between the two families. Of course under the patriarchal system a wife might have to side with her husband against her father; but, as she would not fight against either, the harm done would be nothing like so great as in the cases mentioned above, where perhaps a son and father might engage in a death struggle.

There is another form, indicating a slight advance in the notions of paternity, existing in many places, where a woman can be the wife of several brothers at a time, but of brothers only, there being thus a limitation to the choice of individuals on the part of the female, though there would not necessarily be any reduction in numbers; this, however, would probably follow. As these husbands would be connected both by blood and interest, they would appropriate her issue and regard them as members of their own (collective) family, and not as belonging to that of the mother. Then, again, the woman might be the wife of the eldest brother only, or of both father and son; or fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, or other relatives might hold their wives in common, though outside the family they were chaste. Thus Julius Cæsar says that the Britons had a species of marriage which appears to partake both of polyandry and polygyny, for every ten or twelve men (usually, if not always, relatives) held their wives in common, the children born of each mother being regarded as having been begotten by the husband who first married her when a virgin. The Irish were, apparently, quite as lax even at a much later date.

A development of this form is shown in the case of the 'Mbres about Lake Chad and others, where the joint husbands have to be brothers and the joint wives sisters.

But amongst brothers the eldest would in all probability be the first one to marry, and the first child, at any rate, of the family joint-wife would possibly be known to be his. In fact, we read that amongst the Kulus of the Punjab the eldest brother is deemed the father of the first-born son, the next of the second, and so on, and so strongly has this been upheld that these presumptions are now absolute in law, even though the facts are quite opposed to them. With another tribe, where each has a separate wife, if one brother be impotent, another brother—or perhaps a stranger—might be appointed to raise up issue for him.

Thus a definite conception of fatherhood and sonship would arise, and the father would naturally be inclined to look with much greater favour (it could hardly be called affection then) on the children whom he knew to be his own, than upon those who

he had reason to believe had been begotten by some one else. It is quite possible that the desire for this relationship of father and son, when once aroused, developed so quickly that it soon became powerful enough to abolish polyandry altogether, for a man would come to allow no share to another in his wife, but would keep her strictly for himself, so that he might be quite certain that all her children were his. This became the custom and then the law, for we know that customs when firmly established are sooner or later incorporated in the law-books. Thus in one of the Hindu Vedas a husband is supposed to announce that he will no longer allow his wives to be approached by other men, since he has been informed that a son belongs to him who has begotten him in the world of Yama. (Mayne, *A Treatise on Hindu Laws and Usages.*)

Descent now began to be traced through males, and, strange to say, the connection through females was quite ignored, for when a woman married she left her own family altogether and entered that of her husband, the family consisting exclusively of male members, the wives being but mere appendages to their husbands. We can still see some trace of this in our own case, the change of our women's names on marriage being a survival; but we trace descent through both our parents to a great extent, even titles coming in some cases from either the male or female line, and coats of arms are often commingled.

Once children had come to be recognised as belonging to the father, he naturally began to value them, the sons to defend his property and to help in the work, the daughters to help also, and later on to be sold to other men for wives. And as one wife could produce only a certain number of children, and more and more were urgently wanted, the man began to take other wives so as to have two or more families growing up at the same time. But how did he procure his wives, and how did he protect and restrain them when he had procured them?

We have seen that in the case of many tribes the husband went to live with his wife in her mother's house, and that the children belonged to her. But it would one day happen that a man of rather more independent ideas than his brethren would refuse to submit to this, and would manage to get her away to

his own house. Now, if he were a popular or a powerful man (and his strength of character would probably give him a good deal of influence), he would have many sympathisers, and if his wife's clan were but a small one he would be able to keep her in peace and safety. And it has been found that even now there is a survival of this in Sumatra, where it is the custom in several tribes, on a marriage taking place, to decide the question of the residence of the married pair by calculating the relative strength of the respective clans, the wife going to the husband or the husband to the wife according as his or her clan is the more powerful, the resulting children belonging to the clan in which they were born and brought up. (*Primitive Paternity.*)

But matters were not always settled so easily nor so peacefully. Marriage by capture was in many cases the usual mode of obtaining a partner, and it still exists coupled with exogamy in certain localities, either in real earnest (*e.g.* Central India), or in a symbolic form as amongst the Hausawa, where the bride, veiled and screaming, is carried off by her husband's people although she may have been anything but chaste beforehand. Or the respective friends of the bride and bridegroom may have a sham fight or a tug-o'-war, the latter winning as a matter of course, and the bride then being given up. Even with us to-day (in Church of England marriages at any rate) the friends of the bridegroom are placed on one side of the church and those of the bride on the other, the bridegroom and his groomsmen, and the bride with her bridesmaids separating themselves from them. Also, after the father (or person acting for him) has "given the bride away," he retires and leaves her with her husband, and the newly-wedded pair go alone to the altar, thus showing the formation of a new household.

But it must have often been very inconvenient for men, especially old ones, to have to fight for their brides, and besides, as the number of the husbands allowed to one woman grew less, the more distinct became the notion of property of each man in his wife. Hence arose the system of giving something in return for the sole protection and disposal of her, and of the children whom she bore, and who belonged to the owner of their mother,

so, concurrently with marriage by capture, we find marriage by purchase, the girls being sold by their parents to become the absolute property of their husbands. But the husband did not always obtain possession of her at once; the longer the parents could retain their daughter in their possession the larger were the presents they could exact from the bridegroom. Sometimes he would have to live with her for a time in her mother's house even after he had paid for her, perhaps until she had borne him a child.

The wishes of the girl herself were seldom consulted. I have come across many instances in Nigeria of what was practically a sale, even by Mohammedans, of young girls to old men (with the natural result that they are unfaithful), and amongst many pagans the conditions are even worse, cruelty often being used to the girls to make them consent, especially in Australia.

It is somewhat difficult to understand such treatment by a parent of his own daughter until we remember that he has been well paid for her, so if he did not force her to fulfil the contract he would have to return the "bride-price" as it is usually called; and this custom is still in force in many countries, of course. With the Hausas, for instance, if a man induces another man's wife to desert her husband and live with him, he may keep her as his wife provided he pays her injured husband an amount equal to that which was paid to the woman's father in the first instance.

But with those tribes who developed more in civilisation, the idea of taking money for a daughter became repulsive, and, though the bride-price was still exacted from the bridegroom, it was given to the girl herself, either for her own particular use, or as a joint provision for the newly constituted family, thus becoming her dower. An extra present was often given to her by the husband, and in many cases a further present was exacted on the birth of children. Sometimes the bride-price is paid partly in kind, the suitor serving the bride's father for a fixed term (as in the case of Jacob for Rachel), on the termination of which and the payment of a proportionate fee the bride enters her husband's family, the children born before this perhaps belonging to her mother's family, And if the husband cannot

pay the bride-price he may have to remain in the wife's family for ever, or the heads of his kindred may be made security for it, or else some of his children may be handed over—if not already belonging to the wife's mother's family. Usually, however, the children follow the wife, and so if the husband pays up in full he gets his children by her, but it may happen that he takes only the boys, the girls going to his mother-in-law.

As has been said, the bride-price became the dower, represented at present by the marriage settlement. At first, as the wife was the absolute property of her husband, everything she had passed with her into his possession. But gradually presents from her own people, perhaps from her husband, other than as bride-price, and others, began to be looked upon as hers absolutely. This corresponds to the *dot* of France and other Continental nations, and is a contribution, generally by the wife's family or the wife herself, to assist the husband in bearing the expenses of the new household. But only the revenue belonged to the husband, the *corpus* being inalienable by him.

It was only towards the end of the last century that English husbands were prevented by the "Married Women's Property Act" from taking their wives' possessions, and the women were enabled to keep a hold on their own, so we must not be too hasty in judging native tribes who are backward in this and other respects. The Mohammedan laws of dower are now observed by the Filani, Hausawa, and others in Nigeria, and this is neither dower nor *dot* since it is the wife's own property absolutely, and is not given by the husband nor by the parents as a contribution towards household expenses, but is offered in consideration of marriage, corresponding in some degree to our marriage settlement.

And now, having given an outline of the evolution of marriage, let us proceed to examine the customs amongst the Kagoro.

The Kagoro and Moroa girls marry later than the Kajji, whose brides can hardly average ten years of age. There is, however, no age limit, for no one knows the number of years he or she has lived, and even seasons are not noted for the purpose of

reckoning ages, though the seed time, harvest, &c., are known, for much depends on them, and in any case there is not much difficulty in obtaining such elementary knowledge when rainy and dry seasons are sharply defined.

The reason for the early age of brides is, of course, the desire to profit as much and as often as possible by their marriages, as will be explained later. Girls are nearly always chaste before marriage, and even afterwards according to their ideas, and the girdle of string (*ivyan*) worn by girls is in most cases a true sign of virginity. Of course, as I was informed, "there is a thief in every town," but the exceptions to the rule must be rare. When a man goes to propose—or his father or guardian for him if he be a minor—he probably ornaments himself by painting his face, and wearing a long iron chain, if he has one, round his neck, and he takes a sum of cowries, from four thousand to ten thousand, the amount depending upon his station and circumstances and those of the girl's family, and gives them to the prospective father-in-law. His suit is often supported by friends, and if it be accepted he adds a hoe, a goat, a dog, and the flesh of another goat which is then eaten. He is then supposed to be betrothed, and can claim his wife at once if she be a divorcée, but he must wait until the next wet season if she be a virgin.

The only conditions necessary on the part of the bridegroom are that he must be able to pay the bride-price (or rather his father for him), and that he is adult. It is said by some that he must have taken a head, as mentioned before, but that is probably not correct.

Though the girl has apparently no right of choice, she has some right of veto—though I doubt if she would have the chance of exercising it if not already married—but the father's fee must be paid before she is supposed to know that she is being sought. No doubt she does know in most cases, but sometimes it may happen that the father will accept presents secretly from several suitors, and after he has spent the money simply tell them that his daughter or ward will not marry them. The Kagoro being blessed with but little property, the father probably cannot, or at any rate will not repay the money, so the only remedy the unsuc-

cessful suitors have in most cases is to try and capture him when out hunting or farming, and keep him prisoner until he has paid; or perhaps they would have sold him as a slave in earlier times. If, however, the father stays at home he is comparatively safe, for poisoned arrows are fairly efficacious for keeping unwelcome visitors at a distance. Sooner or later his friends will prevail upon him to settle the quarrel, or he may be induced to appear before a court of elders.

However, when a suitor has been accepted, and has paid up in full, a great amount of guinea-corn beer (*akann*) is prepared by his people, which on the wedding-day is taken to the house of the bride's father, where the feasting and dancing are held. It seems strange that the bridegroom's family should supply the *akann;* probably it is part of the bride-price. The festivities then commence (merely drunkenness and dancing, I understand, nothing otherwise objectionable takes place), and may be continued for any number of days up to ten, but seldom for more than three—in fact until the *akann* gives out—and both the bridegroom and bride partake of it.

The mother-in-law is said to give the bridegroom a bowl of beans or some porridge (*tuk*), but no food is provided for any of the guests, for they go home to their meals, returning again for the *akann;* it is extraordinary how people, even civilised folk, like free beer. There seems to be no avoidance of the mother-in-law, as is the case with so many tribes, where the bridegroom is not only forbidden to speak to her, but must even take to flight should he by chance meet her. This is a survival from the time when the husband first visited his wife in secret at her mother's house, and so it is the mother only and not the father who is *tabu*, though sometimes the prohibition includes several of the wife's relatives. Thus arises our joke—always so popular on the music-hall stage—about mothers-in-law being in the way. The joke is becoming unintelligible to most of us, and may some day die out, though the genius required for making witty remarks about drunken husbands, wives with twins, and bloaters will never go unrecognised, for England has few other topics so excruciatingly amusing.

Marriages of virgins should take place only during the wet season, after seed time is over, say between June and August. We know that with ourselves "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and that in Brittany many marriages take place on the eve of Lent. On the first day of the dancing, the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house by her mother, who is given two thousand cowries, or a hoe, perhaps for her trouble, and by his female relatives, and is allowed to stay and engage in conversation for a little while. She is then taken back to her mother's house, but in the evening the bridegroom follows, and sleeps with her, and the next day she again visits him. Some say that she is now allowed to stay altogether, others that she does not remain until the seventh day, but in any case she is soon given up by her people and enters her husband's family, the time probably depending on the promptness of the payment of her price, though she is not quite removed from the tutelage of her father.

At the end of the millet farming, the bride is given a tail, and she hangs leaves in front, these being the insignia of marriage, her girdle of string having been previously removed by her mother. The husband then kills a dog, and eats the head, liver, entrails, and legs, those who have helped him in his suit are given the throat, and the girl's father has the remainder, she herself having nothing, apparently. The reason for giving the throat to the friends is that they used theirs—*i.e.* talked—in his service, and this extraordinary example of symbolism seemed to me too unlikely to be true, but at the same time I think they are far too unimaginative to make up such a story on the spur of the moment, though there is no doubt that the native mind will invent a reason for everything if given time. The marriage is now complete, and the last scarification—the lines on the forehead—is performed. As has been said before, a Kagoro girl cannot lose her marriage lines, nor can she hide them from view. Probably, if the wife be well behaved and satisfactory, the father and mother will receive further presents from the husband, whose interest it is to keep in with them.

Widows and divorcées may re-marry at any time of the year,

and the procedure is much the same, except for the fact that the wife may at once live with her husband. But in the very rare case of an unmarried girl conceiving, she would be taken to the lover's house by an old man of her family, and the lover would be forced to marry her. In this case there is no bride-price—though a fine or damages would be exacted if possible—and no dancing and drinking takes place.

The first wife is the chief, and she looks after the others. She can, apparently, punish them for disobedience by slapping or in other ways, and they are not allowed to retaliate. But when considering all these rules it must be remembered that if the offender refuses to pay the penalty he or she can but rarely be forced to do so, for a man would defend himself with his arms, and a woman would run off to her father. A Kagoro or Kajji husband's lot is not a happy one.

In earliest times, concurrently with the looseness of the marriage tie there was naturally greater facility for breaking it. With many peoples, it is not even now necessary for the bride to be a virgin, the prospective husband sometimes even requiring a proof of fertility in the woman before she became his wife (as is said to be the case now in the Black Country where girls have "love-children"), and he would not always mind who was responsible for the proof since the child would be his if he owned the mother. It is no disgrace in a Yoruba girl, I believe, to be unchaste before her betrothal, and the chief of Jemaan Daroro told me that there was not a virgin in his town over the age of ten—I should have said even less. The Cow-Filani are very strict, but their sisters of the towns are rather liable to lapses, though they seem to take place more after marriage than before.

The primitive Arabs have been shown by Professor Robertson Smith to have been matrilineal, a husband being not much more than a temporary lover who would go or be sent away at any time, the wife keeping any child of the union. Then there grew up a temporary marriage (*mutaa*) even now recognised by Shia Mahommedans—though not by Sunnis—which was a compact of union for

a fixed term, becoming dissolved at the expiry of the period named.

In Bengal to-day a husband may have to execute a deed stipulating never to scold his wife, nor even disagree with her, the penalty in each case being a divorce.

We have seen how the power of the husband over his wife gradually grew to the exclusion of that of her kindred, and as the notion of property in the wife developed, the husband's power of divorce became greater and greater, and that of the wife less and less. The most unfair laws nowadays are probably those of the Mohammedans, for the husband can divorce his wife without any ceremony, and for no cause, the only check being that he will have to pay her her dower—which he probably still owes. On the other hand, the Mohammedan wife can also have an agreement giving her the power to divorce herself if the husband is unkind to her. Even with us the sexes are not treated in exactly the same way, the idea being (as is, no doubt, the case) that a husband is more injured by the infidelity of his wife than the wife by the misconduct of her husband, though the offence is usually regarded as a civil one.

The seduction of another man's wife, though at first a matter of little concern to any except the woman herself, gradually came to be regarded as an injury to the husband, who had bought her for his own pleasure alone. The offence does not consist in the immorality, but in the damaging of the property of another, for a husband can lend his wife if he likes and no harm is done, though by strict Mohammedan law adulterers can be sentenced to death by a Kadi. As we have seen, the Hausawa and others will take a money payment, but with highly civilised nations this is rarely the case, "the unwritten law" regarding the killing of the wife and her paramour with a lenient eye. We in England have something corresponding to the Hausa notion, accepting damages, and divorcing the wife and letting her go off with her new lover—a proceeding which the French, for instance, cannot understand—but in India the male offender is liable to imprisonment under the Indian Penal Code. Civilised nations, however, do not take things as calmly as some peoples, who are said to consider it bad form to show

even reluctance to the seduction of their wives though they may go off with their seducers, the latter, perhaps, in turn leaving their own wives, the deserted husbands taking them in exchange.

There are other causes for divorce, however, besides infidelity; thus barrenness, cruelty, and incompatibility of temper are good grounds in the highest as well as in the lowest stages, and where a bride-price has been paid it can possibly be recovered.

When a Kagoro girl is once married, she will seldom leave her husband of her own free will except on account of cruelty, impotence, or because of having borne an abnormal child. If she does leave him, and the husband wants her back, he will take another dog to his father-in-law, and ask him to persuade her to return to him, and this is usually done. But in some cases, although the woman herself may be quite ready to go back, her father may not be willing to allow her to do so unless the husband gives more presents, and in fact, he may induce her to leave while actually living with her husband so that he can exact some. When the woman has come to her father's house, the latter has full power over her again, and he may give her to another man in return for a new bride-price, and refuse her to her proper husband. In this case the latter has no further power over his late wife, for such an act on the part of her father acts as a divorce, and he is supposed to bear his supplanter no malice, though he may try to persuade her to return to him again. If all his arguments fail with her, he may try to take her by force, or he may give her father a still larger present than the new one has done, and so get her back again legally.

As I have said, rival husbands are supposed to feel no animosity, but there is a belief, and probably a well-grounded one, that if they meet during a raid or hunting expedition, one of them (usually, if not always, the supplanter) "will be hurt by an arrow and die." As every man has his special marks on his arrows, and the shaft which kills the rival is unmarked, the death is put down to magic; but is it not possible that on such occasions the ex-husband conveniently *forgets* to mark his arrow? This, of course, applies only when one has taken the wife of another Kagoro, for there is no bad luck involved even in the forcible

seizing and keeping the wife of a man of another tribe; on the contrary it is quite proper, and all the best people do it.

In addition to the presents to the father of the girl at the time a man wishes to have her as his wife, a further gift, or "child-price," as it might be called, must be made to him on the birth of each child, otherwise the grandfather owns them, and this obtains in the Torres Straits also. I called a meeting of the chiefs in 1909, and told them that as these frequent payments were a source of a good many of the quarrels, on my return the father would receive a present only on his daughter's marriage, and that he would have to return it if the woman ran away by his advice. The child-price would also be abolished, but the husband would have to give a present to his wife on each occasion. The chiefs readily accepted the idea at the time—though as I did not return, I cannot say whether any change has been made—for they saw that although they might lose as fathers, they would gain as lovers (and even the oldest men are continually seeking new wives), and that the woman's father would no longer wish her to leave her husband, while she herself was given an incentive to stay.

Three different accounts were given me by the Kagoro of what is done with the umbilicus of a newly born child, one being that the part was burnt, the ashes mixed with grease, and rubbed on the child's head to harden it; another that the ashes were ground and eaten with yam; and the third, that the cord was planted at the roots of yams to secure a good harvest next year. The Kagoro have but few yams, and these have been imported, so the first would seem to be the correct version; but with the Moroa, the third is probably the right one. In England, says Mr. Hartland, witches were once supposed to steal children before baptism, and to boil their bodies, part of the resulting jelly being eaten, the remainder being used as an unguent for rubbing on their bodies, and this was the orthodox method of acquiring magical powers. The second account may, therefore, be true of the Kagoro.

If a child is still-born, cold water is thrown on the face, and shovels, hoes, &c., are beaten in the vicinity—to make it hear, so

they say, but there may be some notion of the magical properties of the iron—and if there are no signs of life in half-an-hour or so, the child is given up for dead, and the body is buried.

Kagoro women will nurse their children for a couple of years, Moroa mothers twice that time, but as they live apart from their husbands meanwhile, there are no hard and fast rules. Children are carried on their mothers' backs, and if it be only for a little while they can hang on without any artificial assistance, but if to go on a journey, a child is put into a sail-shaped carrier made of leather or string, one end being tied around the mother's neck, and the other around her waist, so that the child's neck is inside the covering, a leg protruding on each side. A Kagoro mother does not put her child's head in a bag, but she gets most of its body there. The Hausa child is supported by a cloth.

If a child be an idiot, or unable to move about, it may be thrown into the water, "but not killed," so they say, though it comes to very much the same thing so far as the ordinary person can see. This usually happens when the child is between the ages of one and four, but in some cases it may be given a much longer time in the hope that it will recover and become a normal being. "It is evidently a snake, and not a human being," so I was told, "and if, after you have thrown him into the water, you go away, and then come back silently and hide yourself, you will see the child lengthen out until it becomes a snake." This custom of infanticide was prevalent in Jemaan Daroro, and in the surrounding districts also. Matchu, a Filani blacksmith, who supplied the information, told me that his grandfather, Shobin, took an idiot boy to the river side, and made him sit with his face to the stream. He and the boy's father gave the boy some *kunu*, or native broth, and while he was eating it they stole away and climbed a tree overlooking the river. Soon afterwards the boy glanced round, and, seeing no one, he began to grow until he was as tall as a tree, turning at the same time into a snake. Shobin and the father were terrified and ran away, the former tearing his leg against a log during the flight, the mark, which he had to the day of his death, being, of course, an indisputable proof of the story. It is possible that once on some former occasion when a

child was thrown in, a crocodile or some other monster leapt up and caught him, thus terrifying the onlookers, and giving rise to this myth, which really reversed the natural order. And yet, of course, the child would become part of the crocodile after having been digested, so perhaps, after all, the myth is correct, and merely accelerates the physiological processes.

If a Moroa gives birth to an idiotic or deformed baby, medicines are tried, even up to the age of ten years if necessary. The mother will nurse it for some time, and if it does not become normal may leave it with the father, and marry some one else; and she will never return to the house while the child is alive lest its evil influence should prevent her having normal issue, but she may come back after its death. When the father is convinced that it is useless to expect any improvement he calls in a Kagoro or Attakka priest, who will throw it into the river Kaduna, but he himself has to hide, for the child turns into a pillar of fire and smoke, and would consume him if present. The Kagoro and Attakka have much stronger "medicine" than the Moroa, so they do the drowning themselves, and it is just possible, judging from this and from the fact that the time of probation is so long amongst the Moroa, that the Kagoro taught them the custom.

Even in the changing of a human being into a pillar of fire and smoke we have a parallel in English folk-lore, for we find in *The Science of Fairy Tales* that Cranmere Pool, on Dartmoor, was once a penal settlement for refractory spirits, and that many of the former inhabitants of the parish were thought to be there expiating their ghostly pranks, the spirit of one old farmer being so obstreperous that seven clergymen were required to secure him, and only then did they do so by transforming him into a colt, which was given to a servant boy with instructions to take it to Cranmere Pool, and slip off the halter without looking round. The boy did look, of course, and beheld the colt in the form of a ball of fire plunge into the water, and the boy lost his eyesight in consequence. We know what we think of the Moroa myth; I wonder what they would think of ours!

CHAPTER XVII

FOOD AND DRINK

AS I have said before, the amount of filth that the European takes into his system in West Africa is accountable for more sickness than the mosquito, but the quantity of dirt which Europeans eat and drink is easily surpassed by that which finds its way into the insides of the natives, some of whom seem to revel in it. Perhaps it is necessary to their digestion, as is, I believe, the case with dogs, but whether necessary or not, they certainly get it.

The principal articles of food in the Jemaan Daroro district, so far as cereals are concerned, are maize, millet, guinea-corn, and a grain called by the Hausawa *atcha*, which makes a dish like ground rice. There are two kinds of beans, the seeds of one variety being mixed with red earth when being sown, though I could not ascertain for what reason, and of other vegetables there are yams, though these are scarce, sweet potatoes, okroes, manihots, tomatoes (a small wild variety resembling berries), and onions.

Ground-nuts and other nuts make good soup, and palm-oil is always a welcome addition to a dish, even Europeans revelling in "palm-oil chop," which looks like an Irish stew mixed with red furniture polish, chop here meaning food, and not a cutlet; while kola-nuts are being introduced, though they are still very scarce.

Of fruits there are the paw-paw, the banana, and the edible parts of the fan-palm, which taste something like mangoes, and a few limes. Pineapples are not found, though they are to be bought in Lokoja, and in fact, fruit is very scarce in Northern Nigeria generally, even limes and bananas being unprocurable in many districts. Pepper is grown and sold, salt is bought from traders,

or else guinea-corn or other stalks are burnt to produce a saline condiment; and honey, black and watery, is obtained from wild or domesticated bees.

Of meats there are the small rat and mouse, and the bat, all of which are said to be very good in soup; beef, stolen from the Filani should any be about and not particularly watchful; the red kob and other species, though I have never seen any myself in the Kagoro district, the last having been killed some time ago, I should imagine; and lastly, the goat, the sheep, and the dog, the latter a very favourite and ceremonial food. The guinea-fowl and francolin do not seem to be eaten though they are found in the district, but the fowl is kept for sacrifices and for feasts. There are several kinds of fish in the rivers, the best eating being what the Hausawa call *tarwada*, a comical-looking creature with long whiskers.

Flour, water, and sometimes a bitter herb, may be cooked and made into a kind of weak soup, and this may be drunk at any time, though it is generally prepared in the morning. For lunch, flour and cold water usually suffice—a cold comfort on a wet day, but very appetising when on the march in a hot sun, apparently. After sunset, flour is cooked into a kind of pudding or porridge, and is eaten with meat and soup, and any oil and spices which may be obtainable.

The morning and evening meals are the only ones which are cooked, and the former are often not hot, especially when on the march, the remains of the previous night's repast being polished off to save trouble. But, needless to say, the people will eat at all and any times when there is something to be got; their appetites never fail them. Cooked meat is carried when going on a journey, and some dry flour to be mixed with water, and as these and other things are put in a bag together, the mess produced is one which many a pet dog in England would turn up his nose at—and I should not blame him. I have tasted many of their soups, but I never did more than taste them, for they all seemed very bitter; the meat I never attempted—even Hausawa will eat flesh absolutely rotten, often not even troubling to cook it.

BEANS

Showing the lattice-work on which the beans grow, and the curious roof of a Head-hunter's house, looking as if it had been blown over. The woman carrying water is at the back of the house.

The head-hunting tribes in the Nassarawa province do not keep cattle, but some of the people over the Bauchi border do, even though they do not milk them, and this rather surprises one, for the land gives very good pasturage. When the people happen to be quiet, the Filani graze on the lands, and always have a good sale for their butter and milk, all the natives seeming to be staunch advocates of the sour milk cure, and when this is mixed with flour and water the absolute pinnacle of gourmandism is reached.

A white earth is sometimes eaten as a charm to secure easy child-birth, but there seems to be nothing else in this way used as food, except for the ash mentioned above.

In times of great famine the roots of a small plant are pounded up and cooked with ashes and water, or oil if available, and there are a few other articles used at such times, though despised when the ordinary food-stuffs are obtainable. I am not sure if the head-hunters eat worms, but I suppose they do. Sir Harry Johnston says that in Liberia some women eat the lice out of each other's heads, that delicacy being the perquisite for doing duty as barber. I do not know if the same holds good in Northern Nigeria, but I should not be surprised to find that it does amongst Yoruba people, for they will eat anything.

By the way, that reminds me that one day, when having the rest-house repaired, I went up to see how the work was progressing, being accompanied by Ajai, the Yoruba Court Messenger whom I have mentioned before. I was talking to the Mada(i)ki, who was in charge of the work, when suddenly Ajai made a dart at a large stone, rolled it over, and began cramming things into his mouth with evident satisfaction. I looked, and to my horror saw that he was eating live insects like cockroaches, and, turning to the Mada(i)ki, expressed my opinion of Ajai in no polite terms. "These Yorubawa," said the great man, with a gesture of supreme disgust, "would eat anything; *I* should not eat those cockroaches unless they were cooked."

All these tribes are very good agriculturists, the Moroa being perhaps the best, and they raise a good deal of guinea-corn and millet every year, but unfortunately they make most of it into

beer—or as they call it, *akann*—so that from June to October they are usually in a state of semi-starvation, and have nothing to eat but some bitter roots and what they can buy or steal. It is, as far as these peoples are concerned (and I am referring only to them), a pity that the importation of liquor is prohibited, for they *will* drink, whatever we do, and if they had the chance to obtain gin (which would be much less harmful than *akann* in the opinion of the Committee of Inquiry into the Liquor Trade in Southern Nigeria) they might be able to keep their grain for food, the want of which is the greatest incentive to robbing their neighbour's supplies. I do not say that it is better for a native to get drunk than not to get drunk, though I am strongly of opinion that one "tot" of whisky or gin after sunset is beneficial to a European in the tropics. I only say that since these pagans *will* get themselves into a glorious state of hilarity on every possible occasion, it is better that they should be able to do so by buying a special liquor than by using up their food-stuffs, and thus be forced to depend on robbery for their livelihood, especially if that special liquor is less harmful in its effects on their systems. And as far as the importation of strong drinks into Northern Nigeria is concerned, a good deal is smuggled over the border all along the boundary line, and even up the Niger, as I know myself from experience at Lokoja; and it seems rather absurd that, since there are profits, the traders should reap them instead of the Government, especially as a good deal of the stuff would not be used for consumption at all, but for currency as in Southern Nigeria. But when the liquor is consumed the object is not necessarily evil, for Sir Harry Johnston says that the use of trade-gin in the interior of Liberia, as in other parts of West Africa, seems to be much more medicinal than anything else.

The Mohammedans as a whole would be against the introduction of liquor, in theory at any rate, but all are not alike, for though very strict in many parts, in others their influence in this respect seems to be negligible. The Sa(r)rikin Jemaa thought himself very strict, and was always lecturing his son, the Mada(i)ki, who was often drunk, but even he seemed to have a good many colds which could be cured only by frequent doses of whisky.

I soon got tired of being his doctor, and after about the tenth time sent him a couple of pills instead, and these I suppose cured him—at least he had no more of those peculiar colds. Jemaan Dararo was a very drunken and immoral place, and I fear that the principal cause was the fact that carriers employed by Europeans were passing through continually with too much money to spend. That, I think, is the worst aspect of our administration; we overpay all the natives so greatly that they always have plenty to spend on vice, and since there is a demand, and at a high price, a supply is soon found.

Every compound has its own storehouses, some of which are built inside the houses, some outside, and the wife in charge of each house looks after the food supplies of her own particular progeny. Cooking is done by the women in the courtyard between the houses, which is always in the shape of an irregular circle, the doors of each house opening towards the centre.

Men and women eat their food separately. In the case of the former, four or more sit round a calabash or two (one containing the porridge, the other the soup or meat), and each man dips in one hand and scoops out a handful in turn; they say that they use spoons, or in their absence the right hand only, for this purpose, but both statements are only partially true, if indeed there is any rule in the matter at all, for I have seen them act otherwise. The women are less sociable, or, rather, are more strictly controlled, for after having given the men their food they retire into their houses, and each woman eats with her own daughters and young sons if she has any, otherwise alone.

The blood of slaughtered beasts is caught in a calabash, and is then cooked with the fat from the region of the stomach, and eaten hot. The Hausawa let theirs get cold, and sell it in the markets cut into cubes like loaf-sugar—and a filthy sweetmeat it looks. But after all, sausages of pig's blood are eaten in England! The head-hunting tribes have no markets, the nearest approach to anything of the kind being an exchange by traders who are usually under the protection of the chief at first, if of any one; they sleep in his compound, or in a special house allotted to them by him, and may barter some of their wares in

his compound before their departure next day. When the district has become quite pacified, or the traders have become friendly with other members of the tribe, they have greater freedom, both in their business and in their place of residence and length of sojourn, and as a desire for strange articles usually springs up very quickly in the human breast, the traders are made welcome. Still, there are exceptions, for even friendly and quiet tribes may misbehave occasionally—two Jemaan Dararo men being murdered after I had arrested the chief of Ambel, it will be remembered—or conservatives like the Kagoro may refuse to develop new tastes, and in those cases even the ubiquitous Hausa does not make much headway. In England, too, the foreign merchants were once the special care of the king, and a good deal of the special law and speedy method of justice applicable to them can still be traced in our legal system, for the English king protected them from his subjects in order that he himself might plunder them all the more successfully.

And the mention of England has made me remember how delicious the fresh bread and butter taste in this country, especially after the sodden loaves and rancid grease (the Hausawa are right in calling the local butter by this name) of West Africa. The beef also is good, very good, perhaps the best in the world; but I have never yet tasted a saddle of mutton that could equal those of my own country, Australia.

Honey, water, and millet flour is a favourite drink, its Hausa name of *buza* being rather suggestive, and palm-wine is drunk to some extent, but the best appreciated liquor, and the one which is the most important ceremonially, is a beer made from guinea-corn, called *akann* by the Kagoro and *pito* by us.

The method of making the first is as follows. Water and honey are boiled up together, and are then left to cool, after which flour is added, and the mixture is well stirred. When this has been done the liquor is poured off into pots which are closed with small calabashes or other articles, and mud is plastered over the points of contact, to make the whole air-tight. The pots are then placed near the fire, and after having been warmed for two or three days the liquor will be ready for

drinking. Palm-wine is, of course, obtained from one or other of the palm trees in the vicinity, and for this an incision is made near the top of the tree, and a pot with a narrow neck is placed underneath, the stream being guided to it by a short, hollow stick of bamboo. The Kagoro say that if the pots be closed up the wine can be kept for a month, but I have never known any native to keep it for more than a day, and I do not think that any head-hunter in this part would be able to set such an example of abstinence. When freshly drawn, palm-wine is very refreshing, reminding me of Chile beer, though without being so sweet or so hot as that beverage, but when it is stale it is rather bitter and sour, and leaves anything but a pleasant taste in the mouth afterwards.

Akann is prepared by soaking guinea-corn in water for a couple of days; after that it is poured into pots which are closed up with leaves of a tree resembling the banana, and left from five to six days, and, when thoroughly dry, it is ground and put by. When the feast is some three days off, water is filtered through the flour into pots, where it is boiled for two days, and, after having been left to cool for a night, it is ready for drinking, heated stones being perhaps dipped into the liquid to make it ferment.

I do not think any offerings are made of ordinary food—beer, flesh, and blood being the only delicacies favoured by the spirits apparently, but the Hausas always spit out some of the kola-nut on to the ground as an offering. This probably corresponds to European practices, for in Germany up to the end of the eighteenth century some of the porridge from the table was thrown into the fire, and some into running water, some was buried in the earth, and some smeared on leaves and put on the chimney-top for the winds. Relics of this ancient sacrifice can be found in Scandinavia to-day according to Professor Tylor; French-women throw away a spoonful of milk or bouillon, and German topers say that heel-taps are a devil's offering. Possibly our custom of leaving something on the plate "for manners" has a similar origin.

There seem to be no restrictions on the amount or the kind of food eaten by adults or children, or by males and females,

except with regard to fowls and dogs; each person seems to eat as much as he can get, whenever he can get it.

The Hausawa introduced the tobacco, as the name shows (*taba* in both languages), but now a little is grown by the Kagoro themselves and by other head-hunters, and I saw quite extensive fields of it on the Kamerun boundary to the south of the Muri province in 1907.

The Kagoro and even the Jemaan Daroro people smoke it with ash of *atcha*, or with potash, not only to make it go further, but to improve its flavour, though the smoke from potash would be extremely unpleasant, I should think. Pipes are made of wood or metal, the former being carved by themselves; but the latter are bought from blacksmiths, and are very ill-balanced and unsatisfactory to all appearances. All pipes are passed from mouth to mouth. Some of the Jaba wooden pipes are a yard in length, and have two wooden legs, a couple of inches long, below the bowl, to rest on the ground. A greater quantity of tobacco is said to be smoked at beer-feasts than at other times, but I could not hear of any peculiar rites, though women are not supposed to smoke.

Tobacco is also snuffed as a remedy for headache, and coils of the fragrant weed are used to cure other ills and grievances, for they are one of the various forms of currency in the district—and money is a wonderful medicine.

CHAPTER XIX

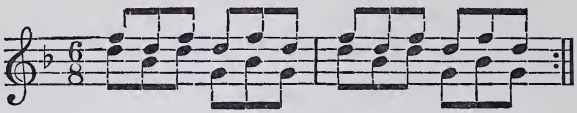
MUSIC AND DANCING

I HEARD only one Kagoro song—this particular ditty came originally from the Attakka, I believe—it being sung by a youth who walked past my tent accompanying himself on a reed auto-harp. The words, as usual, referred to events which one expects in a problem-play. These auto-harps are common in the

eastern part of Northern Nigeria. I have seen them at Amar (Muri) as well as in Jemaan Daroro. They are made of stiff reeds some eighteen inches in length, placed side by side, and fixed in position by being plaited with smaller strips of the same material. From each reed three strips are cut, but only partially, in order to leave them still adhering at each end, and these strips form the strings. They are separated from the reeds by a bridge at each end, and may be bound around with finer strips, these resembling the bass wires of a piano, while by sliding separate rings of the same material up and down, the strings could be tuned. The plaiting is carried right round to the back of the auto-harp so as to make a kind of stiff bag, and this, which forms the sounding-board, is filled with seeds, the player shaking the instrument to make them rattle while he is twanging the strings. A skilful musician can get quite a pretty melody out of it, but I could not manage to do so, although I could play an ordinary auto-harp.

The Kagoro, and many others also, make flutes from guinea-corn stalks, the notes being pure and liquid in some cases. I heard only one tune in Fada Kagoro, and it was played in thirds and fifths, but whether by one or two musicians I cannot say, for I did not see them. I should think, however, that there must

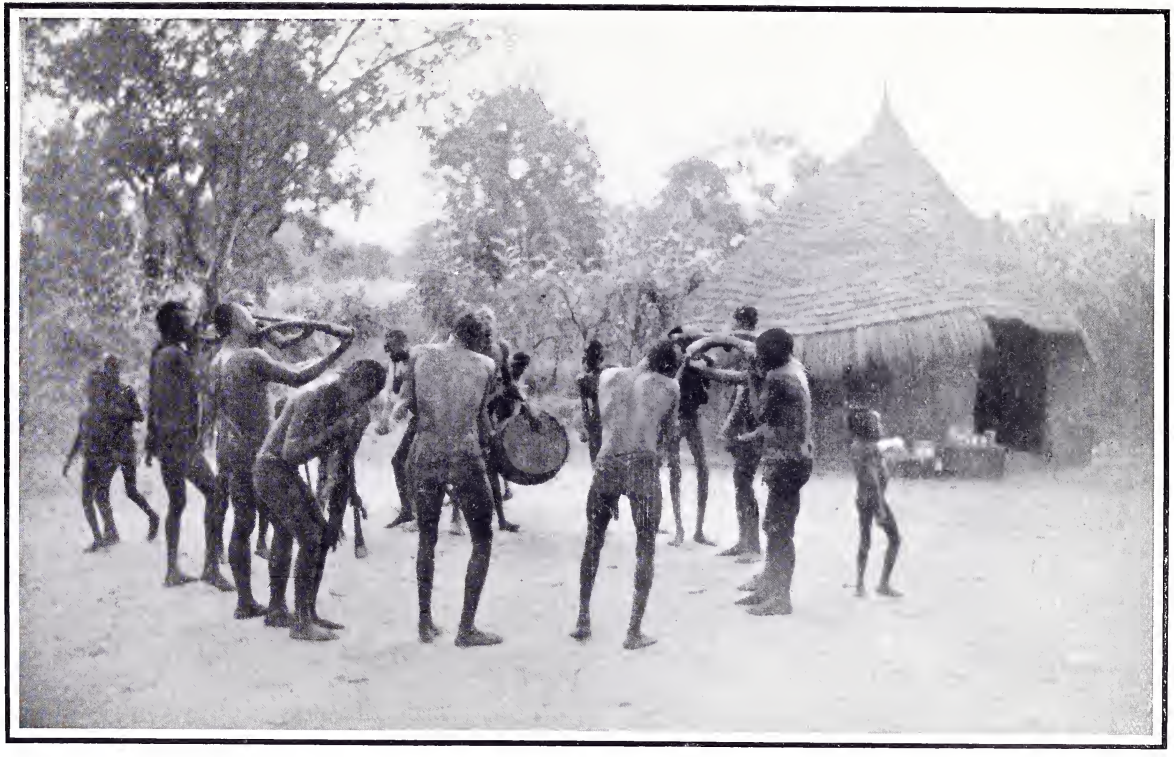
have been two, for on all the other occasions I have heard these flutes only one note has been played at a time.



At Mersa, a Kajji town, I saw (and heard) a dance on three occasions, two being for my own benefit, and one for that of a chief whom I had just appointed. One Sunday morning two of us were encamped in the town, and while drowsing in our tents (I always believe in taking it easy on that day if possible, else one is stale all the week) we heard sounds like those of an organ in the distance, and, between sleeping and waking, the mosquito curtain became a wall paper, and I imagined myself in some beautiful country village on a summer's morning, listening dreamily to a voluntary being played in a church next door. . . . I think that I must have settled down for another sleep, when I was rudely brought back to West Africa by a *Bature, ba, ka tashi yau ba?* ("O Whiteman, are you not going to get up to-day?"), and I saw at my side the black face of my boy with anxiety written all over it—not on account of my health, be it understood, but because he wished to get his work done. That, of course, dispelled the illusion, and I had to get up, for I always try to be punctual, even on Sundays within limits, for after all one must consider the dependents to some extent; they have no chance of working satisfactorily for an unpunctual master.

I found out afterwards that there was a funeral a couple of miles off, and as the concluding ceremonies had then taken place, I had missed a chance of seeing them, but when I visited the place again, I ordered the chief to have a special performance for my benefit, and this, of course, he did.

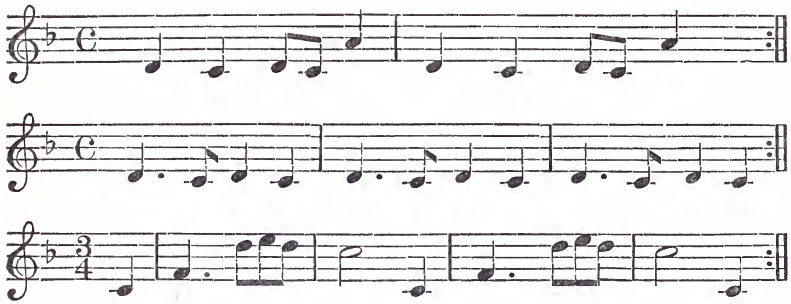
The band first arrived and placed themselves in a circle, the instruments being a big drum, a small one, and several curved horns of the antelope from two to three feet long, each having a hole in one side near the point, converting it into the mouthpiece, and some eight to twelve inches of hollow gourd fastened



MUSIC HATH CHARMS ! ! !

A Head-hunters' orchestra. The attitude of the musicians seems to have a great effect on the notes produced; after a little while all are pouring with perspiration. The hut on the right was built specially for me, and is in the Hausa style.

to the other end to lengthen it. The big drum resembled those used by us, though it was only about one-quarter the size, but the smaller one may have a skin large enough to be beaten on one side only, the body coming almost to a point underneath—resembling a true kettledrum, in fact—or else it may be a tom-tom with sides straight or curved like an hour-glass. The latter is furnished with strings connecting the two rounds of parchment, pressure on which will alter the note, and these drums are, therefore, particularly useful for signalling purposes.



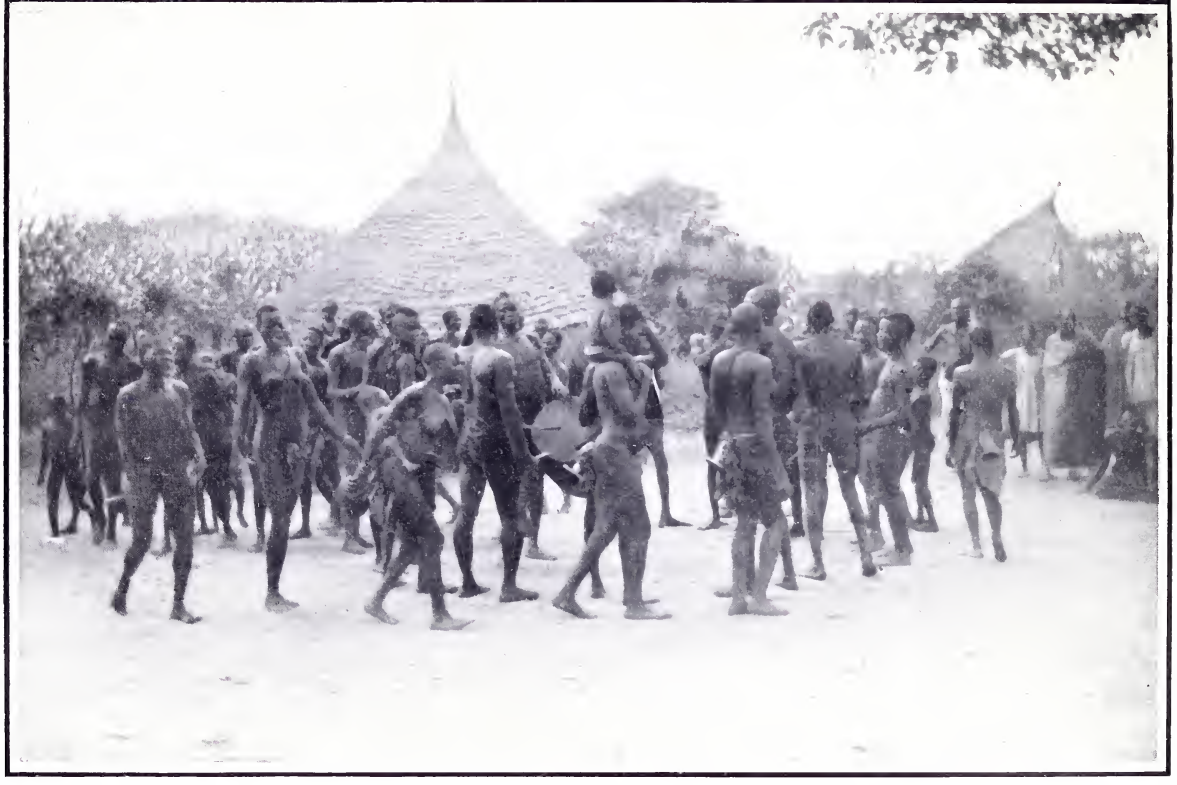
A few of the players performed solos on their horns, and got sounds resembling those of a violin out of them, so close were the intervals, though a French horn would, on the whole, represent the tone better. While playing, a soloist would go through the most extraordinary contortions, turning himself almost inside out in his anxiety to reach the right note, so after about a quarter of an hour most of them were bathed in perspiration. Music is evidently a serious business with them, and not to be lightly undertaken. After standing in a circle for some time, the band goes through a few simple evolutions, the big drummer advancing towards the centre and then marching around a few times, being followed by the side-drummer and horn-players in turn, and all halt in front of the person especially honoured, and kneel to receive his reward. They never forget *that* part, and quite rightly too.

There were no words to this Kajji music, but soon the people began to be excited by the wild harmonies, and joined in, marching round and round the band, taking three steps forward,

and then one backwards. The older men and women danced singly, and though the men simply walked sedately, it was amusing to see the contrast between them and their partners of the weaker sex, who took quite a pride in their movements, balancing themselves with their hands out while stepping backwards and forwards, and enjoying themselves to the utmost. A specially good dancer may perform a *pas seul*, and one, in doing so, became so much excited that she rushed to where I was sitting and tried to put her arms around me, greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. She almost took me by surprise, and I only escaped by putting up my feet, and by waving my stick at her. And lest this should seem ungallant, let me say I did not relish the idea of having clean ducks ruined by a mixture of perspiration and red earth with which she had made herself beautiful for the occasion. However, a dip into my bag of "tenths" (nickel coins, ten to a penny) satisfied her, and she was as gay as ever a minute afterwards, threatening others with like favours (or penalties) unless bought off with similar bribes.

Young people dance in twos and threes, or even in fours, one walking close behind the other, and catching hold under the arms of the person in front, and all keeping exact time. Mothers may dance singly and carry their babies behind on their backs or on their shoulders while doing so, and most of the women wag their tongues from side to side and squeal while dancing, this sound, which is also used as an alarm on account of its piercing qualities, being known to the Hausawa as *Kururua*.

The dance, like the music, is also a solemn performance, and though the people get worked up after a while, the exercise is not violent nor joyous, and there seems to be no pleasure in either as we would regard it. Still, many do become excited, and no doubt there is some underlying motive which is not apparent to the ordinary observer, probably connected with religion, the notes and steps having a special significance understood only by the natives themselves. The fact that the music and dancing also form part of the funeral rites lends weight to this supposition, and it should not be a strange one to us, for dancing has long been known as a religious rite. It is, therefore, rather amusing



A Kajji Dance

The performers walk round and round the orchestra, the men grave, the women gay. A tall girl can be seen on the left moving her tongue quickly from side to side, and squealing.

to hear clergymen denouncing it, though, of course, in many cases the present form bears but little resemblance to the old, where (except in the case of the Jews, who were naked before the golden calf) the sexes danced apart.

Dancing has been known from early antiquity. The Bible mentions it repeatedly, for the Jews indulged in it when they emerged from the Red Sea, and also when they made the golden calf. The young maids of Shiloh were thus occupied in the fields when surprised and carried off by the youths of the tribe of Benjamin, and David "danced before the Lord with all his might." In fact, we are told in the last Psalm to praise God "with timbrel and dance," and we sing that still. In all these cases the dance was an expression of praise and thanksgiving, and there are modern instances of its use for religious purposes, the *Danse Macabre*, or Dance of Death, being, according to Professor Tylor, a kind of pious pantomime of death performed in churches during the fifteenth century. The reason for the name was that the rite of the Mass for the Dead was distinguished by the reading of the portion in Book II. of the Maccabees, which refers to the prayer of the people that the sins of those who had been slain among them might be blotted out. Every year, in the parish church of Musgrave, in Westmorland, there is a dance which is performed by twelve young maidens, chosen by the vicar, who are adorned with garlands of flowers. Led by a band, they dance to the church, where they hang their garlands, which are to be left there till the following year, and, after prayers and lessons, more dancing is indulged in, even in the church itself. And such scenes are frequently seen in continental cities, the ballet performed in the Seville Cathedral, during the Corpus Christi festival, by boys, dressed in ancient costumes, being perhaps the most notable.

Sometimes there is a medicinal virtue in the ceremony, for in Southern India and Ceylon the devil-dancers work themselves into paroxysms so as to obtain the inspiration necessary to cure their patients, and others practise divination and give oracles while in this condition. A Highland shepherd of Strathspey is related to have had such healing powers, he having cured his own

mistress by dancing a reel with her, and afterwards many of the humbler patients by whom he was continually besieged, and, scorning to belittle his powers in any way, he, with the usual Scotch forethought, managed to die a rich man.

I am not quite sure under what category the *Bori* dancing of the Hausas should come, the meaning given to *bori* in Canon Robinson's Dictionary being "an evil spirit," "a demon," or "a delirious person." But it may mean rather the rites and ceremonies of a certain sect or society, the members of which—the *Masubori*, as they are called—simulate the behaviour of insane persons, and the condition of frenzy into which they are thrown. I think myself that "hallucination" is a satisfactory equivalent.

Bori dancing is said by Dr. Alexander to have originated in the Hausa States, at some time previous to the introduction of Islam. At first it was a treatment for the insane, but later on, it was degraded into the teaching and practice of an objectionable form of dancing, though the origin was still apparent, since the actions of the dance simulated different forms of insanity. One of his informants told him that *Bori* first appeared in a small village at the foot of a hill near to Bebeji, on the Zaria-Kano road, but another held that it was started in Jega, a town near Kano, on the Sokoto road. At any rate Gorje, the present head of all the *Masubori* (the *Sa(r)rikin Bori*) now lives at Jega, and all the *Bori* heads, on appointment as such, go there also.

The following are the different kinds or divisions of *Bori*, each simulating some kind of insanity, and every *Maibori* ("actor" or "dancer," or "person possessed"), who may be either a male or a female, in most cases will profess one or more:—

(1) *Bori Dan Sa(r)riki* ("Hallucination of being a Prince"). The principal actor does not dance, but remains seated, crying because his supposed father has not given him a present, or a "dash" (from the Dutch *dasje*, "a small piece of cloth"), as the expression is. The other *Masubori* salute him as a son of a chief, stand when he stands, and pay him the other usual marks of respect.

(2) *Bori Sa(r)rikin Rafi* ("Hallucination of being Head of

the River," *i.e.* Chief of the Fishermen, Boatmen, &c.). He pretends to be spearing fish all the time. We know of anglers even in England—well, perhaps there is no connection.

(3) *Bori Dan Ga(l)ladima* ("Hallucination of being a Prince"). He is the highest judge of the sect, appeals being brought to him from the Court of the *Wanzami*. If he agrees with the decision of the latter, he remains seated; if not, he jumps up and falls down three times, and then he gives his decision. These first three are the highest in the order, and are treated by other members of the sect as if they were really what they pretended to be.

(4) *Bori Wanzami* ("Hallucination of being a Barber"). He does not dance, but pretends to be sharpening his knife or razor, and to be shaving the head of the Dan Ga(l)ladima. He is the *Alkalin-bori* ("Judge of the sect," the word "Alkalin" being really *al kadi na*), and is consulted by the members, all of whom respect his decisions.

(5) *Bori Kure* ("Hallucination of being a Hyena"). He goes on all-fours, and pretends to be looking for goats—which, with the dogs, are the natural prey of that beast.

(6) *Bori Mallam Alhaji* ("Hallucination of being a Learned Man and a Pilgrim"). He is present at all marriages within the sect. He pretends to be old and shaky, and to be counting his beads with the right hand, and to be looking at a book supposed to be held in his left, coughing weakly all the time.

(7) *Bori Bebe* ("Hallucination of being a Deaf Mute"). He sits alone, with tears running down his cheeks, but makes no sound.

(8) *Bori Sa(r)rikin Filani* ("Hallucination of being a Chief of the Filani"). He goes round with his staff counting his imaginary heads of cattle, and then presents himself to the Dan Ga(l)ladima.

(9) *Bori Gwari* ("Hallucination of being a Gwari Man") He wanders about, carrying a load of rubbish on his back, after the manner of the members of this pagan tribe, whose country is to the south-west of Zaria.

(10) *Bori Sa(r)rikin Bakka* ("Hallucination of being a Chief

of the Bow," *i.e.* a Principal Huntsman). He moves about as if stalking and shooting game.

(11) *Bori Tsuguna* ("Hallucination of Squatting"). He lies on the ground, according to Dr. Alexander. It may be that he imagines himself to be a dog or a monkey, both of which are known as "squatters," probably the former, considering the next division. Thus a proverb goes, "The squatting is not finished if you buy a monkey when you sell your dog," *i.e.* the matter is not to be settled in that way.

(12) *Bori Birri* ("Hallucination of being a Monkey"). He climbs trees like this animal.

(13) *Bori Aradu.* It is rather difficult to render *Bori* by "hallucination" here, so perhaps I am wrong. I rather think, though, that some word is understood, and that the person imagines himself either to cause the thunderstorm (*Aradu*) or to be the spirit of it, for he gets into the possessed state only during a storm.

(14) *Bori Kaikai.* This might also be explained in a similar way, *kaikai* meaning "the itch." The person is always scratching his body.

(15) and (16) The *Bori Kuruma* and the *Bori Inna* both pretend that they are afflicted, the former with deafness, the latter with some other defect, perhaps stuttering.

(17) *Bori Mai Jan Chikki* ("Hallucination of being the drawer along of the Stomach"). He crawls with his belly on the ground, like a snake.

(18) *Bori Mai Jan Rua* ("Hallucination of having red Water," or else, "of bringing up water"). He behaves as if he had fever, and is covered with a black cloth, which is flapped to and fro to fan him. Under this treatment his stomach gradually swells, and eventually he vomits and then recovers.

(19) *Bori Kuturu* ("Hallucination of being a Leper"). He sits like a leprotic beggar, and hides his legs, pretending that they have been amputated at the knee-joint. His fingers are also contracted like those of a leper, and he holds his cap in one hand, begging for money.

(20) *Bori Janjare* or *Janzirri.* I am not quite sure of the

meaning of this. Canon Robinson gives the meaning of *janzirri* as "an evil spirit." I rather think that the word is a corruption of *hanzirri*, "a hog," especially considering the habits of this animal. Dr. Alexander says that this is the worst form of *Bori*, and is almost akin to insanity. If not forcibly prevented, the person possessed will rush round looking for all kinds of filth, and eating it, also rubbing the body with it, though an onion pushed into the mouth at once is said to be an effectual cure. Perhaps it ought to be noted that some of the ingredients of the medicine for small-pox are very nauseating, at any rate in Jemaan Daroro, and that many people will rub dirt on their bodies to make themselves repulsive—especially women when afraid of capture—so the idea is not so horrible to the Hausa as it is to us.

(21) *Bori Bardi* ("Hallucination of being an important person," perhaps from the word meaning "cavalry"). He is always in the forefront of the dancers.

After the conquest of the Hausa States by the Mohammedan Filani, at the beginning of last century, *Bori* was forbidden in the large cities. But though any one practising it was severely flogged for a first offence, and perhaps put to death for a second, it still flourished in the smaller towns and villages. Later on, it was recognised and tolerated even in the cities, for a special tax on the *Masubori* was levied annually, the amount ranging from 5000 to 200,000 cowries for each town, the value of the cowrie varying from 4000 to one shilling in Ilorin to about one quarter of that number in Bornu. It is not quite certain who reaped the benefit of this tax, but probably it was divided amongst the chiefs and headmen, and was more in the nature of a bribe to ignore the practices than a properly authorised source of revenue. After our occupation, it developed a more legal form, but serious steps are now being taken to abolish the performances.

It is amongst the Hausa, Nupe, and Egbirra people that *Bori* is held most in favour. There is another kind also, called *Kwaga*, amongst the Kanuri of Bornu, which seems to be purely a state of hysteria in some cases, of fever or other sickness

due to exposure in others, the attack being described as commencing with a fit of shivering, after which the skin becomes hot, especially in the case of one who has sat under a tree, or near to water, where a bad spirit lives. A case illustrating this came to Dr. Alexander's notice, a soldier's wife being admitted to hospital with a temperature of 103·6°. The woman's eyes were staring, and she pretended at first to be unable to speak, although quite conscious of what was said to her. The fit passed away very quickly after her admission, and her temperature yielded to the usual quinine treatment for malaria, so the case was diagnosed as such. I was asked to see a Hausa woman in Jemaan Daroro, who was so badly possessed with *Bori* that she could not be brought out of her fit. I threatened her with imprisonment, for she was shrieking and disturbing the peace generally, and there was an immediate improvement, so I have no doubt that in the Hausa form also hysteria plays a great part. At the same time, I am far from saying that the whole thing is a pretence, in fact I am sure it is not so.

Bori seems to have originated as a treatment for insanity, as has been mentioned before, the idea being that those who were really insane would be thereby less likely to commit acts of violence. It must be remembered that lunatics are never shut up amongst these pagan peoples, being regarded as people specially set apart by the gods. Extended study may determine the relationship between *Bori* proper and epileptic fits. Later on the treatment was adopted by a class called *Karua* (consisting of males and females who would amongst us be called "very fast") in order to attract more attention. And later still, young children, generally girls, who were not thriving, or who were criminally or morbidly inclined, were subjected to the influence, being supposed to be possessed of some evil spirit which had to be exorcised. To be accused of *Bori*, therefore, is not necessarily a disgrace, though many men have objected to their wives practising it. Any one of any age may learn it on payment of the usual fees, so the right to initiation is not hereditary, *i.e.* there is no strictly observed caste of *Masubori*.

The initiation, or treatment, may be carried out at the house

of the District Head of the sect—the *Ajenge*—or even at that of the patient, except among the Nupe tribe. In addition to the tuition fee, the amount of which varies according to the circumstances of the candidate, the following are necessary:—A house for the sole use of the initiate and tutor, a shelter for the *Maigoge* (one of the musicians, as explained later), a large new jar, four fowls (a white cock and hen, a red cock, and a black hen), money for the *Uwar Tuo* (literally, "mother of porridge") who supplies the food, three grass mats—one each for the candidate, the *Maigoge*, and the *Uwar Tuo*—one large ram, one small black he-goat, one white cloth, and one black cloth.

Some days are auspicious, others not apparently, and so a consultation takes place between the *Ajenge* and the *Maigoge* in order to fix the date (always a Friday) on which to commence the treatment. When this has been done, the *Ajenge* goes alone into the bush, and collects the necessary herbs and bark, the number of ingredients varying from forty-eight to one hundred and two, depending upon the season of the year and the part of the country. The *Ajenge* returns the same day, and keeps the material collected in his house for three days, after which it is put out in the sun. Then the bark is stripped off the wood, and put on one side, the remainder being put into a new pot together with pepper of two kinds, and onions, and on this water is poured and left for two days. The water is then poured off, boiled, mixed with millet flour, and made into a pap, which is put back into the pot and stirred up with the medicines there. After two days more the treatment will begin.

The bark, which had been placed on one side, is pounded up in a mortar, and by a process of fanning is divided into fine and coarse. The former is given by the *Ajenge* to any *Masubori* who may be present, to be kept by them for curing any one possessed by *Bori*, the powder being placed on hot coal, when the fumes will cause the patient to sneeze, and so recover. The coarse powder is mixed with *atcha*, and made into a firm porridge.

All is now ready, and the candidate enters the house, clothed in white—the hairy parts of the body being shaved in a man, the hair being teased out in a woman—and accompanied by a couple

of selected tutors, or perhaps by only one. The firm porridge is emptied out on to a part of the floor, and every morning the candidate kneels and eats it, without using the hands, and so acquires the power of being able to fall without hurting himself.

No reliable account could be obtained of what happened in the house, nor of the ceremonies performed there, but there is always music outside, the *Maigoge* and the *Maikiddan Kwaria* playing until tired, and carrying on again when rested.

The longest period of initiation is forty days with all the tribes, but the shortest time varies, being twenty-five days amongst the Egbirra, ten amongst the Hausawa, and as low as six amongst the Nupe; but in the case of the last named, the treatment takes place in the bush. When it is complete, the candidate is taken to the bush, if not already there, followed by a crowd of fully qualified *Masubori*, and is led to a selected tamarind tree, the trunk of which has been wrapped around with the black and white cloths before referred to, which become later the property of the tutor. The small black goat is killed near the tree, the meat is cooked and eaten, and playing and dancing go on all the time round the tree from right to left. Then the initiate is carried home, arms held up in the air, on the shoulders of a *Maibori*, who receives a reward for his trouble, and more dancing takes place near some big tree, a baobab if possible, and the ceremony is complete. After that, the initiate's friends are informed as to the particular kind, and the number of degrees conferred. The dancing round the tamarind and baobab trees may be for the object of propitiating the evil spirits which dwell there, all *Masubori* being afraid of them.

Every subdivision has its *Sa(r)rikin Bori*, who may be a man or a woman, elected by the members. When the *Masubori* wish to elect a head they give a present to the chief of the town in which they live, and he formally nominates the person whose name was given to him at the time. The *Sa(r)rikin Bori* is responsible for the behaviour of the members under his charge, the collection of taxes due from them, &c., but he is again under the Head of the District, the *Ajenge*, who also may be male or female. This person collects the necessary bark and leaves of

trees for medicines, and arranges for and receives tuition fees, which are his sole perquisite. He carries a staff, which is stuck in the ground when a performance is taking place, in order to keep off any antagonistic spirits.

For the foregoing, I am mainly indebted to the report in *The Supplement to the Northern Nigeria Gazette*, for August 1910, and in parts I have quoted it almost verbatim, rearranging the matter, however, and adding a good many explanations where considered necessary. I have been present at the dance on a number of occasions, in places as wide apart as Amar in Muri and Kontagora, and in all I have seen the same performances were enacted.

The *Masubori* squat round in a ring, the spectators standing outside. The *Maigoge* (literally, "the doer of rubbing"), or fiddler, leads the music, playing on an instrument resembling what is popularly known as a Chinese violin, of very primitive construction. There may be one or more of these, and also men playing on other instruments, the chief of which is the *Maikwaria* ("the doer of the calabash"), who plays with two short sticks on an upturned gourd placed upon the ground. Lastly, there is the *Dan Ma'aba* ("little flatterer," *i.e.* herald), who makes the necessary announcements, and, as he picks up his living as best he can, he is certain to be complimentary. Every chief has one or more, and some have dwarfs, who correspond in some degree to the jester of ancient England.

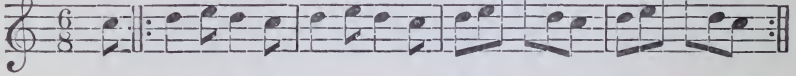
The master of ceremonies is the *Uban Mufane*, who takes all the offerings, handing them afterwards to the *Magajia* ("Heiress," or "Princess"), who gives two-fifths to the musicians, and the remainder to the dancers. Another duty of the *Magajia* is to see that none of the female dancers expose the person.

Some of the dancers go round and round in a circle until they have worked themselves up into a condition of hypnotic-like unconsciousness, with eyes fixed and staring. Others accomplish the same desirable feat sitting down. Suddenly one will begin squealing or roaring, jump up in the air and come down flat on the buttocks, which have probably been padded for the occasion by tying on extra clothes round the waist and between the legs. The buttocks strike the ground with violence, the women

especially being usually heavy for their height; but the dancer is not content with this, she also beats various parts of her body on the ground, and eventually passes into a state of momentary insensibility, after which the normal condition is regained.

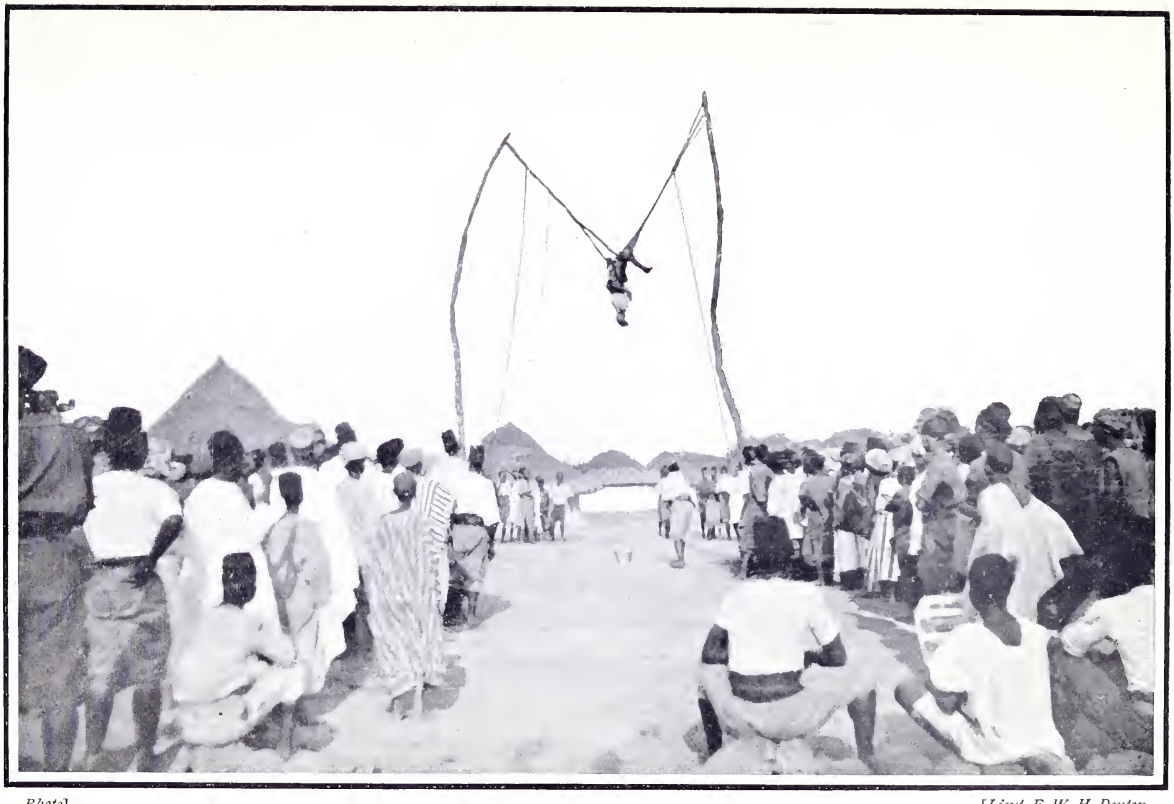
All deny that they feel any pain when thus ill-treating themselves, but many become greatly exhausted in the process, one means of reviving them being by pressing backward each uplifted arm some three times in succession, though this appears to be mostly a formal act. Another is to pour kola-nuts or cowrie shells into the mouth of the performer, who does not really swallow them, but spits them out to be collected and taken to the *Uban Mufane.* A mat is spread out in front of him or of the musicians, or both, and the onlookers are usually very generous in their rewards, the gifts being poured into the dancer's mouth when kneeling down in front of a likely donor (the fit does not seem to affect their judgment in this respect), or by throwing them on to the mats, or anywhere within the ring. The dance goes on until all are exhausted, or the gifts run out, and then comes the division of the spoil.

There are many tunes, each form having its special air, according to Dr. Alexander, but the following seems the principal one, as I have heard it on every occasion. Our notation prevents my giving it exactly, the "D" being as much D♭ as D♯, and the "B" as much B♭ as here written; and another thing which makes the air difficult to write is the fact that the native violinists are not particularly exact in their stopping.



There is a dance for women only amongst the Hausa, and though they pretend to fall down, I doubt if there is any connection between it and *Bori.* I have seen it only twice, viz. at Jemaan Daroro, and at a town three miles off, called Dangoma, during the feast of Ramadan, so the dance may have a Mohammedan origin.

Women in groups of four stand round in a circle, the musicians—drummers only in this case—standing or sitting outside.



Photo] [*Lieut. F. W. H. Denton.*

A HIGH-STEPPER

In parts of Sierra Leone can be seen the "hammock-dance, really a series of gymnastic feats on a slack rope.

One woman out of every group advances, and waltzes twice round the circle, then returning to her companions and throwing herself backwards, but being prevented from actually touching the ground by the others, one of whom catches an arm on each side, the third the head, the dancer keeping her body quite stiff. Some of the women fling themselves back with violence when excited, but they are seldom allowed to fall right down, although they seem to like going as far as possible. After the first has had her turn, the second does likewise, and when all have finished they begin again; and the dance continues for hours at a time, there being plenty of other women waiting to take the place of any falling out through fatigue.

As an exercise, too, dancing is not to be despised, as any one who is out of form or has had much experience of village hall floors will know. The soldiers of Crete and Sparta went into battle dancing, and a few years ago our Admiralty (following the example of the United States authorities at West Point) included dancing in the curriculum at the Dartmouth Naval College, not with the idea of giving the cadets pleasure, of course, but for the purpose of improving their carriage and their health, many of the movements being really gymnastics in a pleasant disguise. Possibly the hammock-dancing of Sierra Leone should be included in this class, the performer swinging himself on a hammock between two poles some forty feet in height, and turning himself over and over, or balancing his body like Blondin. He has to be worked into a state resembling hysteria before he will commence his performance.

The dance may portray incidents in history — we have a pageant taking place even at this moment—or it may be employed to represent special events, such as a battle. *Takai* is a much more sedate game, and is played by both sexes, the males being armed with short sticks. Half go in one direction round the circle, half the other, and each pair of players, as they meet each other, either hit each other's sticks (three times, if I remember rightly) if they be men, or clap hands if they be women. I am not sure what the origin of the game is, nor what is its signification; I saw it only once, some six years

ago, at a town between Zungeru and Zaria, and I had no time just then to stay and make inquiries. It is probable that it represents a battle, particularly as the word *takaichi* means "hatred"; or again, the name may come from *taka*, "to beat down," though the former seems to be the more likely derivation. At any rate, the facts that the men are armed while the women are not, and that the parties coming in opposite directions attack each other, are suggestive of some such origin for the game.

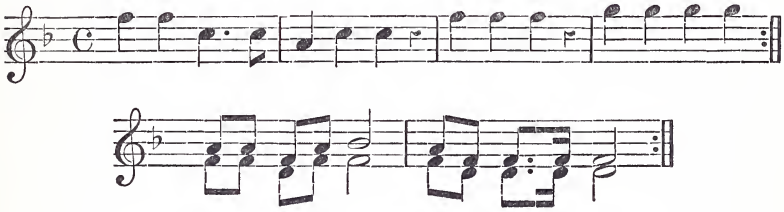
Then again, dancing, perhaps combined with singing, may be employed as a means of specially honouring an important person, as in the case of Jephtha's daughter, and later with Saul and David, the mention of David's ten thousands on that occasion being the cause of all the subsequent trouble between them. The best known instance in British West Africa is perhaps that of the Ashanti chiefs, who dance by themselves, and in silence, only before the Governor or some other high official. There was also the instance of the Kajji performance to honour me, and it is just possible that the Toff chief performed his gymnastics for a similar reason. In Ilorin it was performed by two Yoruba women after the installation of the *Baloguns* or subordinate chiefs.

But it is usually indulged in as a sign of joy and gladness, and in that signification it is most familiar to us, though there is not any baser meaning amongst Europeans, except in particular forms, such as the "Can-Can." With native tribes, however, there is no doubt that such an idea is often the *raison d'être*, not only in Biblical times, as in the case of "the children of the wicked" in the days of Job, and Salome, but even to-day, and I saw one at Randa, a Ninzam town, the meaning of which was too evident to be mistaken, the fact being worth mentioning because lascivious dances are seldom performed by men, especially when alone. Two men had small drums, the rest, standing in a circle, held short sticks in their right hands, and after singing the refrain several times, all shivered backwards and forwards in a violent manner. They then walked around the circle a couple of times, afterwards resuming their places, and singing and acting as before. Strangely enough, the words of one of the two tunes

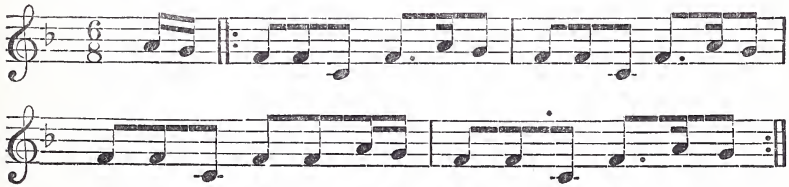
A Ceremonial Dance

Yoruba women at Ilorin dancing after the installation of the minor chiefs. Note the missing upper incisors and the caps of the men.

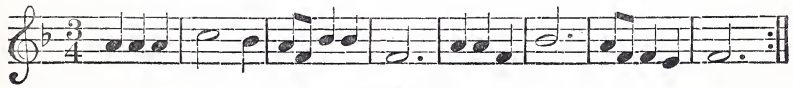
had no very apparent connection with the actions, they having been learnt from the Mada, who had evidently got them from the Hausawa, though the airs may have been local. The translations were, "Our town is full of young girls, the youths will have pleasure," and "Search for the whiskered one, ignore the salutation." What this latter means, I do not quite know, and the performers could not explain, but I think that it signifies that girls prefer young men to old, for the Hausawa (from whom the words have come) have another song, "I do not like a hairy person, the hairs prick me."



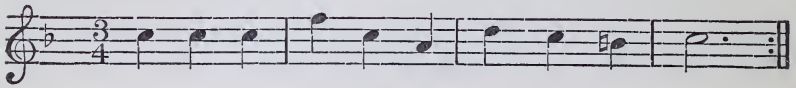
Another Hausa song and dance I noted in Jemaan Daroro, in this case the women being the sole performers; and one I heard in Prahsu (Fanti) had obscene words sung to a hymn tune, which seems rather an unnecessary insult to our missionaries.



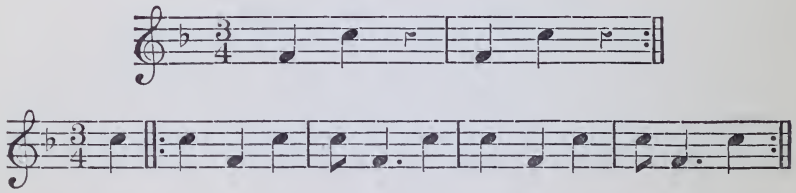
There are some songs not accompanied by dances, of course, many of them being very pretty, the serenade to the chiefs taking my fancy particularly, though it might have been played on an instrument with rather a sweeter tone than an *algaita*, which sounds like something between a clarionet and the bagpipes, though with only a single note at a time.



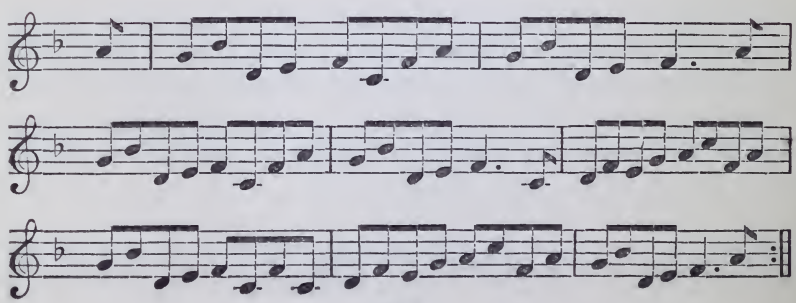
One salutation, or song of praise, I heard in the Ankwoi country as we marched, the verse—a string of compliments to the great men of the party—being sung by one man, the rest joining in the chorus with an "O" or an "Um," or repeating the last few words in a lower key.



Two other salutations are very general and are played all over Hausaland on long brass trumpets shaped like coach-horns, which may be in different keys. The words to the first are *Ga shi, Ga shi* ("See him, See him"), and to the second *Ka sauka lafia, Ka sauka lafia* ("May you alight in health, May you alight in health," *i.e.* arrive safely).



And there was another song which I heard in Lokoja, sung by a boy from Cape Coast Castle, to which place I believe the air belongs. It, like most of the *repertoire*, goes on *ad libitum* and *ad nauseam*. I do not know how it ends, I never heard it end *naturally*.



There are other instruments, the syrinx for instance, and flutes of different shapes, which are much too numerous to be described here. The xylophone is found in many parts of West Africa, though not amongst the head-hunters, and the guitar in various forms is common, particularly amongst the Hausas.

The most primitive music can be reduced to rhythm alone, according to Dr. Deniker, and so the earliest instruments were objects used simply to beat time, the present representatives being triangles, cymbals, castanets, and bones. The drum was a stage further, though it might be only a cloak of opossum skin stretched between the thighs, as in Australia. Drums of different keys were then introduced, some—kettle-drums—being still used in our orchestras, while others give a succession of notes by being compressed, as we have seen. The xylophone is also a percussion instrument, and so is the *sansa*, a kind of musical box played with the fingers by some negroes.

Of wind instruments the most ancient is probably the flute, or the shepherd's pipe, it being the most easily made, and no doubt the clarionet developed from it, while the introduction of brass gave the musician a wider range in his choice of the sounds with which to gladden the heart of man.

The bow was the first stringed instrument, the negroes of Angola playing on it even now, according to Deniker, by means of a sliding ring, and some forms of the Hausa guitar are merely a bow fixed to a sounding-board of gourd and parchment. The reason for this is easily seen when we remember that the Arabs twanged their bow-strings to accompany their war songs when marching to battle. Professor Ridgeway shows that both the harp of Northern Europe and the conventional lyre of Greece were evolved from the shooting-bow, which was bent up, the place of the string being taken by a wooden cross-piece from which the new strings were stretched, and later on, a sounding-board was found in the back of the tortoise, and in other countries in a gourd. From a round gourd, or the round end of an oblong gourd, came the banjo, brought to America by West African slaves, while from the oval gourd came the mandolin, both of which are merely shooting-bows with resonators. And the same

authority explains the passage in 2 Samuel i. 17, by stating that David taught the children of Judah the use of a musical instrument, not of a shooting-bow, with which they must have been long acquainted, his opinion being supported by the statement of the prophet Micah that David was an inventor of musical instruments.

But even the most uncivilised peoples have composite instruments, such as the *gora* of the Bushmen, and the process of combination has kept pace with the improvement in the instruments themselves, so that we can nowadays, by simple movement of the fingers, perform on strings (as in the piano), or on a wind instrument (the organ), or latest of all, in the case of piano-players, we can use wind to play upon strings by percussion.

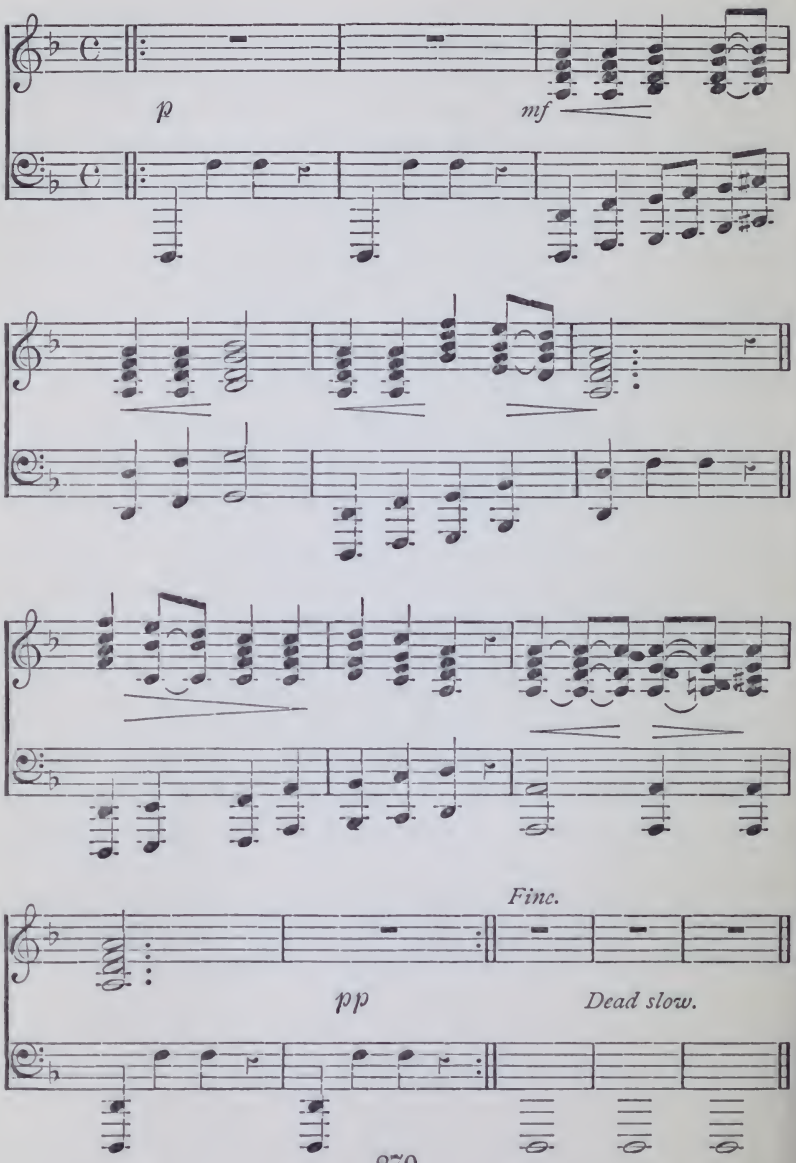
I used to wonder why all the native songs are in the minor key! They are usually sad, and have a haunting note in the melody. It is almost impossible to represent the exact sounds on a piano, because many of the chords are not recognised by European ears. I have made a better attempt at rendering them on the instrument itself than in the score, for, although vague chords can be played, they cannot be written with any satisfaction so far as I know, the scale, which differs from ours, being determined by their instruments. The British soldier loves to sing songs of the "Break the news to Mother" order, and seems to delight in the most harrowing details of misfortune and death; so perhaps the native's predilection for the minor key is not so very extraordinary after all. I myself can understand it now, for when I had fever once I composed a "Dead March," my only worry being that I could not have it written out and played at my funeral should it take place then. It did not, however, and the March, which I have called "Dis-Mal-Aria," will be in time after all; and perhaps I had better write down the reasons for the name lest they be lost to the world, and so much deep thought on my part wasted. Dismal Aria and Malaria will be plain enough to most, but (and here is where the appalling genius comes in) Mal Aria would be a Frenchman's description of the tune, and Dis-Malaria (being a negative) signifies that there will be no fever hereafter if it has done its worst on earth.

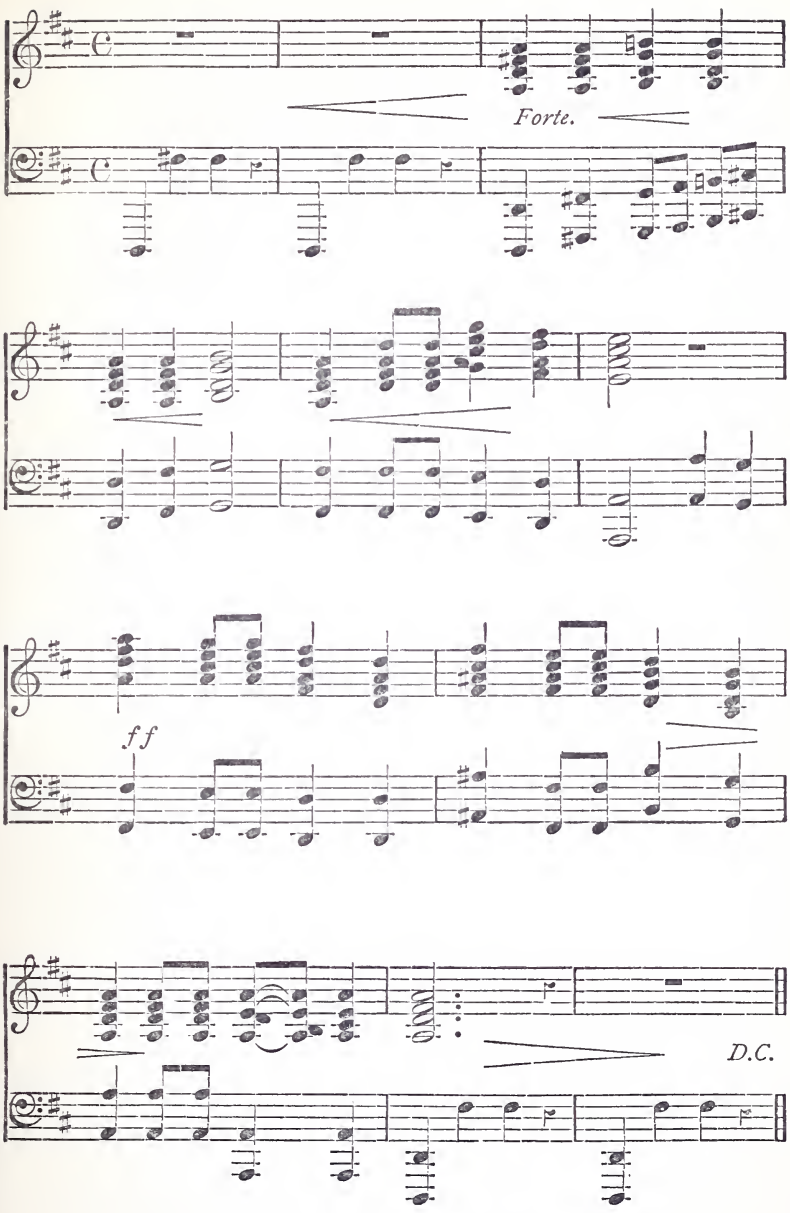
The argument is as follows:—

The first movement pictures an official in the throes of malarial fever (*mf*), and after a repeated dose of it (the fever, not the tune), he passes peacefully (*pp*) away. The second movement represents the delight of the next man in order of seniority —he is getting on in years (*Forte*)—who, by becoming sharp (the other was rather a flat), gets himself into the vacancy thus left further up the scale (in the treble). But the promotion proves to be too fast and furious (*ff*), for, although he does not exactly lose his head (*Da Capo*), he also falls a victim to the ever-recurring malarial fever (*mf* again); and once more there is a vacancy in the higher places, caused not by "Crossing the Bars," but by leaving them empty.

However bright one feels oneself, it is impossible to play tunes in that spirit on the native wind-instruments, on account of the position of the holes. I had a band at Amar composed of a policeman, who played the *algaita*, and six boys who banged the various drums and cymbals, the latter being made out of empty cartridge-cases by the local blacksmith. I taught them "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "The British Grenadiers," and "Ninety-Five," by whistling the tunes, or playing them over and over again until they had grasped them, on a wheezy travelling harmonium, which I had borrowed from one of the black clerks (who are always strong on hymns), but the effect of the minor key was rather strange, especially as some of the notes could not be played at all, and so I had to improvise substitutes. Nevertheless, the marching improved wonderfully, and the band were as proud of themselves as are any regimental musicians in London. The natives have good memories and a wonderful instinct of rhythm, and had I had time, I should have had quite a famous orchestra in the end; but, alas, time brought me to the end of my tour, as space has to the end of this chapter.

DIS-MAL-ARIA




Forte.
ff
D.C.

CHAPTER XX

A PUNITIVE PATROL

THE recall of the patrol had most unfortunate consequences, as I had anticipated, and by the end of June over a dozen Ninzam towns were fighting each other, the casualties being seven killed and forty-two wounded, according to the report of the District Headman, and to complicate matters still more the Waiwai people farther to the south had taken courage, and were busy collecting heads too.

Owing to the massacre of an Assistant-Resident and his escort in the Zaria province a little while before, the narrow escape of another in Bauchi, and my little experience in Ninzam, orders had been sent to Political Officers that they were not to take any risks which it was possible to avoid, and it also began to dawn on headquarters that all was not well in the Pagan Belt; so when I again applied for troops a Punitive Patrol was granted.

There are several grades of these. First there is the escort of eleven men which a Political Officer may take on demand from the officer commanding the detachment, and this was the usual procedure. If a greater number is required, the consent of the Governor must be previously obtained (except when the circumstances are very urgent) and a military officer is detailed to command those of his men who form the escort, as was the case when we went to the Toff country. The next class is the Patrol, and this may be for purposes of "peaceful penetration," which usually ends in fighting, or it may be necessary for the arrest of some important chief or powerful criminal. All these are in theory for peaceful purposes, and, except in the pagan countries, there will not be much excitement; but last come the Punitive Patrol and the Expedition, both of which, being intended to fight, are composed of more men, and are more liberally supplied with ammunition.

A PUNITIVE PATROL

A Punitive Patrol was sanctioned at last, as I have said, and the new officer commanding at Jemaan Daroro and I went to Akwa on the 17th July, where we met the Keffi contingent—really met them this time. Its strength was two Europeans, eighty native rank and file, and some hundred carriers and others, while we from Jemaa numbered the same as the similar party the previous April, except that I had some fifty chiefs and followers with me.

Owing to the rivers being in flood the marches were very slow, for we had to wade through the shallow streams, and cross many of the bigger ones by means of suspension bridges made of "tie-tie." It was quite a gymnastic feat for us Whitemen to get over some of them, but the poor carriers with their loads had a very much harder task, and in fact a few were so much frightened that they were unable to do so unaided, and as not more than about three could be on the bridge at the same time on account of the rocking, our progress was exceedingly slow. However on the 19th we reached Zambur, where shelters had been erected for us by three friendly Ninzam chiefs, one of whom was the father of the wife whom Awudu had murdered, and so was on our side, of course. And, on arrival, I sent word to the surrounding rebels to come in at once and submit, or expect immediate punishment.

It might be as well to state before going further what the procedure is on these occasions, for, though war is always cruel, we err, if at all, on the side of leniency. Even when on a Punitive Patrol every opportunity is given to the offenders to repent in time, arms being employed only in the last resort, and sometimes, even after the last ultimatum has been refused and the force has been formed up for attack, an extra message is sent, saying how soon we shall advance. The people are always warned to get their women and children out of the way, in case they have not already done so, and, if punishment *has* to be inflicted, it is finished as soon as possible.

It is rather sad to think that it should be necessary at all, but in a dangerous country stern measures must be taken, for were no notice taken of an attack—or even an affront—to one European, the next one would probably be murdered, and there could be no

control whatever maintained over people whose respect is given only to those who can enforce it. Again, it would never do to let every one off scot free directly they gave in, for they might invariably give trouble when the Resident was alone, and always give in and escape punishment on the appearance of a patrol; a criminal in England does not go unpunished because he gives himself up when escape is out of the question. Nor would it do to promise that there would be no penalty, and yet to inflict one on their submission, for that would put an end to all confidence in the representatives of the Government. The only fair way is to impose a general fine on the people of the town concerned, and special penalties on the principal culprits, with the warning that unless the conditions are complied with by such and such an hour force will be resorted to, and this is what usually happens in such cases.

Of course it would not do to lay down conditions impossible of fulfilment by the particular people concerned, but the Political Officer (who orders everything prior to the actual hostilities) will know the capacity of the town, and after all we are not naturally unjust. We still have the same feelings of pity as our fathers and brothers at home; we do not necessarily develop into wild beasts because we live in a dangerous country, though one would think so sometimes to read the papers. Perhaps, on the whole, we have a good deal more true sympathy with the natives, for we know them as they really are, whereas many of the arm-chair philanthropists gather their information from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or from reports of the proceedings after the Indian Mutiny. I have heard men laugh at the idea of some miserable prisoner having been a dangerous chief; but an armed savage, free, excited, and in command of an armed horde which has been worked up to fever heat, is a very different-looking person to a cowed convict whose spirit has been broken. Those men might not have been so ready to smile had they seen him in his natural character, and in his own country. No doubt a trussed Englishman is not a very terrible spectacle to the cannibals who are about to eat him, though when free and armed he was not exactly an enemy who could be despised.

No reply having come to my messages, we attacked three

towns on the following day, and had a little fighting, but there was not much resistance, and, beyond securing some food (which was set off as part payment of a fine), the day was not very eventful.

On the 20th we did the same thing in a different direction, and the following day went to Ungual Kaura, Fada Wate, and Ungual Maitozo to look up my old friends there. Alas, they had not the manners to wait for us, and we received no warm welcome such as we had been led to expect, but we destroyed the houses as a punishment. As I have said before, I had to hang the chief of Ungual Kaura, and his brother gave out that because I had taken his (the chief's) head he would have mine. I sent to him to say that I was bringing it for him, though upon my own shoulders for convenience' sake, so it was exceedingly impolite of him to be out when I called. He came to Jemaan Daroro afterwards to repent, and I installed him as the new chief; for West Africa is a country where bygones are allowed to be bygones, and he was the next heir to the position, and the best man available for it.

There was one man whom I was very anxious to catch, namely, the lame Mada(i)ki of Fada Wate who had stabbed the carrier, and, hearing that he was hiding on the farm some five miles away, we started off about 3.30 next morning to surprise him. Unfortunately the rear of our party lost its way, and took the wrong road, and we were thereby delayed so long that it was daylight before we arrived, and the birds were of course flown. A house was pointed out to us as his hiding-place, and we charged up, the O. C. in his shirt sleeves cheering his men on, his boy following close up with his sword, I with a walking-stick (I did manage to hit a man with it once), the doctor with his umbrella, and the subaltern with a golf-stick—quite an awe-inspiring party — and were fearfully disgusted at finding the place empty. When we looked around and saw each other we burst out laughing, though before that the excitement had prevented our seeing anything incongruous in our appearance. We managed to get some of the missing man's property, though, and entered it as part of the fine, and we heard afterwards that we had been within five yards of a hole in

which he was hiding at the time. He was killed in action last year.

The chief of Amar, one of the biggest of the Ninzam towns, had been friendly in March, but had meanwhile gone over to the other side, and so we had to pay him a visit too. It was rather hard luck on him, for he was forced into it to a certain extent, and we were not too severe on Amar; but he was evidently not beloved by his gods, for he came out against us, and, as luck would have it, he was wounded in the foot, thus, on the whole, doing rather badly.

On the 24th we went to Randa, another Ninzam town, where shelters had been erected for us, and, having had a pretty hard week, we determined to rest on the next day, Sunday, when I managed to get the song given elsewhere. Here I heard that the Waiwai, a tribe living on two big hills near Randa, had attacked a Ninzam town after we had been there, and, although I myself was quite entitled to punish the people for their misbehaviour, I was not going to allow any one else to do so—in fact their payment of tribute implies an obligation on our part to protect them against others—so I determined to visit these gentry.

The Waiwai are an offshoot of the Mada tribe, being head-hunters and, of course, slavers. They had never been visited by any one before, and were rather sceptical of the Whiteman's power to enter their towns, so I thought that their conquest would be an excellent lesson to the surrounding tribes who were terrorised by them. Again, as if to make certain that we should come, an impertinent message was sent to us, asking why we did not fight them as well as the Ninzam, and saying that if we did come they would provide a suitable reception. I knew that all the surrounding towns would hear of this, and there was now no help for it, though I cannot say that we were much disappointed at the turn events had taken, for I had several scores to pay off against the tribe.

On the 26th, therefore, we left about 5.30 A.M., and reached the first village, Ungual Ancho, at 8.10. Passing through this, which was empty, we advanced towards a steep and narrow path leading to the next village, and we were about half way up when, suddenly, the familiar sound of "thith, thith" was heard, and

arrows began falling around us, coming from a hill just opposite the path. The O. C. sent the advance guard on at a run, and they, mounting the rise, were able to fire over our heads, and dislodge the assailants. Then, leaving a section to watch the place until the carriers and rear-guard had passed, we pushed forward and were soon engaged in front. However, the resistance soon eased off, and by 10 o'clock we were able to have breakfast.

That finished, we split into two parties, the O. C. and the doctor going along the top of the hills, and the Jemaa subaltern and myself (the two fat ones of the party) taking the lower ground. The upper column was soon engaged, and, after about ten minutes, its bugler sounded the "assembly" several times in succession, so I brought up the Maxim, the other section covering our passage from below. We had to pass close to high grass on the way, and, seeing it waving, we knew that a little surprise party was waiting for us there; so we managed to find a higher path to the left, thus out-ambushing the ambush, and, when above the patch, poured in several volleys, the yells telling us that our suspicions had been correct. If they had only kept still, we might have gone straight on, and been "scuppered" beautifully, for we were in a hurry to press forward, as the upper column was evidently in difficulties.

Our way was now clear, and we soon rejoined our comrades, who we found had been attacked by this very party (but on their left flank and rear) at the same time as a larger body was disputing their advance from the front. The rout of the ambush and the arrival of the Maxim soon put matters on a different footing, and, after a while, the opposition melted away, and we got into a more open spot, whence we could see Waiwais running in all directions towards the Mada country to the south.

The next village we came to was built on the lower side of one of the hills, and we found many natural caves formed by big boulders of rock. Some of these were inhabited, and one or two men had somewhat unpleasant surprises on entering them, but the resistance was really over, and as darkness was coming on, and also the rain, we started on our march back to Randa, having had a long and tiring day.

About two hundred men from this place had come with us, wearing strips of bark round their foreheads to show that they were friendlies, and the stock captured was handed over to them to take back to our camp. We had hardly started when a tornado came down, and our journey home was anything but pleasant. As we got near the town a lot of Randa men managed to run away with their charges, and this disgusted us very much, considering that our fight that day would probably do the people of Randa more good than those of any other town, for the Waiwai had always terrorised them. However, even that was not so bad as our experience at Zambur and Fada Wate, where we found that some of the carriers had killed and hidden many of the sheep and goats *en route*, and were sneaking back to eat them after dark. A European will get a lot of disappointments if he looks for gratitude in a native; there is no past for a black man, there is no future, the present is the only time he is interested in. After all, why should he bother? He is much happier thus, and even those whom we protect would prefer our room to our company, forgetting that did we go they would be as much a prey to the stronger tribes as they were before our arrival.

I had managed to save a woman who ran out of a cave just under where I was standing, recognising just in time that she was a woman by the baby on her back, and I sent her to the people to say that they had received their lesson, and would have to come to Jemaa to submit formally on my return, and that if they did so we should thenceforward be friends instead of enemies. I am glad to say that most of them did so, and, although it is too much to hope that they will drop all their quaint habits straight away, there is no doubt that, as a great deal of their self-esteem was shattered, and their evil influence abolished, they will think twice in future about inciting other tribes to resist. So long as the Waiwai were untouched they tried to persuade the Ninzam to fight, they raided surrounding peoples as they pleased, and other tribes, seeing them so happy (in a head-hunting sense), naturally tried to follow their example.

This is always a problem in such a country as Northern Nigeria; the Government cannot lay down a rule that the limit of control will extend so far and no farther, for the tribes inside the boundary will always want to know why they are forced to obey when those in the next hills are left alone (not understanding the "imaginary line drawn from A to B," &c.), and so the boundary has to be constantly extended. Again, these tribes are nearly always deadly enemies, and to prevent one under our protection fighting another not so blessed, while still leaving the people open to the attacks of their old foes, would be the height of injustice. A wild tribe will often attack one paying tribute simply because of this very fact (do not wild birds kill a tame one?); and if by taking their tribute we assume the suzerainty over them, it is only our duty to give them something in return, namely, protection. And apart from the question of justice, it is wise on account of policy, for natives soon realise the difference between a good and a bad bargain.

We rested on the following day, and on the 28th went to Ankirra, where the Mada(i)ki of Jemaan Dararo, the District Headman, had been stoned a month or two before, and, after staying a couple of days without having any trouble, we went on to Giddan Sa(r)rikin Ambel.

On our way we passed Tare, the people retreating as we advanced, though there was some resistance, and later on an attack was made on a small escort sent back with a mail-runner. We had not sufficient time to return then, but a note was made of it for future reference, and the town was subdued last year, though whether finally or not I cannot say, for it has given trouble every year since our arrival.

It is a common mistake to think that when a tribe has once been beaten it will cause no more trouble, and I have seen glowing reports (written, usually, just as a Resident is going home) of the peaceful time in store for the district after a successful expedition. I think that so long as the wild pagan is as warlike as he is, and so long as we repress his little failings, whether looting, enslaving, head-hunting, or what not, there will always be a *possibility* of trouble, and any weakness on our part

will sooner or later convert the possibility into fact. The difficulty is, that a Political Officer is expected to report that all within his jurisdiction is satisfactory, and will remain thus for ever and ever, amen. If he cannot, he will be blamed for not having made it so; if he does report favourably, and there is trouble later, he will probably be on leave, and so his successor will be blamed for it—and that is much more satisfactory. I have known a tribe described as thoroughly dependable, even when they had refused to pay tribute for some time. But this is a dangerous subject, and to turn away from local affairs to safer channels, I might ask how many times the Ashanti have been reported as certain to be absolutely friendly in future? The treaties between us and them always seem to have contained some beautiful sentiment of perpetual peace, and the illusions have invariably been rudely shattered.

The late chief's house at Ambel easily held the whole of our little force, about 250 all told, and the *zaures* made quite good mess-rooms. From here we made two excursions, one to Arom, which was unsatisfactory, as we found the town deserted, the other to Ayashi, which did not prove quite so profitless.

Ayashi is a collection of villages built on a spur of the "Bauchi Highlands," which we ascended when going to Toff. The people are cannibals and head-hunters belonging to the Nadu tribe, and they pierce both lips and the septum of the nose for the reception of bone, wood, or other ornaments. They had previously been "thoroughly subdued" (*sic*) on several occasions, and had remained quite friendly until the patrol was out of sight, but in each case they had then resumed their little failings as of yore.

They are said by a former Resident who visited them to be Phallic worshippers, but I was unable to find out anything definite myself. He also noted that directly they had given in, the people came to him with many complaints to settle, hoping no doubt that he would give a ruling contrary to that of their own chief in cases already decided against them. I have noticed this myself, too, but I am always very careful in such circumstances, for it is impossible to know the real rights and wrongs according to the people's own laws in so short a time. Another request is for a

charm to ensure childbirth, and as there is no reason to believe that these natives are particularly sterile, I suspect the charm is rather to ensure the birth of a child out of the ordinary than of any one at all, the Whiteman's charm being naturally more mighty than those of their own medicine men.

On the 2nd August we attacked the place in two parties, and had rather an exciting day, for the people had caves which they had built up to form quite comfortable dwellings with very narrow mouths, which were up on top in some cases. The cover they afforded was excellent, and we would be shot at without knowing whence the arrows were coming. The only way to enter some of the caves was by dropping down feet first, not a particularly safe or pleasant proceeding, for the defenders had time to get off several arrows and escape before the intruder's eyes could become accustomed to the dim light. However, not very much harm was done on either side, and as I could see that to subdue the place would take at least a week, we came away again, having managed to capture enough goats to pay off most of the outstanding indemnity they owed; and I also brought away a couple of Ayu heads (now in the Cambridge Museum) from one of the little temples. These were small round huts with skulls of men and animals (of which the noses were stuffed with leaves) stuck in the mud of the walls, the whole being then whitewashed. One of the temples had one comparatively thick pillar on each side of the door, but most of them were simply glorified huts with the usual conical grass roofs, though on a smaller scale.

On the 4th of August we shifted our camp to Gwade, an Ayu village, and next day we visited Aro, a Kibbo town a little way up the Bauchi hills. We had passed through it during the preceding November, and here again the tribute was overdue, so I had then warned the chief to take it in to Jemaan Dararo, but this, as soon as our backs were turned, he had refused to do, and had subsequently driven one of my messengers out of the town. On our way we met a deputation coming to meet us to say that all the tribute and the fine would be paid on the following day; but as I knew that the people had been watching us, and had made up their minds to submit only when they saw us coming, and that

there would be a similar message on the morrow, I determined that they should not get off quite so easily as they thought they would. I therefore sent them back to the town with an order that all must be ready on our arrival, and that we were following. Of course, it was not ready, and we had some trouble in getting it, but as the rain was coming down hard we were not sorry for the necessary delay, as we were able to wait under shelters. There were some amusing incidents, too, which made the time pass away quickly, and before long all was complete.

As soon as they had handed over the full amount, all the people disappeared, and we began to expect trouble, and soon there were shouts from one flank of "Zuma, Zuma," and sure enough clouds of bees were flying towards us. Luckily they were stupid—with the rain, I suppose—and did not sting us, otherwise we should have had rather a bad time. They are, as I have said elsewhere, frequently used in defence of a town. I had not intended burning the place, but this act decided me to do so, both as a punishment, and also to keep off the insects, for there was a chance that they might become lively; and under cover of the smoke we left the town and returned to camp. Next day the chief and his headmen visited us and promised to give no more trouble, and I hope that they will keep their word, though I doubt it considering their past record.

From here we returned to Jemaan Daroro, and had a day at Tafa and Jigya, Kagoro towns which had always been troublesome. Most of the Kagoro had unfortunately found it inconvenient to be in when we called, so we did not have very much excitement, and after half-an-hour or so it was all over. We slept in a zareba, however, for the Kagoro had attacked at night on a previous occasion, and next day we returned to Jemaan Daroro.

The O. C. and the doctor left for Keffi on the 11th, and the Punitive Patrol was over, and then came the office work of writing reports, sending in accounts, &c., which took all my time for the next fortnight, most of the work being done in bed owing to a poisoned leg, and an attack of blackwater fever.

I have generally kept clear of names in this book, for the law

of libel has been reduced to such a fine art nowadays (and the damages are, apparently, twenty times as great as in cases of divorce), that one might be ruined even though on the whole he was praising a man. But I do not think I need be afraid to say that the officer commanding the patrol (an ex-member of the West Australian Police, by the way) was one of the pluckiest men who have served in Northern Nigeria—and that is saying a good deal. The Medical Officer, though he nearly died of pneumonia through the exposure, never thought of sparing himself, and as for the Jemaa subaltern I think it would be impossible for any one to have aught but praise for such a good fellow as he was. Unfortunately, both of us had had our knees poisoned at Aro with palm-spikes, and were laid up for some weeks afterwards at Jemaan Dararo, his being the worse of the two.

The conditions under which we worked were very bad, and in some ways the travelling proved worse than the fighting, though the hills were not like those of the "Bauchi Highlands." It was at the height of the rains, and every river was flooded, and though in some parts tie-tie bridges had been made by friendly natives, as I have stated, in the hostile country there were not even these, and we had to improvise rafts or else swim on gourds. Some of the rafts were strange-looking craft, tents filled with dry grass, palm-oil dishes, logs, anything; and when each deep river meant four or five hours' delay in the rain (and it *can* rain in July), we almost began to wish we had been born frogs rather than human beings.

However, rivers do not flow everywhere, and there were usually amusing incidents to take one out of oneself; besides, the native is always ready to laugh, and he expects to be encouraged to do so; so the time went by, and the difficulties were overcome with much less distress to mind or body than we sometimes expected. The two of us from Jemaa were rather heavy, and the soldiers would yell with delight at our un-Blondin-like efforts to preserve our balance while sitting on a raft shaped like a truss of hay, and flush with the water-line, or our hanging on to a man's hair while being carried on his shoulders. We all agreed excellently, and that was a very important factor, for we were wet through more

than half the time. The official approval of the operations was some return for what we had gone through, for we were told that "most excellent work had been done during the patrol under the most trying circumstances," but I think that we might have been given a medal.

I had had a good many of the chief's followers with me, the headmen of the districts passed through, guides and messengers, and also some to take charge of the captured stock. The District Headman of Ninzam (the chief of Sanga) and several of the others died from exposure, and nearly all our horses were lame, so the hardships of the patrol can be imagined. The present chief of Sanga is the old man's nephew, he who was reported as killed in the previous March by the people of Ungual Maitozo. He had managed to escape, though hit with an arrow, and had been sent home by a safe route by the chief of Amar, who was then friendly to us.

The soldiers are good fellows, and when properly led they can accomplish almost anything. Their officers on this occasion suited them perfectly, and in saying this I do not include myself, of course, for I was merely a supernumerary when once the fighting had commenced. Natives are usually younger in mind than we are, they are fonder of play, and a little laxity while off parade prevents a good deal of punishment later on in their case. One expects the soldiers to be courageous, and they are, but the fact that the carriers are also brave strikes me even more forcibly, for they cannot hit back. It is one thing to fight a man with a superior weapon in your hand to the one he has; it is quite another when you are not only unarmed but are handicapped with a load. I have sometimes equipped them with the soldiers' machettes to give them a chance if in difficulties, but even when defenceless they are splendid.

It is, of course, very unusual for a patrol to be sent out in the rains. Most of the expeditions take place about January, when the weather is beautiful, the grass has been burnt down, and the food is plentiful; but as the Ninzam district was in a state of anarchy, and the Waiwai, Ayashi, and Kagoro also wanted punishing, we had no choice but to undertake operations at once.

There are other disadvantages besides the bad weather overhead, for when the grass is high a bow and arrow is almost as good as a rifle, and the constant immersions in streams and scarcity of food soon tell on the Europeans.

Perhaps airships will before long play an important part in warfare, though, judging by what I saw at the Hendon Aviation Tests last May, great improvements are still required—improvements, however, which will certainly be made. The cost of an aeroplane would be very much less than the upkeep of a single company for only one year, while it would be invaluable against hill savages. And an air squadron would be a humane institution, for the terror caused by the appearance of such vessels would probably make any bloodshed unnecessary. No one wants to kill these poor wretched pagans, but if the tribes will murder or raid each other for slaves, and if, instead of stopping when ordered to do so, they attack the would-be arbitrator, what else can be done? If a large force is taken, one has the feeling that it is rather unfair to give the other side no chance of victory, yet if the escort be too small it can do no good, so political reasons make it absolutely necessary to swamp the opposition at once if possible, otherwise there will be much more fighting, and, of course, much greater loss of life in the end. Besides, if we are to stay there, if we are to have any authority at all, punishment must follow the crime immediately. A boy at school who does something wrong is not called to account at the end of the term, but will probably have an unpleasant interview with the "Head" before twenty-four hours are over.

It seems rather unfair that no medals are given for these "small shows," especially considering that men in St. Helena received the Boer ribbon, and militia officers who were embodied even in England were granted honorary rank in the army, while naval officers and men received the Somali medal for simply landing the troops. Again, many of the native soldiers on the Ninzam patrol had been on active service over a dozen times and yet remained undecorated. And this injustice is not confined to West Africa. Would it not be possible to have an Active Service Bronze Star to be awarded in every case where no special medal

has been sanctioned to those taking part in such operations (there is a precedent in Ashanti), the ribbon either to be of a special pattern, or to be that of the general service medal of the particular country concerned? At present in the Army List, and when in uniform, the man who served in St. Helena may seem a much greater warrior than the one who has seen half-a-dozen small fights against savages, while as I have said before, a messenger-boy is often more liberally decorated than a Crimean veteran. And that is not fair, for after all, a war medal is supposed to indicate active service, and conversely, active service should be rewarded with a medal. The conditions could be, say, (1) that the patrol had been officially sanctioned, (2) that the grantee had had leave to be present, or had necessarily been present, and (3) that fighting had actually taken place. And the grant should be made even to troops who had been defeated, so long as they had done well, for the fighting in that case would probably have been much more severe than if they had been victorious.

We fought seven tribes altogether in the July and August, and none of us regrets our experience; at the same time all of us, both white and black, would have been pleased at the grant of a "ribbon."

CHAPTER XXI

OCCUPATIONS

THE commonest form of basket in the northern head-hunting towns is in the shape of a calabash, the weaving being of the simplest form. Some of the southern towns add a handle to theirs, and there is another kind used for carrying water or honey which is made waterproof by being daubed with mud. Goat-skins form bags for grain, but most of the sacks are made of straw. Jemaan Daroro is noted for the excellence of its grass sleeping-mats, which are well made, artistically coloured, and pliable.

No pottery is made in most of the Kagoro towns, the Attakka supplying their requirements in this respect. It is possible that the want of a suitable clay was the original reason of this, but there is certainly a prohibition against it now, for Attakka women who have married Kagoro men are not allowed to make pots at home, but must go to their own country for the purpose, being at liberty to return, however, after having done so. It is said that ill-luck will overtake the Kagoro if they ever permit the manufacture of pottery in their own country. The pots are quite plain and burnt black, there being no decoration or varnish.

There are several methods of pot-making amongst the Hausawa, but in none of them is a wheel employed, so far as I know. I saw one method at Jemaan Daroro, the potter being Salifu, Sa(r)rikin Ginni ("Chief of the Building"), the same term being used for a house-builder. Clay of a light yellow colour was obtained near a stream close to Arusua, a neighbouring village, whence it was cut with a hoe and put into a straw waterproof covering, and brought to the house in Jemaan Daroro. Then a certain kind of mud was taken from another stream, the Rafin Gwalliki, and after having been dried in the sun, it was kneaded and mixed with the

clay. Water was then poured on this mixture, and it was left thus for a day.

Early next morning, dry dust was sprinkled on the floor, and the clay was kneaded up in a lump and pressed together. It was then picked up, and dust was sprinkled on it also, so that it should not stick to anything, and after that it was again kneaded, and made into the shape of a large pancake, or pat of butter, some twelve inches in diameter and one inch or more in thickness. The next stage was to spread it over an inverted pot, which the Hausawa call "the donkey-of-building," and to mould it with the palm and a piece of wood shaped like a "Scotch hand" into the form of a dome. After having been wetted and smoothed, it was placed aside, while the potter repeated the process on other pots.

After some four hours, the dome was removed and turned upside down, and the potter then placed the fingers of his left hand inside the rim, and steadied the pot, while he beat the rim in from the outside with the Scotch hand until the pot had assumed the shape of a bowl. The edge was then trimmed with a sharpened stick, or knife, and after that, a roll of clay was prepared, about one foot in length and some one and a half inches in diameter, which was placed around the opening, thus thickening the neck, and making the hole smaller. The operator then took a small piece of soft leather, and having wetted it, placed it astride the roll of clay. He seized this with his left hand, and went round and round the pot backwards, steadying it with his right until the roll of clay had been squeezed up into a bell-shaped neck.

This ended the pot-making proper, the next step being the decoration, and for this a small piece of string—about three inches long—was then rolled slantwise around the shoulder of the pot, the pressure leaving a corresponding pattern. Sometimes extra rolls of clay may be placed around the body of the pot for strength, and perhaps to keep the spirit in, and so prevent the pot from breaking on its own account, and one I saw had three pairs of small cones. Salifu told me that the cones represented breasts, and were to show that the pot was a female, and as there are similar decorations on pots in the Cambridge Ethnological

BASKET-MAKING

A Kajji woman making a basket. She is holding it up at my request, so that I may see it better; otherwise it would be placed upon her knees.

Museum, this must be correct. These cones and the extra rolls are not made on the body of the ordinary pot or *tukunia*, but only on those pots which are to be used for oil (*telle*, &c.), the reason given being that the *telle*, being stronger, and probably remaining in the house, lasts a long time, and so if the owner becomes tired of it he can change it for another, as a man can his wife. But the *tukunia*, being always taken to the stream, is not changed, for it will not last long enough to make its owner tire of it, but it, like the male, "will remain in the family until it dies." This may or may not be the true explanation.

The pot was left for some sixteen hours (*i.e.* until next morning), and was then baked for two days in a fire, after which it was, of course, black. Salifu said that another way of making the *tukunia* and the *telle* is by moulding the clay into a hole in the ground, and then shaping the upper part as he did, but that the high water-jars (*tulu*) are made in ribbons.

As both baskets and pots are used to hold food-stuffs, perhaps I should also say a word on the preparation of flour. The millet or other stalks are first pounded by women with wooden pestles in mortars of the same material, so as to separate the grain from the stalks. This is then winnowed in a flat, shallow basket, being simply thrown up in the air and caught again. After this the grain is sprinkled on the higher end of a large, flat stone inclined towards the ground, where a calabash is placed. The grinder sits behind the higher end, and rubs downwards with a smaller flat stone, and by the time the grain has reached the calabash it has become flour.

Notices are sent round to all males when hunting-parties are to be formed, and they are, as mentioned before, practically identical with war contingents, except for the fact that the chief seems to have more power when on a hunt than in an organised expedition. As there has probably been a scarcity of flesh during the year, a hunt is a serious thing, and the ghosts are consulted by a three days' beer-drinking, as before a war.

There are practically no large animals now in the Kagoro country, so the rat and field-mouse are the only "game," and

lest this should appear more strange than true, I quote an anecdote told in *A Voice from the Congo*. "Armed with my ·577 express rifle," says Mr. Ward, "I was hurrying towards a distant valley, where I had been informed there were elephants to be found. On my way I met a party of six or eight men armed with flint-lock guns, and amply provided with powder-flasks and wallets containing missiles. I was impressed by their warlike appearance. 'Where are you going in such a hurry?' said they. 'After elephants,' I replied. 'And you—where are you all going?' 'Oh, we are going to the valley below to shoot rats!'"

Most of the grass is burnt off during November and December, and these animals can no longer conceal themselves, fire apparently being employed more for the purpose of clearing the ground than for driving the quarry. Sometimes, patches of grass, perhaps twelve to fifteen feet high, are left, and these are trampled down, so that the inhabitants will be driven out into the open where the men are advancing in line, with their arrows fitted and bows stretched. I have twice seen hunting parties, but no "game," so I do not know if the men are good shots or not. I should think they must be, though, for "hunger maketh a good marksman," and unless they could hit a target when they got the chance, it would hardly be worth while looking for it.

Each party keeps to the limits of the land of its own town when hunting singly, but usually men of several villages join together, so as to be able to beat a larger expanse of country. There is, I understand, no elaborate code of game laws, each man getting what he can, where he can, when he can. The hunts will last from early morning until sunset, and some men will be away every day from November to March. The harvest is over (October-November), the houses have been re-roofed at the same time, *i.e.* before the grass is burnt off, and there will be no more planting until April or May, so there is nothing else to do but to "kill something."

There is only one permanent blacksmith living amongst the Kagoro, a Hausa-Filani from Dangoma, who lives in the capital,

the southern towns getting what they want from Jemaan Daroro; the Moroa, too, have only one, but the Kajji boast several. Sometimes travelling smiths visit these tribes just before the wet season, when there will be a demand for hoes, and stay until it is over. It was not altogether through Matchu's own choice that he lived in Fada Kagoro; he had been plotting for the chieftainship of Dangoma. I had to banish him somewhere, and as just then the Kagoro chiefs were asking for a blacksmith, and were prepared to guarantee his safety, Matchu's fate was fixed.

He told me that he made all his arrows of a similar pattern, so that every one who buys from him has the same kind of missile. All the people, however, do not patronise their home industries, but go to Jemaan Daroro, Zangon Katab, or to a Moroa town for them, so that there are several patterns. In addition to this, there is no doubt that some private marks are made on the shaft, or perhaps on the head; at any rate, every one knows his own arrow, and this is important, because all game belongs to him who first hits it. Even if the wound be slight, and the beast be despatched by another hunter, the carcase will belong to the owner of the first arrow if it be still sticking in the body, for it is held that the animal must die eventually owing to the poison. It sometimes happens, therefore, that one man will pluck out the arrows of another so that there may be no proof of ownership, and this leads to quarrels and fights between the various partisans, especially if the disputants be of different towns, and so fierce have these miniature battles become at times that men have been wounded in them, and even killed. If there be no means of deciding to whom the animal belongs (say if it has escaped, has got rid of the arrows, and is killed by other men who did not see it wounded), the claimants will be required to go through an ordeal, or it will be divided amongst the whole party. The owner of the carcase takes it to his own house, where it is eaten by the family and relatives, the whole being consumed straight off. He is not compelled to give away any of the flesh, though he may ask the priest to the feast, and perhaps even the *agwam*, for, as with us, a man may try to purchase popularity in high quarters if trying for any office.

The poisoned meat does not seem to be dangerous, and is readily eaten without much ill effect, I was told; in fact, it must be, or else the hunting would be in vain. Arrows are not necessarily poisoned for the shooting of rats and mice, though, for such small animals would be easily caught if wounded.

I have not seen any game-stalking, so I do not know if the Kagoro dress up to represent their quarry, though I think not. The Nadu to the south do, however, and have a wooden helmet with horns, to which a hide can be attached to conceal the body of the hunter. Pits were dug for animals in the old days, but not now, and there are snares for birds, I am told. Dogs and horses are not used, but with the Gannawarri and Kibbo most of the members of the hunt are mounted, and they drive each year in a very large circle which constantly decreases, everything in sight being slaughtered and eaten. This procedure soon exhausts the game in the country, and since the Kagoro district was once full of animals, there can be but little doubt that the people there did the same kind of thing formerly.

The weapons are the same as for war, the arrows all have a similarly shaped head (there is no special distinction for different sized animals, though some arrow-heads are much smaller than others, and would be preferable for rats), and they have only one point. Weapons are made to kill, or at any rate to disable the victims, so that the flesh may be secured; the skins are only a secondary consideration, though generally useful as clothing. It is no reproach from a huntsman's point of view to wound and not capture an animal, but the relatives, who would thus miss a feast, might have an unpleasant word or two to say in the matter.

So far as I know, there is no fishing with a baited hook, but I am not certain whether small cast-nets are used or not. Fish traps are made of cane, the idea of their construction being the same as in our "lobster pots," but those of the Kagoro are much longer in proportion to the breadth. Only men take part in hunting and fishing.

The head-hunters have no dangerous sports, so far as I know, but the Filani have, and one feat, that of jumping on to the horns of a bull, I have never been tired of watching. "Bull-

fighting is a survival of barbarism, the existence of which is fervently deplored by all but its devotees, [for] the bull is doomed from the moment of its entrance into the arena," writes a contributor in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and he goes on pompously to say "that a brief description of bull-fighting should be here given, must not be accepted in any way as a token of approval or admiration." The description given is that of a Spanish bull-fight, and although the writer admits that in Portugal and South America the *picadores* (or *caballeros*) are not cruel so far as the horses are concerned—for they are expert riders provided with good horses, and it is considered a disgrace if they do not save their horses from injury—he omits to mention that the bull is not killed, and that the only animal in danger of injury or death is the man. In fact, in Portugal, horses are not used at all in more than one-half of the fights, for, being highly trained, they are very expensive, and the *caballeros* must be rich men to afford them.

The worst accounts usually come from Spain, but before condemning the Spaniards unheard, we should try to understand their views to some extent. At any rate, students of anthropology ought to make an attempt, for Europeans who are unable to comprehend the customs of Europe will hardly make much headway in divining native modes of thought.

Mr. Calvert (*Impressions of Spain*), trying to account for the different views prevailing in Spain and England, says that the Spaniard grows up to the sport as our Elizabethan ancestors grew to bull-baiting—even, in fact, as the present generation of Englishmen grows to pugilism (we are liable to forget our own failings), and, long habit having familiarised the Spaniard with bloody details, his experienced eyes follow each trick and turn of the contest with the enthusiasm of a champion watching an athletic display. Danger gives to the contest a dignity which is absent from pheasant-shooting, and which formed no excuse for the vogue to which bear-baiting and cock-fighting once attained in this country. The *banderillero* inflicts no more pain on the bull than the humane angler deals out to the wily trout, and the

activity and daring with which he addresses himself to his task is superb. These feats must be fraught with infinite danger, and the agility with which the performers acquit themselves cannot be witnessed without a tremor of amazement and admiration.

One may lecture, write, and preach, he says, against the barbarity of bull-fighting; but so long as Spain can breed men of such amazing nerve, skill, and dexterity, that they can successfully defy death and mutilation to provide their countrymen with such lurid sport, so long will bull-fighting continue to flourish in Spain. Mr. Hutton (*Cities of Spain*) is even more emphatic in his denunciation of the hypocrisy with which Englishmen—and even more Americans—decry this dangerous sport, while delighting in the coursing of helpless rabbits with dogs, and in the shooting of tame birds which are bred as pets only to be killed for the owner's amusement later. He should have mentioned, though, that it is only a very few amongst Englishmen rich enough to have the choice, who would prefer this sort of thing to big game shooting—which is dangerous enough to suit anybody—or even to polo, football, or motor-racing, all of which are always risky to some extent.

One would think from the article in the *Encyclopædia* that there had never been any cruel sport in England, even in the past, much less in the present, an illusion which the following description of the Bull-running at Tutbury, taken from *Archæologia*, may help to dispel. The bull, we are told, was formerly provided by the Prior of Tutbury, later, namely in 1773, by the Earl (*sic*) of Devonshire. As soon as his horns were cut off, his ears cropt, his tail cut by the stumple, so as to make him the more difficult to hold, all his body smeared over with soap, and his nose blown full of beaten pepper—in short, being made as mad as it was possible for him to be—he was turned forth to be caught, if possible, by the minstrels. I think I am right in saying that not even in Spain—let alone in Portugal or Nigeria—has a bull been so cruelly mutilated. Nor did the cruelty end here, for, if the wretched animal was caught before sunset, he was brought to the bayliff's house in Tutbury, and there collared and roapt, and so brought to the bull-ring in the High

Street, and there bated (I am retaining the old spelling) with dogs, and afterwards killed and eaten. Truly a gentle and refined sport!

There was probably not much danger to the minstrels in this, but there were sometimes even milder risks to be run, for on occasions of rendezvous and public meetings of merriment in a village the landlord of the alehouse would give a "tup" (so they called a ram), or a pig, well soaped, with the tail and the horns and the ears respectively cut off. The writer goes on to say that though some authorities traced the introduction of the bull-running to John of Gaunt (who was Lord of Castile), he himself thought it much older and of purely local origin, being connected with the tenure of the lands by the earl. Since our own bull-baiting was much more cruel and less dangerous than that in vogue even in Spain, we hardly seem to have a right to deplore the depraved tastes of its devotees and to deny it any "token of approval or admiration!"

So many writers have described in detail the various aspects of the bull-fighting—the play on horseback and on foot, pole-jumping, sitting on a chair, and the other feats—that an account of them would be out of place here; but, strange to say, none have mentioned the bull-catching, which seems to me the most dangerous of all, and as I have seen it in both Portugal and Northern Nigeria a description may have some anthropological value.

In Portugal the bull is loose, the horns being cased in leather and bandaged, and a number of "catchers" enter the arena and attempt to capture him. I do not know if there is a special name in Portuguese or Filani for these people; I have used the word "catchers" as best describing their functions. After a time one of them will stand in front of the bull, legs close together, arms extended, and will call and insult the animal until it charges and tosses him, the man as he is tossed grasping the bull by the neck. Once he has got on to the bull's head he must maintain himself until the other catchers can hold the animal and enable the man to extricate himself, otherwise he would almost certainly be gored. I should imagine—though I have no authority for saying so—that only bulls with very long and wide horns can be thus caught, for

if they were short and pointing towards the front, the danger of impalement would be very much greater, and also there would hardly be room for the man's body to hang down between them. I saw this done twice at Lisbon, and on the second occasion one of the men was rather badly hurt.

In Northern Nigeria the horns are not protected in any way, but the bull is not loose. The performers are usually Filani, a cattle-keeping people of partly Berber descent, and it is possible that both they and the Portuguese learned the game from the people of North Africa. Two men hold a rope tied to a hind foot, and one, the catcher, holds another rope fastened to the neck or to the horns. The animal, after having been maddened by tugging at the rope, drumming, and shouting, is allowed to dash about, being brought up at will by a pull on one rope or the other. After a time the catcher begins shortening his rope, and in consequence advancing towards the bull, care being taken that the hind rope is quite taut so that no sudden rush can be made, and when close up the bull tries to gore, and the man is tossed exactly as in Portugal, holding on in a similar fashion until extricated. Sometimes the man will even get astride the animal's neck, using the horns like parallel bars. But as the horns are not protected in these games there is always a great risk, and on two of the five occasions on which I have seen this feat the principal performer came to grief.

In Northern Nigeria this is the only form of the sport; horses are never used, the performers are not armed in any way, and the bull is not injured. In Portugal exactly similar conditions prevail so far as the catching is concerned, except for the ropes tied to the animal, and even in the regular bull-fighting horses are not always employed, but when they are they are very seldom injured owing to their speed and the dexterity of their riders. The performers on foot are armed with short darts which do not pierce the flesh more than an inch or two, and the local organisation corresponding to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals insists that only a certain number of darts may be used.

Each bull is played only from fifteen to twenty minutes at the most, and the period is often much less, for there were ten bulls

BULL BAITING

The man in front of the bull is awaiting a favourable opportunity to spring on to its neck. The man in the forefront on the left is carrying a stick thrust through pieces of dried meat which he has just bought.

THE BITER BIT

The toreador fell, and the bull gored him.

[*The above are drawn from actual photographs taken in the market at Jemaan Daroro, but which would not bear reproduction.*]

fought in a period of two hours' actual play when I saw it, but this, I was told, gave less time to each bull than is usually the case. After the bull has been captured or symbolically killed it is then driven out of the ring by tame bulls so that its hurts can be attended to; it is never really put to death.

Most of the bull-fighting in Spain is, I understand, very cruel, though as I have seen it only in cinematograph pictures and on postcards I cannot pretend to know for certain. The cruelty is, at any rate, not universal, for a strange game takes place at Nova, in Galicia, four times a year, according to another English writer, who says that, on certain occasions, a street serves the purpose of an impromptu ring, the two ends being blocked by tribunes filled with spectators, and the balconies of the houses on both sides overflow with ladies and gentlemen. The men rush at the bull—which is practically a tame one from the neighbouring hills—and try to aggravate it, and when at length they have succeeded it plunges at them, and they have to turn their backs and flee before it in a crowd, falling at last in a heap, one on top of another, those who come last and fall on top getting their clothes rent by the horns of the bull, to the immense gratification of the spectators. So far from any cruelty to the animal here, the game ends in the bull becoming the *matador*, and the men play the part usually assigned to him.

A somewhat similar entertainment is provided on festival days by the people of many towns in the south of France, sometimes no less than five bulls being let loose at the same time, and the people in the "ring" seem to have a very poor chance as the animals' horns are not protected in any way. There is certainly no cruelty to the bull in Northern Nigeria, nor in either of the cases just mentioned; nor is there any to the horses, for none are employed, the only danger being that run by the men, so surely this kind of bull-fighting ought to be given rank as a true sport.

The horse is not used in war or in hunting by the tailed head-hunters, the Kagoro and Kajji possessing but few, though the Moroa and Attakka have a fair number brought from Zaria. They are about thirteen to fourteen hands high, and are rather weak, though sometimes fairly fast. The bridle is made of leather

which may be ornamented with brass; there is no bit, but a toothed half-hoop of iron passes behind the animal's jaw to join a similar half-hoop above the nose, so that it can be tightened by a pull on a rope on the left side which forms the rein. The saddle, if any, is a goat-skin tied on to the back, but some of the pagans in the district make a cut in the skin over the backbone about a foot long, and open it out, so that the flesh swells up and forms a pad, which, after a time, seems to become callous. There are no mules or donkeys amongst the head-hunters, but the Hausa traders make use of the latter in great numbers.

The dog is used as an article of food, and always forms part of the marriage gift. It is a poor specimen—I fancy, only one breed; they all look the same—but since it is a cur it makes a good watch-dog and it also acts as a scavenger. The noise these animals make in some towns is almost unbearable; one can hardly call it barking—though that word may describe the booming "boo-woo's" of the bigger breeds—the miserable sounds of the curs are best described as "yauking."

No animals or birds are used for game fights, but a fowl can act as deputy for a human being in an ordeal. A fact which first struck me as being very strange, but which on second thoughts appeared quite natural, was that animals understood only the local languages. In Amar (Muri province) in 1906, I bought a cow from some Filani people, but I could get no milk from her, although she had a calf at the time, the excuse given by my servants, all Hausa boys, being that "the cow could only talk Filani," and would not give them her milk because she did not understand them. I, of course, thought that the real reason was laziness, but on getting a Filani girl from the barracks, found that the animal was quite tractable, and would give milk in plenty, and as the other servants caught and held the cow, their work was not much reduced. This would not be enough by itself to prove anything, for the Filani girl naturally knew much more about the management of cattle than the Hausa boys did, but I noticed in 1909 that dogs and horses procured in Moroa were quite at a loss when told to "Come here" or "Gee up" or "Whoa," and when we think of it, if English pets were addressed in an unknown

tongue they would not comprehend, so there seems to be no doubt about the matter. After all, if the people themselves did not understand a foreigner's language, it is hardly likely that their animals would!

I do not know whether slave-dealing ought to be called an occupation or not, but it is certainly a very profitable profession to many of the experts in it. While I was in Lokoja during 1904-5, the police captured a good many culprits, but they were not more than a very small percentage of those engaged in the trade. One test I had was to find out if the children knew the language of the adults professing to be their parents, and, as this test was often successful, a school was formed somewhere in the Bassa province where children brought down from the interior (usually from countries in the Benue region) were taught the new tongues, and told how cruel we were to any children whom we took from their purchasers, being in reality slave-dealers ourselves. This was an argument which the children readily understood, for did they not know that every strong people enslaved a conquered tribe? So it was extremely hard to get any evidence against slavers even when caught, a difficult task considering that the native quarter of Lokoja was a veritable hot-bed of them.

A good deal has been heard of the cruelty of slavery, though many of the writers imagine that the institution cannot exist without raids on villages for the purpose of keeping up the supply of human animals. The raids certainly are cruel, and we have almost stopped them in Northern Nigeria, but it is very difficult to know how to act when cases occur of mothers selling their children for a couple of bags of guinea-corn, as actually happened amongst the Bashima of Muri during their famine of seven years ago. The restoration of children to their parents would mean that they would be again sold, to leave them with their buyers did not seem right, so a Freed Slaves' Home was established for the reception of these little orphans. A certain amount of discipline was necessary, of course, and in addition, efforts were made to teach the children some trade, and give them some education. The result was that our kindly intentions were misconstrued, wilfully, no doubt, in many cases, and that we were

represented as being rather worse than the slave-buyers themselves, since we did not even pay for the slaves we took and forced to work, and that we taught them our language in Zungeru just as the slavers had taught theirs in Bassa. Our justice, too, was open to question, for did we not imprison native traders although they had behaved rather better than we had done? There were also difficulties in the way of discipline, for on several occasions children were prevailed upon by interested outsiders to run away, and as iron fences had to be erected, and the home when removed to Zungeru was almost opposite the gaol, invidious comparisons were drawn.

It therefore became the custom to give the children the choice of their future disposal, that they should be sent to their parents, to the Home, or that they should remain with their buyers, and in most of the cases which came to my notice, the last alternative was chosen. A record was made, however, of the names of the child and the owner, a copy being sent to headquarters, so that the latter, now guardian, might be asked to produce the child at any time, and the little slave was told that if the owner was ever guilty of cruelty, or if he wanted to get rid of him, the child need only complain to the nearest Whiteman to secure his freedom. And I think that this policy has worked very well, for it is very much against a trader's interest to treat a child badly, both because he will get less work under such conditions (even an ill-treated horse will not be satisfactory), and there will be always the chance of the child running away if afraid to remain. No doubt in time we shall stamp it out, but where the parents are in collusion with the traders, and the children are terrified of the Whiteman, we have to work under great difficulties.

Under Mohammedan law a slave can work for his freedom by requiring his master to allow him so much time to himself, and cruelty, especially to female slaves, is often punished by the manumission of the slave by order of the native courts. In a great number of cases, however, the slave does not wish to free himself, for many high offices are open to him, though we are now putting an end to this practice because the proper successors were thus often deprived of their rights. Still the Filani raids were very

cruel, and some of the pagan customs are worse. One of the most obnoxious kinds of slavery is that of pawning, but I do not know of any instances in Northern Nigeria which equal the custom at Akra described before. We are trying to stamp out pawning as well as slave dealing, and in fact it is looked upon as the same offence, but we cannot accomplish impossibilities, and we have to make haste slowly, for violent changes are apt to produce violent revolutions. However, the public may rest quite satisfied that the Government is doing its best, and a very good best too.

It will surprise many to hear that slavery had any good points, but the Chevalier des Marchais, a French traveller, who visited Cape Mesurado in 1724–25, wrote to the effect that certain tribes of the Grain Coast, which had been much addicted to human sacrifices, stopped them when they found that their victims were marketable commodities which could be sold to the foreigners with profit. We also read in *Liberia* (whence the foregoing statement is taken) that a Captain Snelgrave, who was engaged in the supply of slaves to the West Indies, apparently suggested, like many other writers during that century, that the slave trade was really a preservative of human life, since it offered an inducement to the savage conquerors to spare the lives of their prisoners, in order to sell them into a Christian captivity wherein they might "enjoy all the Church privileges." But even Benin, the City of Blood, did not kill so many people as the slave raiders did, and instead of preserving life, it may be that slavery made it so cheap as to give rise to "orgies of blood."

It is rather strange that the liberty-loving Liberians, and others who owe their present position to our philanthropy, should so abuse it as to be guilty of the very crimes from which they themselves were protected, but the charge is made by Sir Harry Johnston, and I give the references (*Liberia*, pp. 1079 and 1080), so that there may be no mistake. "It is clear," he says, "that a considerable traffic in slaves still goes on between Western Liberia and the civilised blacks of Sierra Leone, who take over the war captives of the Buzi and Mandingo tribes as labourers and domestic servants at a price of about £4 each. . . . Undoubtedly the system of apprentices does not differ markedly from a legalised

slave-buying. The Liberian planter, we will say, goes inland, and is offered boy and girl or adult slaves by some native chief. He pays perhaps from £2 to £3 value in trade goods for each human being, and to satisfy his own conscience calls them apprentices." Still he thinks that on the whole they are better treated than they were when in the interior. I wonder—well, never mind, but if so (and the writer ought to know Liberia if any one does) *cela donne furieusement à penser.*

I employed a little ruse at Amar which indirectly stopped a good deal of the traffic down the Benue, and while I was there the police captured a good many slavers. I slept for several nights in the Government barge near one bank of the river, but in the open, so that I could be easily seen, and on the other side was a small canoe, with a police patrol hidden amongst the bushes. Any slavers coming down at night—the best time to pass a Government station—naturally tried to avoid me, and to sneak along the bank on the other side, and they just as naturally fell into the welcoming arms of the patrol. An official has to play many parts during his life in West Africa; one would almost imagine that Shakespeare (or Bacon?) had been there.

CHAPTER XXII

MODES OF TRAVELLING

ONE of the things which struck me most when a new-comer to West Africa, was the number of different ways of travelling. Not that the methods do not exist elsewhere, for they do, but that the man who is on trek has to get over the ground in many various ways in a short space of time. There are thirteen principal modes, and most of these are capable of subdivision and sometimes of combination, and in case attention has not been directed to this subject before, I give a list:—

On Land—*Walking*. Shanks's Pony never had any fascination for me, though I have no objection to seeing others enjoy themselves in this way, and am quite ready to believe them if they say that it does them good. Even on level ground I find it very uninteresting, and when the paths are narrow—as they generally are—and full of rain-water or stones, and the march commences before daylight, I have often wondered if I really liked being in West Africa; and when the path went up hill and got worse, I was quite sure that I did not. However, there is a harrowing story of the trials and tribulations of a trek in an earlier chapter, so I must not go further into the subject now. The subdivisions of this section would be running and limping, both equally unpleasant. I saw an amusing cartoon in an illustrated paper a couple of years ago, in which a lame and weary member of the Territorials (of course, they are always the butt of patriotic caricaturists) is depicted as asking how far it was to some place or other where the camp was. "Well," replied his informant, "as the crow flies, it is about nine miles." "Never mind 'ow 'e flies," said the weary plodder, for all "book-soldiers" speak execrable English, "'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops?" One often asks himself how far off is the next town "as a man limps."

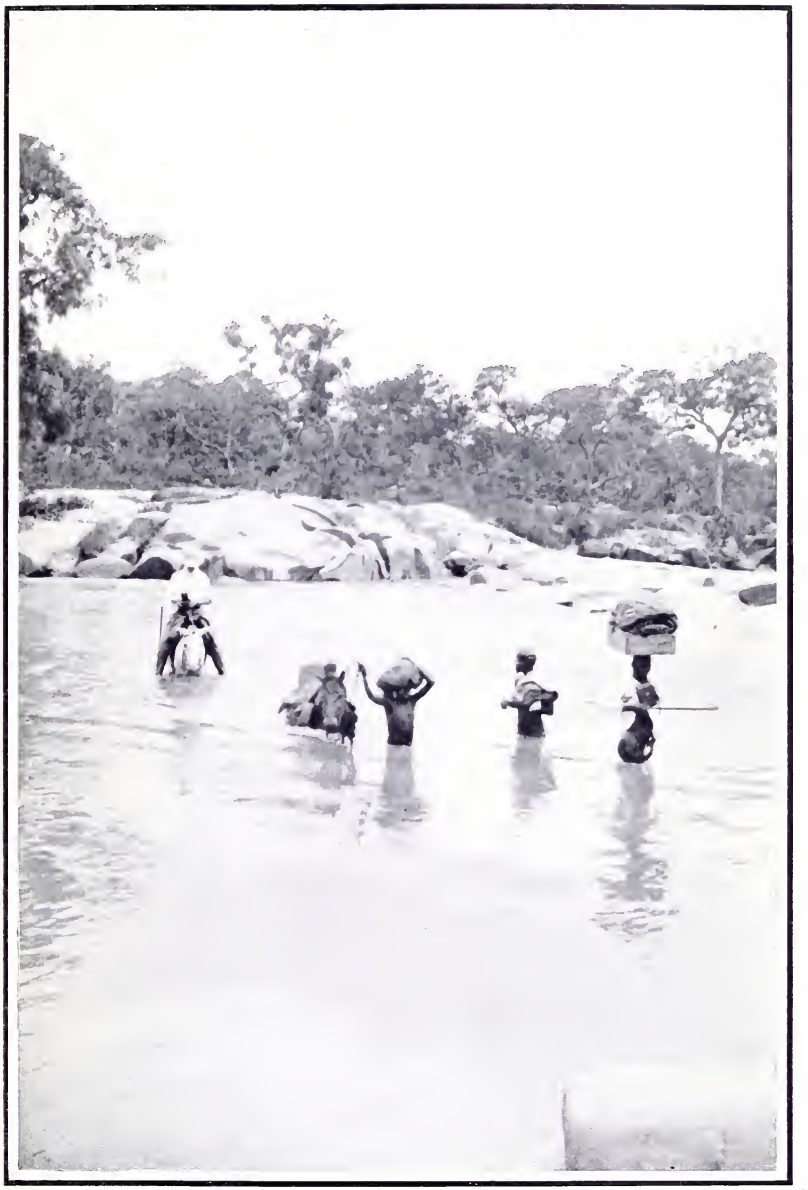
By the way, that makes me think of the word limp in another sense. Why is it that many men who spend most of their time in hot countries feel the heat here in England more than many Londoners? I know that this is so in many cases, my own amongst them, and it is most embarrassing for a traveller who has treated his friends to tales about lands of breathless heat to find himself feeling quite limp when the thermometer registers under 90° in the shade! I have played lawn-tennis on an asphalte court in Australia, and I have marched in South Africa, on days when the shade records approached those of the sun in London in an ordinary summer, and yet I did not feel so uncomfortable there as I have here when the thermometer was more than 20° lower. Before I knew New York or London, I used to be greatly amused at the thought of people being prostrated during a "heat wave," when the temperature was never above a point which would be ridiculous for an Australian summer, but I can understand it now.

No doubt a great deal is due to the fact that everything in England is arranged with regard to rain and fogs. In an Australian railway compartment the seat-coverings are of leather (or there may be no cushions at all, the seats being of wicker work), and six large windows and two long ventilators admit the air; in England most of the seats are covered with a red, hot-looking material (though some can be turned over to present a blue leather surface), and there is only one miserable aperture on each side which can be opened. Here, the houses are apparently built with the natural object of allowing none of the heat from the fires to escape; in West Africa everything opens wide to the breezes. In London any one turning out in a white helmet and duck suit would be mobbed, in West Africa they are almost universal—though, strangely enough, not in the southern parts of Australia. Possibly the fact that the natives wore so much white made shy Englishmen more ready to discard the conventional attire while on the coast, and to teach the coloured gentlemen instead how to revel in the delights of the frock coat and top hat. Again, heat in England comes almost as a shock, for no one is prepared for even a sunny day, much less a hot one, whereas in lands more

blessed by Helios, one looks forward to more brilliant, if more torrid, weather, and he is prepared accordingly.

Being carried.—This may be either on a man's neck or on his back, and neither is particularly comfortable. It often happened that I was ahead of my horse or hammock, and arrived at a narrow and shallow stream or slough, and not wishing to get wet, nor to have the bother of undressing, I commandeered some luckless carrier or other. The Yoruba messenger of mine, Ajai, used to rather like the job, and as he was as strong as a horse, and had feet about as large as snow-shoes, I felt quite safe—but there *were* accidents at times. If you ride on the man's back you can get a good grip on his shoulders (you should not fasten your arms round his neck), but if sitting on his neck you have to catch hold of his hair. This is a precarious hold at any time, but it is particularly annoying to find that the man is a Mohammedan and has shaved it off, for the ears are not always quite as steady as handles, and to grip his nose might mean confusing him!

You may also be carried on the man's head, though this is not pleasant to anticipate, for it happens only to corpses who are rolled up in stiff mats, and are "toted" by one or two men, or to newborn children, who are wrapped up in a cloth or in leaves, placed in a calabash, and brought along by the wretched mother. I have never yet seen a man carrying a child on the road, and this is a little strange, for fathers are usually very good to their children when in their own houses. No doubt the arrangement by which the women stagger along under heavy loads, while the men sometimes even ride unconcernedly by them, is due to the old necessity for the males to be prepared to defend their wives and possessions at any moment. But the sight now is not altogether pleasing to the European eye. I know one newly arrived Resident who, when he saw a woman with a load walking beside a man without one, made the latter take it. The natives did not understand it, neither the wife nor the husband, and no doubt directly the knight-errant had passed she took it again. At Prahsu I remember seeing the mail-runners come in on several occasions—four women, each laden with a bag, and the husband with a stick to drive them on.



WET TRAVELLING

The Brama Kwatta (Ilorin Province) in flood. Waterproof field-boots are very useful on these occasions. With ordinary boots the traveller has to lift his legs up high on the horse's neck, and thus runs a greater risk of falling into the water.

Hammocking.—One may either lie down or sit up in a hammock, there being a slight difference in the shape of the "vehicle," according to whether it is required for use on long treks or only in cantonments. Personally I rather preferred the big hammock even to horseback, for I could start at any time in the morning and finish my sleep *en route* if necessary. I could read while going along, and even have some refreshment handy—though I always took care to have a book and a meal in my saddle-bags also. An air-pillow is quite a good institution in a hammock, for it weighs very little, and adds greatly to the comfort of travelling. Care must be taken to see that the head end of the hammock is higher than the other, and that the cross-sticks are wide enough to give plenty of room for the traveller to turn over. If the hammock-boys are used to the business they will *not* keep step; if they do the jolting will be awful, for the hammock will swing in rhythm; while if the steps be broken it will remain very much steadier. The reason was brought home to me in a practical way, when travelling thus, why the military text-books lay down that regiments must break step when marching over bridges—especially suspension-bridges. It is impossible for even two men to pass together over some of the tie-tie bridges on account of the rocking.

Hammocks are not used in Northern Nigeria, except in a couple of provinces where the tsetse-fly prevents horses living, or when on patrols for the transport of the wounded, but in the Coast colonies they are much in request. It is a funny sight to see a regiment marching out with the European officers and non-commissioned officers in hammocks; and funnier still to see it coming back. I remember that in 1901 we used to go from Wilberforce to be inspected on the parade-ground behind the (then) West India barracks on Tower Hill, and, after performing wonderfully intricate movements (which would not have been of the slightest use in the bush) we were marched off home in great style. The hammocks were not allowed on the parade-ground, but had to hide outside, and directly we had passed the gates one officer or European non-commissioned officer after the other would drop into his hammock with a sigh of relief, and be wafted back

to barracks to the strains of the regimental band. That was a touch of real West Africa, and perhaps we entered more into the native mode of thought then than at any other time, for other people were working all around while we were lazing, and the music after the fatiguing drill made us dreamily imagine, and almost hope for, a time when this might go on for ever. Sometimes there would be a nasty awakening, for one of the bearers might dream too, and stumble, and then there would be a disagreeable mixture of man and hammock, which was made none the more pleasant because of the remarks of the bystanders, for crowds can collect as quickly in Freetown as in London. But usually the lotus-eating ceased only on arrival at the regiment's private parade, and after dismissal one could start dreaming again.

When not tired, the hammock-boys will often break into song —while on the march in the bush, of course, not when with a regiment in Freetown—and it is interesting to listen to the different notes and intervals, some of the airs being very pretty. I used to encourage them to sing as much as possible, for I like to see them happy, which is the same in their case as being natural; but one thing I cannot stand is to hear a native whistling, because it is not natural to him.

Riding.—The horse, the camel, the donkey, and the ox are used for riding in West Africa, but it has hitherto been found impossible to train the elephant in the way he should go (according to European ideas), and this seems a pity, as he might be very useful in bringing heavy timber from the interior to the waterside, timber which is at present valueless through lack of transport. The horse is used a good deal in Northern Nigeria, and is supposed to have been brought by the Hausas, though they do not ride to anything like the extent that the Filani do. They are small animals, becoming bigger as one goes farther and farther into the interior. They are fairly tractable, strong, and swift under our treatment, but their backs are usually in a horrible mess when owned by natives, owing to the stiff wooden Hausa (or Filani?) saddles or the operations of the pagans, and sometimes their mouths also.

The camel is found only in the more sandy country, and I have not seen nor even heard of one nearer to the coast than Ghirku, some forty miles south of Zaria. Having heard that they are most unpleasant animals to ride, I was not anxious to try, but I am sorry now, as it is generally as well to do all that can be done when in a place, not only because one may never return to have another chance, but also because it brings a stranger more into touch with the local conditions, and all these things help him to better understand the natives of the place. For often during the hearing of a case in court, a strong point is made of some particular act or omission, and really the whole decision should rest upon it, although if the European has no first-hand knowledge of the conditions under which it should be carried out he may not be at all impressed with its importance.

The donkeys are very small, but fairly strong, for they can carry the loads of two men. Personally I think they are a perfect nuisance, and although described by some authorities as an anachronism and an anomaly I very much prefer carriers, though when passing through an unpopulated country it may be much easier to feed animals than men, so sometimes it would be an advantage to have donkeys. However, the carriers travel very much faster, and in a hostile country they would be able to defend themselves to some extent, many of the carriers being ex-soldiers or police, whereas the donkeys are not only a source of weakness to the caravan, but an actual danger in that they incite an attack.

The ox is not very much ridden, even in Northern Nigeria, though I have seen such steeds, and they are common amongst the Beriberi people, I am told. Cattle will not live in many of the districts in which even horses will exist, though the boundary lines are fairly close, any difference at all being due, probably, to the fact that horses can always be housed and well looked after, whereas it would be quite impossible to provide shelter for herds of cattle.

Ricksha-driving.—Rickshas are to be seen in some of the cantonments, and are there much preferable to hammocks, and, in fact, one man in Northern Nigeria used to travel long distances in

them. He is now dead, poor fellow, but I do not mean to say that there was any connection between the events—that one was the cause, the other the effect.

Driving.—The roads, except in cantonments, are seldom good enough to allow of driving, and even where they are well made it is probable that horses will not be available. Occasionally one may see light buggies, but on the whole they are very rare. I made a four-wheeled cart out of strong boxes at Amar in 1907, the wheels being of the size of large plates, and solid, and I tried to train my pony to draw it, a man marching in front, one on each side, and two at the back hanging on to a rope tied to the axle. I used to invite the other Europeans to go for a drive with me, but never succeeded in persuading any of them to risk it, and, although justly hurt at the time, I cannot now blame them, for although I never *voluntarily* let the pony go beyond a walk, whenever I had to do so there was a regrettable incident. We know, of course, that the origin of carts was a branch of a tree strapped to each side of the horse, and my cart must have been a student of anthropology, for it returned as often as possible to its primitive form, the pony "going to bush" with a broken shaft hanging on to each side. I tied kerosene tins to him at first to accustom him to the noise behind, but I must regretfully admit that the training was not very successful. Even my own ardour was cooled after about the tenth collision with trees, and, there being no available wood to make more wheels, what was left of the cart was used as a rubbish-box. Driving was quite a harmless form of amusement (to others) while it lasted; and although I never managed to get more than a few hundred yards in any one day—there was seldom time between the repairs for more than a single trip daily—my fame travelled far and wide, though I was, perhaps, regarded more in the light of a Juju than of a Jehu.

Motoring.—Although fairly successful in Southern Nigeria, according to the Annual Reports (I have not heard the passengers' version, which may possibly be very different), motor lorries are not yet in much request in Northern Nigeria, and in neither country have we advanced to the taxi-cab stage. An attempt was made to run motors along the good roads near Zungeru, and I

believe they often went for even more than a mile at a time, but this tropical climate does not seem to suit them, and I venture to doubt if they will ever pay well enough to cover the necessary expenses. Still, there is no harm in trying them, and it is never safe to say what will or will not be of use in a new country until there have been exhaustive tests under as favourable conditions as circumstances will allow, tests carried out by persons who are capable and also anxious for the success of the experiments.

Railway Travelling.—The railway is the great juju in North Nigeria at present, and any one speaking disrespectfully of it would be liable to all sorts of pains and penalties; in fact, such an awful thing is not thought of. Probably it will be one of the least comfortable of the modes of travelling, if the tramway from Wushishi to Zungeru be any criterion, but it is perhaps not quite fair to compare them. The officers there used to travel in a truck with a roof and open sides protected by wire gauze (to keep off the sparks from the engine), which was disrespectfully called the "meat safe." Unfortunately, the meat was not always safe, for sparks used to get in somehow and burn holes in clothes, as I once found to my cost.

The great public enthusiasm of the higher officials over the completion of the railway has always been accompanied by a private suspicion, in the case of the more humble individuals, that the allowance of personal baggage now taken by carriers at Government expense will be reduced, and that the officials will be made to pay more for their transport than they do at present. Still, that is a personal matter, and not of very great importance, and there is no doubt that for imperial and commercial reasons, which I have given in *The Niger and the West Sudan*, the line was badly wanted, and the wonderful rate of progress made shows that the hearts of those superintending the construction were in their work. The idea of the line was due to Sir Frederick Lugard, although it is often wrongly attributed to another Governor who spent but little time in the country, and he must be pleased with its fruition. It is always pleasant to be able to chronicle British success, and the fact that the rate of building by us has on this occasion, and on others, far eclipsed the best that other Powers

were capable of is something to be proud of. And in the "us" I do not include myself, for I had nothing to do with it, unfortunately. Perhaps, in spite of the defeats in athletics, there is life in the old Lion yet.

I have mentioned that the original conveyance consisted simply of a pair of shafts, and it may be of interest to briefly trace the development of our smaller carriages. And, first, we must remember that although most uncivilised peoples are unacquainted with any form of vehicle, the absence of one does not necessarily indicate a low level of culture, for there are many peoples fairly well advanced, such as the Filani, whose special circumstances do not permit the use of wheeled transit.

The earliest vehicle, says Dr. Deniker, resembled that seen amongst the prairie Indians of to-day, viz. two branches attached to the sides of a horse so that they form inclined planes, the driver sitting on the baggage, which is bound to the trunks behind the horse. It is supposed that one day one of the branches or poles broke, and that there was consequently greater ease in draught and an increase in speed, and soon separate poles were placed horizontally upon the ground, being loosely attached to the inclined poles (which now became shafts), and as soon as cross-pieces had been affixed to the horizontal poles we got the sledge, the sole means of locomotion even to-day in Russian forests.

But in some countries there were further developments, for the advantage of long rollers was discovered, and these are often used now when moving heavy articles for a short distance. But the disadvantage of these was the time lost in having to rearrange the rollers at short intervals, and so permanent rollers were fixed to the vehicle, as can be seen in our present steam-rollers. These rollers were very heavy, however, and steps were taken to lighten them, and it soon became apparent that slices from the outside edges did quite as well as the whole rollers, and so we got wheels. Some vehicles had only one (the wheelbarrow), most had two—and we see many nowadays, descendants, perhaps, of the old chariots. Others had three, represented to-day by the tricycle and tri-car, though many more had four, known to Europe as

early as the bronze age, it is said, while we have even heard of the "fifth wheel of a coach." A fifth wheel (except when kept in reserve) is not regarded as an improvement, so we evidently imagine that we have reached the limit, except as regards railway carriages. The next steps were to do away with the jarring, and great improvements were made by having the wheels higher, by the introduction of springs, and later still by the invention of pneumatic tyres. The reduction of friction, too, had to be considered, better workmanship and the fitting of ball-bearings accomplishing a great deal in this way, and with these improvements and the higher wheels came an increase in the speeds attainable.

One wonders what the next changes will be in our smaller carriages, for of course there are many developments still ahead of us. It is probable that the improvements will be more in the way of making use of lighter building materials, further reduction of the friction, and the employment of superior motive power, than in the shape of the vehicle, or in the addition of wheels. In fact, the bicycle (which is almost equal to a double wheelbarrow) and the mono-rail seem to indicate that we shall have fewer wheels instead of more if there is to be any change at all in this respect.

On the Water—*Swimming*. It is not at all pleasant in the early morning to come upon a deep river and find that there are no canoes to be had for love or money; in fact I might go even further and say that the idea of a plunge into the cold unknown before the sun is up is extremely unpleasant, and it is even worse in the rain. But there is often no help for it, and sooner or later one has to peel off his clothes and go in, and when—as usually happens on an ordinary march—many of the natives of the caravan are women, it is exceedingly embarrassing, and the natural hesitation at disrobing is made all the greater. However, the natives will probably take no notice unless their attention is specially attracted, and I have usually managed to get across without creating any great excitement. But I remember when travelling to Zaria once with a man, nicknamed on account of the magnificent proportions of his lower chest, *Maitumbi* ("the owner of the stomach"), that his arrival at the

waterside was eagerly awaited by the whole party, and the "plomp" he made when he slipped into the water was greeted with loud and frantic applause. One of the carriers who, as luck would have it, was swimming with my luncheon-basket on his head, turned around to look, and became so overcome with excitement that he opened his mouth to cheer, promptly got it full of water, and let the load go to the bottom! And the filthy mixture of mud, biscuit, sugar, and other dainties exposed to view, when the basket was fished up an hour or so later, quite cured any remains of an appetite that I had—it was *pot pourri* in many senses.

There are many ways of swimming these streams, and a European seldom tries to cross unaided, for after a few months in the tropics his heart will not stand much violent exercise, especially in the water, and as the currents are usually very swift and strong in the wet season he would not have much chance were his strength to give out. In the big rivers, too, there are crocodiles, so the larger the party and the more noise that is made the better for one's safety.

The people living on the river banks are usually adepts at ferrying and swimming, as is natural, for they make their living out of the water. And no doubt the right of taking the fees is held in many cases by particular families, though there may be a special appointment of *Sa(r)rikin Rafi* ("Chief of the Stream," not *Sa(r)rikin Rua*, a mythical beast also called *Dodo*), at the disposition of the chief of the town or district. These men usually have watertight gourds tied to each end of a short string, forming a dumb-bell-shaped apparatus, and one can straddle the string and get across by treading the water and, perhaps, by paddling with the hands as well, or he may be pulled over by one of the watermen swimming alongside of him. Or, again, he may dispense with the gourds, and simply hold on to the waterman's shoulder or loin-cloth.

"Transport by water has undergone more important transformations than vehicular transport," says Dr. Deniker. "From the air-filled leather bottle on which, after the manner of the ancient Assyrians, rivers are still crossed in Turkestan and Persia,

to elegant sailing yachts; from the primitive reed rafts of the Egyptians and the natives of Chinese Turkestan to the great ocean liners, there are numberless intermediate forms." I do not think that any one watching the gourds in Northern Nigeria would at once connect them with, say, the *Campania*, or the "dug-outs" with the *Dreadnought*, though he might by a brain-wave think of them, and wish he could exchange the prototypes for their descendants.

By Raft.—Those who object to the pleasures of swimming may make a raft, but it does not necessarily follow that they will keep dry, for there is always a possibility of a slip between the two banks, and it is seldom that a European can board his raft direct from the shore. Some men try to float across in their tin baths, but this is seldom satisfactory, as they usually convert what is meant as a hip-bath into a plunge. On the Ninzam patrol we used tents, and large wooden dishes, about six feet in length, made to hold palm-oil—perhaps, though, these ought to be classed with canoes. A tent is converted in the following manner:—A hole is dug in the ground, about three feet by three feet, and one foot or eighteen inches deep. The outer fly, which must have no holes, is then spread in this (double if the tent be large), and grass, as long and as dry as possible, is packed into it so as to preserve the shape of the whole. The ends of the fly are then folded over as far as they will go, and tied with the tent ropes, the whole forming a square block which is then removed and placed in the water. If the grass be long and dry, the block will be quite three-parts out of water, for there will be plenty of air space, and the sides will be kept apart; but short and wet grass is not very satisfactory, for it is heavier and less stable.

This raft is usually pushed across by men swimming alongside, but I found it much better to tie a couple of loose strings to one corner, and to give these to two of the swimmers to hold in their mouths, and pull in that way, there being by this means a steady tension instead of a series of jerks. It is a safer way, too, for the swimmers, not being steady in the water, are apt to push more violently than they intend to at times, and, as the passenger is squatting on the top of the bundle, and the centre of gravity

is high out of the water, the equilibrium is anything but stable. Another advantage is that, whereas pushing tends to make the raft go round and round, the strings will keep it right end first.

If there be no tent, and no bath, perhaps logs can be used, or some other material; at any rate some one or other of the local natives will know what to do, even if there is no experienced European in the party. I think one great advantage of travelling in these new countries is that a man is continually thrown on his own resources, and no doubt the thought that one has overcome difficulties is one of the greatest charms of West Africa—difficulties which would appear enormous if one read of them in the average story-book, though not really so bad when properly tackled. These checks are an awful nuisance when one is in a hurry, but otherwise the ridiculous incidents which are certain to occur usually smooth over a great deal of the hardship; there is always something to laugh at if one be on the lookout for amusement.

By Canoe.—However, in some places there are canoes to be had; in fact, they are almost always available on the big rivers when unfordable, and it is only in inland districts that one would like to be a fish at times. The canoes are of various sizes, though as each is usually hollowed out of a single tree—and is therefore called a "dug-out"—the main idea of the construction is the same. Mats are often placed tent-wise over the after-part of the larger-sized canoes as a shelter, and these are transferred to the shore to act as bedrooms at night.

Cooking on board a narrow wooden canoe sounds dangerous, but it is made possible by sprinkling sand on the bottom of the vessel, and lighting the fire on this, three stones holding the pots in place. Three stones are always used (except where the native blacksmiths have copied our iron stands), never four; at least I have never seen four, and I suppose this is because they are much easier to arrange, for the level of the pot can be regulated by altering the position of only one out of three stones, while if there are four, two, or perhaps even three, must be moved. That no number greater than three is thought proper or necessary is shown by the riddle, *Uku, uku, gamma ga(r)ri*, "Three, three,

A Native Canoe

Most canoes have a platform at each end for a poler, but this has only one at the stern. The shelter (of palm fibre) covers the trader's goods by day and is used as a tent by night.

A Kajji Joint-Family Residence

The house of the Chief of Mersa and his family. Note the stool with a handle, and the granary with a circular entrance for fowls to the right of the photograph. See p. 132.

complete the town," the answer to which is *murufu*, a "cooking-place." The mode of propulsion is usually poling in shallow water, paddling in deep; and when proceeding up-stream the canoe-men usually hug the shore, but when coming down, the middle of the river is preferred in order to get the full benefit of the current.

Canoes are often damaged, of course, and the rough iron rivets used in repairing them look anything but satisfactory to the European eye; but when the splits are only *sewn* with fibre the repairs seem even more unsafe, yet both these modes must answer well on the whole, or some other would have been invented. Some of the canoes will hold horses as well as men. I came from Mozum to Lokoja once with a horse and about thirty natives on board, and yet there was plenty of room for me in the sheltered part. The usual way of getting a horse over a river where there is no ferry is to make him swim, a waterman swimming in front or else sitting in a canoe. In the latter case care must be taken that the horse is down-stream from the canoe, else he may be swept under it and drowned. Horses are usually much afraid of water, and are, I believe, easily drowned, but as I never lost any in that way I cannot state this as a fact on my own authority. Two of Maitumbi's animals were drowned in the Kaduna when on the trek mentioned before, but they were ahead, and I do not know the circumstances.

By Barge or Punt.—This may be only a ferry, attached to a wire, and square in shape, or it may be more like a canoe run to fat, and intended for travelling on the river, where it is poled along. This is very pleasant when there is plenty of room, and a man alone in a barge is usually quite comfortable. But when over-crowded it is very much the other way, for not only is there but little room for the Europeans, but the different sets of servants are usually quarrelling, and I suppose eighty per cent. of the quarrels between white men on the coast are the result of some act of a servant of one or other of them.

Barges are not much used below Lokoja, nor are they often seen in any of the main streams during the rains; but in the dry season they are the usual mode of transport on the rivers, as they

draw only a few inches. They are supposed to do about twenty miles against stream, and double that when coming down with it.

By Swine.—I do not mean that the passengers are "road-hogs," nor even water-hogs; this is a native corruption of the name *Swan*, which was given to the first two steam barges in Northern Nigeria, and it has proved so appropriate that it now applies even to beautiful new vessels (to quote the style of the Annual Report) called *Zaria*, &c. They are single stern-wheelers, the boilers being fore and the engines aft, and steam-pipes run back in some at the height of one's head, in others level with his knees, so that the wretched passenger is usually burnt a few times somewhere or other during a long journey. There is a half-deck above, and as it is almost on a level with the smoke-stack one can have quite a good time at small expense catching the sparks that fly. Very often the passenger does this involuntarily, or rather his clothes do.

A larger development is the double stern-wheeler, the apotheosis of which is, I suppose, the *Corona*, the Governor's yacht, a three-decker, and hardly ever used, or able to be used, until lately. This boat is extremely comfortable when running, but some of the smaller ones are not, as there are no cabins, and when several Europeans are travelling together and each has his baggage on the tiny deck the scene of confusion is lamentable. "The upper deck is provided for the recreation and comfort of the passengers," according to the official General Standing Orders, but one is rather inclined to wonder where the comfort comes in when these boats are overcrowded, as they usually are, the only space between the travellers being occupied by mosquitoes. I think there must be some doubts in the marine mind also about this, for in the Annual Report for 1908 the river transport is described as being somewhat unsatisfactory. There is no doubt about the recreation; one has to be a gymnast to get about at all.

By Steamer.—Last is the steamer, and though I am informed on credible authority that quite two out of three small cargo boats can get to Baro, the railway port on the Niger, a good many manage to decorate the rocks at various intervals. The passenger steamers are now too large to come past Burutu, and as the old

oil-tanks are being gradually replaced by new boats of a superior class, the passenger from West Africa has on the whole nothing to complain about if he travels in one of Elder-Dempster's best vessels. Certainly it is a very welcome sight at the end of a long tour, and the relief at being able to rest in peace, and to know that there will be plenty of clean food ready at the proper time without any worry on one's own part, is almost too great to be described.

These are the principal modes of travelling in Northern Nigeria; there may be aeroplanes before long, but at present the only airy flights one can indulge in are those of fancy, and they are much too complicated to be described in detail, especially when they are the result of fever.

The native in charge of every stern-wheeled boat, whether a swine (I mean the boat) or not, is always called "Captain," and it is perhaps interesting to note how large a number of the white officials have this rank. A great many of them have had previous military service, and the experience has naturally been of great utility to them afterwards, but why should they all have stuck at the grade of captain? There is sometimes a little jealousy between subalterns of the regulars and captains of the auxiliary forces, even in West Africa, though this is usually confined to new arrivals, and I remember once hearing a very junior officer, who had never before been out of England, very badly sat upon.

"What wonderful titles men have got out here," said the budding general, although he ought to have known better, considering that he himself had been advanced to the local rank of lieutenant, *pro tem.*, "I wonder that they are allowed to call themselves 'Captain' when they do not belong to the army. I should call them 'Hedge-row Captains.'"

"They call themselves by the rank which they held on active service," was the reply, "and since a soldier's real work is fighting in hostile country, and not merely drilling on a peaceful parade-ground, I do not think they will worry much over the opinion of a 'Cease-fire Subaltern' like yourself!"

CHAPTER XXIII

HAUSA FOLKLORE

I SUPPOSE no book on any part of West Africa would be complete without some reference to the folklore of the country, and this is especially the case with Northern Nigeria and the Gold Coast, where the Hausawa, or as we call them, the Hausas, are found. During my last tour I collected about 150 new tales, and I could have quadrupled the number with ease had I not had so much other work to do.

Whether these people are indigenous, or whether they are a mixture of Berbers and local Negroes, or (as I think) of Berbers, Arabs, and Negroes from the south-west of Egypt, need not be argued here, for I have already written on the subject in *The Niger and the West Sudan*, but some points are worth noting.

Their original country is what is now Northern Nigeria, and it consisted at one time of seven States, the *Hausa Bokkoi* ("Hausa Seven"), where the true tongue was spoken, to which seven others, the *Banza Bokkoi* ("False Seven"), were afterwards added. About one-third of the vocabulary of this language is composed of Arabic words, but the origin of the rest is still in doubt, though there seems to be some connection between the Hausa and the Coptic grammars. About A.D. 1000 the Hausa States were conquered by an alien race, probably of mixed origin, and coming from the east, the new-comers bringing the horse with them, and these people ruled the country until they in turn were subdued by the Filani in the early part of last century.

The Hausas have not the finely chiselled features of the Filani nor yet the very thick lips and flat noses of the Coast Negro; they are rather short and stumpy, and have woolly hair. They are good agriculturists, and, as a people, are more inclined for peace than for war, though individually, they are fine fighters when

properly led. They are also the traders *par excellence* of West Africa, always extending their sphere of operations, and are noted for their success in being able to drive hard bargains.

They are very fond of tales and proverbs, and almost every well-known animal or bird, and nearly every trade or profession, is represented in the folklore of the people; and as many animals can change themselves into human beings, according to their ideas, it is not surprising to find that they are supposed to follow the same pursuits. I hope to publish a book later which will give a fairly complete idea of the tales, but in a single chapter one can only point out some of the general characteristics, and I will confine these remarks to tales about animals. By the way, the name should be spelt Hausa, and pronounced How-za, not Houssa, which is the French rendering.

The spider (*gizzo*) is the king of cunning and craftiness, and, after each tale, the narrator excuses himself for the untruths that he has necessarily told, by saying that they have been told in the name of this insect. The spider is nicknamed *Maiwayo*, the crafty one, and at various times he is shown as outwitting the different animals and even man, though he does not seem quite the equal of an old woman. Many of his victims pay him out in the end, but he usually escapes because of his having procured a charm for popularity from a Mohammedan *mallam*, or learned man, in the following way:—

The Mallam, the Spider, and the Hyena

This is about a certain Learned Man and his Horse. He started from Zaria to go to the city of Kano, but, being tired, he dismounted and rested at the foot of a tamarind tree. Soon afterwards the Hyena came along, and, seeing the Mallam, said, "O Learned One, there is an Animal over yonder which has died; will you not lend me your Horse so that I may get there quickly?" And the Learned Man said, "Certainly, get on his back, O Hyena." Then the Hyena said, "Many thanks, but let me first take off the saddle and leave it here."

When she had taken it off, she led the Horse away, and, when she had led him to her den, she killed him and her Cubs ate him.

The Learned Man waited and waited, but there was no sign of the Hyena nor of the Horse, and he sat there at a loss what to do. Just then the Spider came along, and said, "O Learned Man, what are you doing here?" He said, "I am at a loss what to do; I have lost my Horse which I was to have ridden to Kano." Then the Spider said, "But here is a saddle, how is it you have no Horse to ride?" The Mallam replied, "The Hyena came and led away the Horse to her den." Then the Spider said, "Look here, I am going to bring the Hyena to you at once; I shall girth on the saddle, I shall put on the bridle, and you shall mount her and go to the city of Kano. If I do this for you will you give me a charm for popularity in return?" And the Mallam gave the required promise.

Then the Spider got up and went to the Hyena's den, and called out, "Hyena, you are wasting a splendid opportunity; there is a free feed to be had quite near here, yet you are at home doing nothing!" Then the Hyena replied, "Is it true, O Spider; has some Animal really died there? Let us go to the place with all speed." So she came out of her den, and they went off together in the forest.

Soon they came upon the saddle-cloth which the Hyena had flung off on the road, and the Spider said, "O Hyena, if I take this saddle-cloth, and put it on your back and ride you, we shall go much more quickly, for I am but a poor traveller." So the Hyena said, "Take it, O Spider, and put it on, by all means." So the Spider took it and put it on her, and mounted. After going on a little way, they came upon the saddle also, and the Spider said, "O Hyena, your back is very sharp, I had better girth the saddle on so that I may feel more comfortable while riding; I cannot go quickly like this." So she said, "Take it and put it on, by all means." So he put it on, and mounted again. Then he went and got the bridle also, and said, "O Hyena, if you have this on you, and if you were about to fall through the slipperiness of the ground, I could pull it and you would not fall." So the Hyena said, "Take it, and put it on too." So he put the bridle on her and mounted. And as they were going along, the Spider got the spurs, and said, "Let me put

HOME INDUSTRIES

The Kagoro woman is winnowing grain, which is to be ground on the stones seen at the door of a hut to the left. A Hausa man can be seen in the nearest hut making a mat (for which Jemaan Daroro is famed) in strips, which will be afterwards sewn together. See p. 289.

these on, so that if I touch you we shall go more quickly." And when he had put on the spurs and had mounted the Hyena again, he kept digging the spurs into her stomach, and making her run, until he had brought her to the Learned Man.

Then the Spider said, "O Learned Man, mount, here is the Hyena, I have brought her to you." So the Mallam made a charm for popularity [by writing out a verse of the Koran, and encasing it in a piece of soft leather], and gave it to the Spider, and then he mounted the Hyena, and went off towards Kano. As he was moving off, the Spider called out, "When you get to Kano, do not tie up the Hyena with a hide hobble, put a chain on her." Then the Learned Man said to the Hyena, "Stop, the Spider is saying something behind us." But the Hyena said, "I heard; he said that when you have reached Kano you must tie me with a hide hobble, you must not chain me up, for if you put a chain on me I should die, and you would have nothing to ride." So he spurred her, and they ran off.

When he had come to Kano he dismounted, and tied her up with a hide hobble, so when night came the Hyena ate the hide, and got free. Then she drank the water set ready for the inmates of the house, and ate all the fowls that she could find, and then she seized a goat and ran off with it to the forest, and succeeded in finding her way home to her cubs.

When she had refreshed herself, she went out to look for the Spider, but he had been given a charm for popularity, so every Animal she inquired of wished to save him from her anger, and said, "I have not seen the Spider." She searched for him until she became tired with traversing the forest, but she did not see him, and after a time an internal sickness griped her, and she died in the forest. That was the reason why the Spider became popular; every tale is ascribed to the Spider.

The spider had not much cause to be proud of his victory over the hyena perhaps, for she is known as a silly beast, quite the buffoon of the animal world, but he soon had another adventure on his hands.

The Spider, the Fish, and the Lion

This is about the Spider. It was a time of famine, there had been hunger in the land for a long time, and there was nothing for him to eat; but some small Red-Breasted Birds used to pluck the berries from a tree in the centre of a very deep lake which no one could enter, and they used to give him a few. One day when the Birds had come back, the Spider persuaded one of them to let him ride on his wing, and they went to the lake together. When the Spider was about to pluck the berries the Birds stopped him, and tried to deceive him, saying, "We always sleep in the tree, and in the morning find that the berries have ripened."

Now when they had gone to sleep, the Bird who was carrying the Spider slipped her wing from under him, and she flew off and left him helpless, so that when he moved he fell into the lake. He sank in the water until he came to the house of the Water-Dwellers, and they made him so welcome that they began quarrelling over him, each claiming him as a relative. Then one of the disputants said, "Mix some locust fruit, and make it very hot, and if he is a relative of ours he will drink it however hot it may be; if he is not, then he will let it cool." When they had prepared it, the Spider said, "Take it into the sun [to make it hotter, apparently forgetting he was under water], and keep on stirring it," and he drank it all up. Then the Water-Dwellers said, "He is our brother," and they brought him to the house of a Fish who had just laid 100 eggs, and installed him there, but the Spider said to the Fish's young ones, "If you hear a sound like 'pus,' you will know that I am hiccoughing."

When they had gone he took the eggs, and put them on the fire, and when he broke them and they made a "pus," the young Fish said, "The guest is hiccoughing." Then the older Fish rebuked them for saying so, but the Spider called out, "Do not scold them, I am their father," and he ate up the eggs all but one.

After two days, he said he must return home, and many of the Water-Dwellers said they would escort him [a mark of honour

as mentioned before], the Frog being the most important of them. So they started travelling, and soon afterwards the Fish which owned the eggs and had been left behind, entered the house where the Spider had been lodging, and saw that he had eaten the eggs. Then they called out, "Bring back the stranger, he has eaten the eggs." But the Spider heard first, and said, "Hurry, hurry, the rain is coming," and, when he had come to the bank, he told the Fish escorting him to get inside his basket and he would carry them. The Frog was going to enter, but the Spider prevented him, but the Fish all got inside, and the Spider tied up the mouth of the basket tightly, and then he lighted a fire and put one of the Fish on it to grill.

Now it happened that just then the Lion arrived, and came up behind the Spider and stood there. But the Spider did not see him, and as soon as the first Fish was cooked he took it off the fire to make room for the next, and threw it behind him, and the Lion took it. This happened each time, and when all had been cooked the Spider looked around, expecting to see his pile of Fish, and found that the Lion had eaten every one. Then the Spider was furious, but, being always cunning, he addressed the Lion with the usual salutation, "O Great One, Elder Brother of the Forest, did you see the feast that I provided for you?" And the Lion replied that he had, and they went off together, apparently the best of friends.

As they were walking along, a Partridge flew out just in front of them, and the Spider said that she was trying to avoid paying her barber [for tattooing her]. Then the Lion said, "Was it you who made those marks on her?" and the Spider said "Yes."

A little farther on a Guinea-Fowl rose up, and the Spider said that she too was trying to cheat him. Then the Lion asked if the Spider had made her marks for her also, and, on being told that that was the case, he said that he should like some. Then the Spider said, "It will be very difficult to tattoo you, O Strong One, unless proper preparations are made; first, it will be necessary to kill a Buffalo, and to flay it, and to make a rope of the hide." So the Lion captured a Buffalo, and gave the body to

the Spider, who cut its throat, and skinned it, and made a rope of the hide. Then he asked the Lion to go into the forest and find a tree so strong that however hard it was pushed it could not be bent. So the Lion shook trees in every direction, and he broke them all, until at last he found a *Kiria* which he could not bend, and the Spider tied him to it. Then he said to the Lion, "Now, see if you can move, and wherever the lashings are loose show me," and where the Spider saw any movement he tied the rope all the tighter. Then he put his knife in the fire, and when he had made it red-hot he slashed the Lion's body in all directions, saying, after each stroke, "That is for the fish you stole from me," and when he had cut the Lion until he was tired he went off home. Soon afterwards the White-Ant appeared, and said to the Lion, "If one makes day for you (does you a good turn) will you make night for him (repay it with a bad one)?" And, when the Lion had said that he would not do such a thing, the White-Ant ate through the hide in all directions, and freed the Lion. But the latter trod on him and ate him, and the White-Ant said, "Alas! that is what I feared."

Then the Lion went to an Old Woman, and asked her advice as to how he could pay the Spider back; and she said, "Well, if I do you a good turn do not repay me with a bad one." And when he had promised she took the Lion to her house, and made an evil-smelling soup with which she smeared the whole of the Lion's body, with the exception of his eyes, and she took him and put him in a corner, and all the house smelt of the soup. Then she went to the Spider's house, and said, "Who has killed the Lion? he is rotting." And the Spider said, "I have a deadly poison; when I shot him I knew he would die;" and he continued boasting of how he had hunted and killed the Lion until they arrived at the Old Woman's house. But when the Spider had come close and had touched the Lion, the latter seized him and threw him against the wall, and killed him, and then the Lion said that he had avenged himself.

This story is more complete than most, and shows how the spider deceived the lion, and was in turn trapped, a variant

making the jackal a victim. There is a resemblance in this to our story of "The Lion and the Mouse."

The goat, the sheep, the jackal, and the donkey are regarded as wise animals, while the dog and the monkey are rather foolish, though usually too clever for the hyena, which is the butt of all the animals.

The Hyena, the Sheep, and the Monkey

There was once a Sheep who, with her two Lambs, set out on her travels, and the three journeyed on and on, until, as night approached, they found themselves at the house of the Hyena. The Hyena made food for them, and they ate it, and when they had finished the Hyena gave them a hut to sleep in, and she and her seven Cubs shut them in lest they should run away. During the night the Sheep dug a hole, and made a tunnel under the wall [this is often done by the Hyenas in order to reach Goats and Sheep shut up in a hut], and she and her two Lambs escaped. They ran on to the brink of the river, and there they obtained three gourds, one large, the other two small. Then they made three holes in the earth, and the Sheep put the gourds in the holes, and she and her Lambs ran on again.

In the morning the Hyena arose and looked in the hut where the Sheep had slept, but saw that she was too late, so she galloped after them, and there on the brink of the river she saw the three white gourds [which she mistook for the heads of the Sheep and her Lambs]. "Oh, there they are," she said; "they have not gone far," and she sprang on to them. But the earth gave way and she fell into the river.

Just then the Monkey came up to drink, and the Hyena said, "O Monkey, will you not let me catch hold of your tail that I may pull myself out?" But the Monkey replied, "Oh no, if one does you a good turn you will repay him with an evil one." But she swore that she would not do such a thing, and so the Monkey stretched out his tail, and she seized it, and pulled herself out of the water. When she had done this the Monkey said, "Now let me go"; but the Hyena said, "Will you not let me have a bite off it?" and she bit off half, and even then she refused to let him go.

As they went along they came upon the Jackal, the Wise-Man of the Forest, the Learned One, the Scholar, and they asked him to judge between them. Then the Jackal told the Hyena to release the Monkey first, but she said that he would escape if she did so, but after a while she was persuaded and let him go. Then the Jackal rushed into his hole, calling out to the Monkey to climb into the tree above, and so they left the Hyena sitting there alone.

Perhaps a part of the cleverness of the donkeys is due to the fact that some of them are really girls, corresponding in some respects to the swan-maidens of other countries.

The Donkey-Girl

There was once a certain Woman who was very anxious for Children, but she had not had any, and one day, seeing a Donkey, she prayed to God to give her a Child even if it were only a Donkey. On her return home she found that she had conceived, and she afterwards brought forth her Offspring, a Donkey. The Donkey was always tied up near the house until it grew big, and then it was allowed to go into the bush by itself [as is the custom by day, returning to the owner at night]. When it went to the forest it used to throw off the Donkey skin and enter the water and wash, and after that it would put on the skin again and return home, and be tied up as before.

One day it went to the forest to feed, and a Hunter saw it throw off the skin, and enter the water, as a young Maiden, more beautiful than any he had ever seen. Then the Hunter ran to the King, and said, "So and So's Child is not a Donkey at all, but a Human Being." And the King sent a Messenger to the Girl's Father to ask him for the Donkey in marriage. The Parents said, "How can the King marry a Donkey?" but the King replied that he wanted to do so, and they said, therefore, that they would give him it, and the Donkey was brought to the King's house and tied up there.

Next morning, the King unloosed it, and sent it out to feed, telling the Hunter that if the Girl should enter the water and he

could steal the Donkey skin, he should be given a Horse [a form of currency and a ceremonial present] as a reward. Now the Hunter had made friends with a Hawk, and he said to it, "O Hawk, if this Girl enters the water, and you manage to steal her skin, I will give you three Fowls;" so when the Girl had gone into the water and had taken off her Donkey skin the Hawk swooped down and took it. When the Girl came out and found that her skin had disappeared, she ran home to her mother's house and hid, but her Parents gave her a Woman's clothing, and took her to the King's house, and the King made her his Wife.

There are several tales of human beings marrying with insects or animals, but there is usually deceit on the part of the latter, and these unions usually end in a sad way, but in one tale the spider is admitted to be the best husband of all, though the reasons do not seem very satisfactory to us.

Dodo, the Spider, and his Wives

A Spider had two wives, and one day he went and made up two bundles of wood, and he brought them and gave each Wife one. Then he asked them if there were any Man who would do better than he had [because he had done their work for them], and as they said that there was, he told them to take him to the house of the Man who was better than he was. So they started out, and having bought white cloth, they came to the house of Dodo [a mythical monster; in this case he is a land spirit, for he cannot enter the river, but he is usually a water god, possibly originating from the crocodile]. They said to Dodo's Mother that they had brought a Bride for the "Man of Men," and then they left the Spider there, wrapped in the white clothes like a bride [the face being also veiled], and went home.

Soon afterwards, Dodo came home singing, and wondering how he was going to wash the dirt from his body, and, when the Spider heard him, he got up and ran away. When Dodo had arrived, his Mother told him that a Bride had been brought for him, and Dodo asked where she was. Then he looked in the clothes, but saw no bride, and he followed the Spider's footsteps.

Meanwhile, the Spider had overtaken some Farmers, and they asked him what was making him run away. He replied that it was Dodo, and then they said, "Pooh, sit down here, and if he comes we will hide you amongst the roots of the tomatoes." But Dodo was coming on, and when the Farmers saw him, they asked the Spider who it was that was coming. "That is the Dodo who is chasing me," he replied, and then they said, "Get up, and run away, we cannot hide you from him," and they also ran away.

The Spider arose, and ran on again, and came upon some Harvesters, and they also asked what he was running away from, and, when he told them, they said he could hide in a furrow. But when they saw Dodo coming, they too told him to fly, and so he ran on again until he reached a river, and he crossed it just as Dodo arrived on the bank. Then the Spider stood his ground and laughed at Dodo, for he could not cross the river, and so he got safely back to his house while Dodo had to retrace his steps.

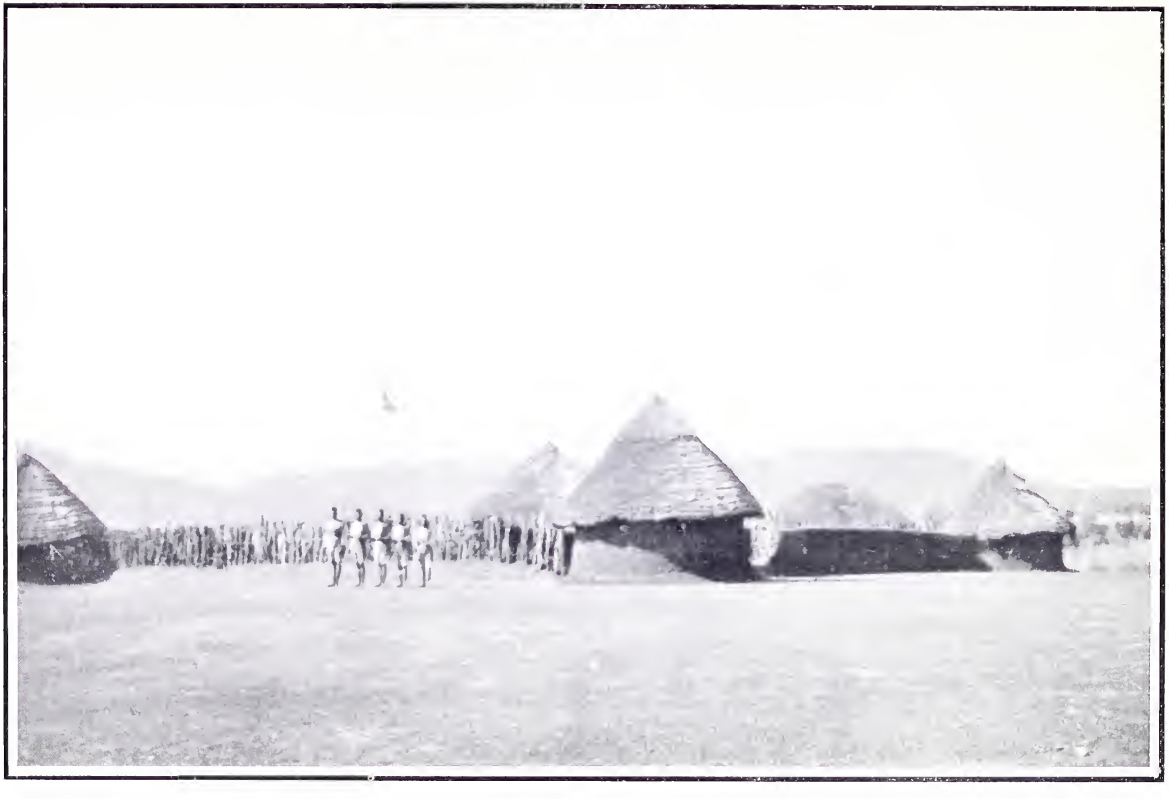
Then the Spider seized one of his Wives, and took her to Dodo for him to marry her, but he ate her instead. Then the Spider asked the other Wife if there was any better man than he, and she said, "Oh no, you are better than any man."

I cannot call to mind any stories which ascribe to the dog the task of helping a human being in trouble, but the horse is mentioned in such a connection in several tales. The speed of the animal is naturally the useful characteristic in this connection, but the horse is made to show also a certain amount of intelligence, and in this story a mare acts like a Fairy Godmother.

Salifu and the Wonderful Mare

The King of a certain city had ten Sons, and sickness seized hold upon him, and he knew that he was going to die. So he summoned his ten Sons to his bed-side, and said to them, "Come to-morrow, and I will advise you how to live a happy life on earth."

Next morning, the Sons came, and he summoned the Eldest first, and said to him, "You see that I am about to die; you know my old Mare; when I am dead that Mare will be your portion."



GOOD-BYE TO JEMAA

The Waff Guard at Jemaan Daroro turning out as I rode away. The front wall of the "fort" had been washed away during the rains, and was replaced by a stockade. The Kagoro Hills can just be seen to the right.

But the Eldest Son said, "I refuse; there is much property; I shall not be content with the Mare."

Then the Father summoned the Second Son, and made the same proposition to him, but he also refused, and so did all the Others down to the Ninth with a like result. But the Tenth, Salifu, said, "I agree, Father, and I thank you." He then went out, and all the Others arose and went also. Salifu went off to collect grass for his Father's horses, and before he had returned his Father was dead. Then there were lamentations, and after that the property was collected ready for distribution.

Everything was arranged in ten lots, Slaves, Cattle, Horses, Donkeys and everything, and then the Eldest Son was told to take his lot, the Second to take his, and so on to the Ninth Son. But Salifu refused to take his portion, and said that the old Mare was enough for him, and that he did not want anything else. Then his Mother began to abuse him for not taking the lot [apparently the distribution was not on the Mohammedan system—otherwise her share would have been greater by his refusal—but on a system something like that of the Hindu, where a mother shares with her sons], but he refused to be persuaded. So the Other Brothers said, "Very well," and they divided the tenth lot, and Every One went away. Salifu took away his Mare, and soon afterwards she conceived, and bore a Foal, a wonderful male Charger. Then the King of another City heard the news and said that he wanted to buy the Foal, and he gave 100 Slaves for it.

Then Salifu's Brothers said that their Father had played them a trick, since the Mare could bring forth a Foal worth 100 Slaves, and they determined to kill Salifu and seize his possessions. So they said to him that he must go to a certain tree and pick kola-nuts for them. Now the tree was in the midst of a lake, so the Boy knew that he could not get near it, and he began crying. Then the Mare said, "What are you crying for?" He replied, "My Brothers summoned me, and told me that I must go and bring them kola-nuts from the lake." Then the Mare said, "Is that all? Leave off crying; since you did not cause your Father any grief you will not have any. Now, go into your Father's room and bring me a handkerchief." When he had brought it,

she spread it in front of him, and a Crow and a Frog came out of it. Then the Mare said to them, "Go to the lake and get the kola-nuts." So they went; the Crow flew up above and plucked off the nuts, and when they fell into the water the Frog caught them. Then they emerged from the lake, and the Crow took the nuts to the Boy, and he gave them to his Brothers. Then they said, "There is no one who can beat this Boy; go home again," so he went home.

But soon afterwards the Brothers were gathered together again, and sent for Salifu, and when he had come they said, "We are giving our Servants food; go home and they will bring it to you, and when you have eaten it give them back the calabashes." Then Salifu returned home, and began crying, and the Mare asked him what he was crying for; and, when she had been told, she said, "Go into your father's room and bring that handkerchief." So he entered, and brought it, and, when the Mare had spread it in front of him, Slipperiness came out, and Small Pieces of Wood, and they went to the road, the Slipperiness placing itself in the middle of the path, the Wood doing the same. Four Youths had been detailed to bring the meat and grain, and one to carry the soup [all eaten together, the whole being enough for, perhaps, eight men], and when they had reached the road to the house, the first one stumbled, for the Slipperiness had caught him, and when he fell down the Wood broke his legs. All fell down and broke their legs, and the food was wasted in the forest.

Then again the Brothers summoned Salifu to come, and they said, "Go home, for guinea-corn, millet, *atcha*, and rice will be sent to you all mixed together, and you must separate them by to-morrow morning." Then he went home and began crying, and the Mare asked him what he was sad about now; and, when she had been told, she once more had the handkerchief brought. Then she spread it as before, and said, "All You who are inside come forth, there is work for you to do," and immediately a great multitude of Ants appeared, and separated the grain, and Salifu sent it back in different calabashes to his Brothers.

Soon afterwards the Brothers said, "There is a certain Girl

among the rebels, the King's Daughter, go and bring her here." Then Salifu began crying again, and told the Mare what he had been set to do, and she said, "Here is my Foal, bring sour milk in a large gourd, put some millet into it also, and mix them [a very great delicacy, as mentioned before], and let him drink it." When the Foal had drunk, the Mare said, "Now saddle him, mount, and go off." Salifu said that he did not know the way, but the Mare said that the Foal knew it, so off they started. They travelled all day and all night, and, by the next morning, they had reached the town. Then the Foal said, "Let us find a place where we can hide in this long grass; when the Women come out to draw water we will seize the Girl we want."

So they went and hid until noon, when a crowd of Young Girls came out of the city to go to the waterside. Four of the Girls were holding a cloth like a canopy over the King's Daughter, and she walked along between them. Then the Foal rushed out of the grass, and the Boy seized the Girl, and lifted her on to his saddle, and they galloped off as the alarm was sounded. But Salifu returned safely to his house, and brought the Girl to his Brothers, and she said, "Oh indeed, did you not seize me for yourself? who is it who made you do it for him?" Then the Brothers said to her, "Go into the house!" But the Girl said, "Oh no, I am a King's Daughter, I will not enter unless a Ram is killed in my honour." So a Ram was brought, and she told them to kill it, and, when it had been divided up, she took the skin and beat it with her hands, and the skin arose and became a Ram again. Then she said to the King, "Now you also let me treat you likewise," and the King agreed, and she killed him. Then she said to the Brothers, "You also will I kill unless you make Salifu King;" and so they agreed, and she made him King and took him to the King's palace, and she said, "To-day you are King, Salifu; he who refuses to follow you, kill him. They refused to do what your Father told them, but you obeyed, and so you are now best off."

Birds seem usually more intelligent than animals, and there is a tale of the battle between them in which the latter are badly

worsted, but sometimes they come off only second best. They, too, help man at times, though at others he must beware of them, since they are always stealing his grains and fruits. The following story shows a bird to much better advantage than the human beings concerned. Does it refer to a process of substitution?

The Greedy Woman and the Good Bird

There was a certain Old Woman once who had a Daughter. There was also a man who had a Bull which he wanted to sell, but he said that his Bull was not to be bought for money, but that Whoever bought it, on the date when payment became due, must be buried alive. Then the Old Woman said that she would take the Bull on these terms, and the Owner said, "Very well, you have a Daughter; when the date comes you must give her to me so that I may bury her alive," and the Old Woman agreed, and she took the Bull.

When the day came the "Burier-alive" came, and said, "Old Woman, the day has come; give me your Daughter that I may bury her alive;" and he went off and began digging a grave. Then he returned, and took the Girl, and made her walk in front of him. When they had gone some distance, the Old Woman, in order to delay the evil hour, called out, "O Burier-alive, the Girl has some jewels, will you not allow her to fetch them?" So he said, "Bring them to her," and she brought them. When they had gone on again the Old Woman called out, "What about her clothes?" and he said, "Bring them," and so she brought them also.

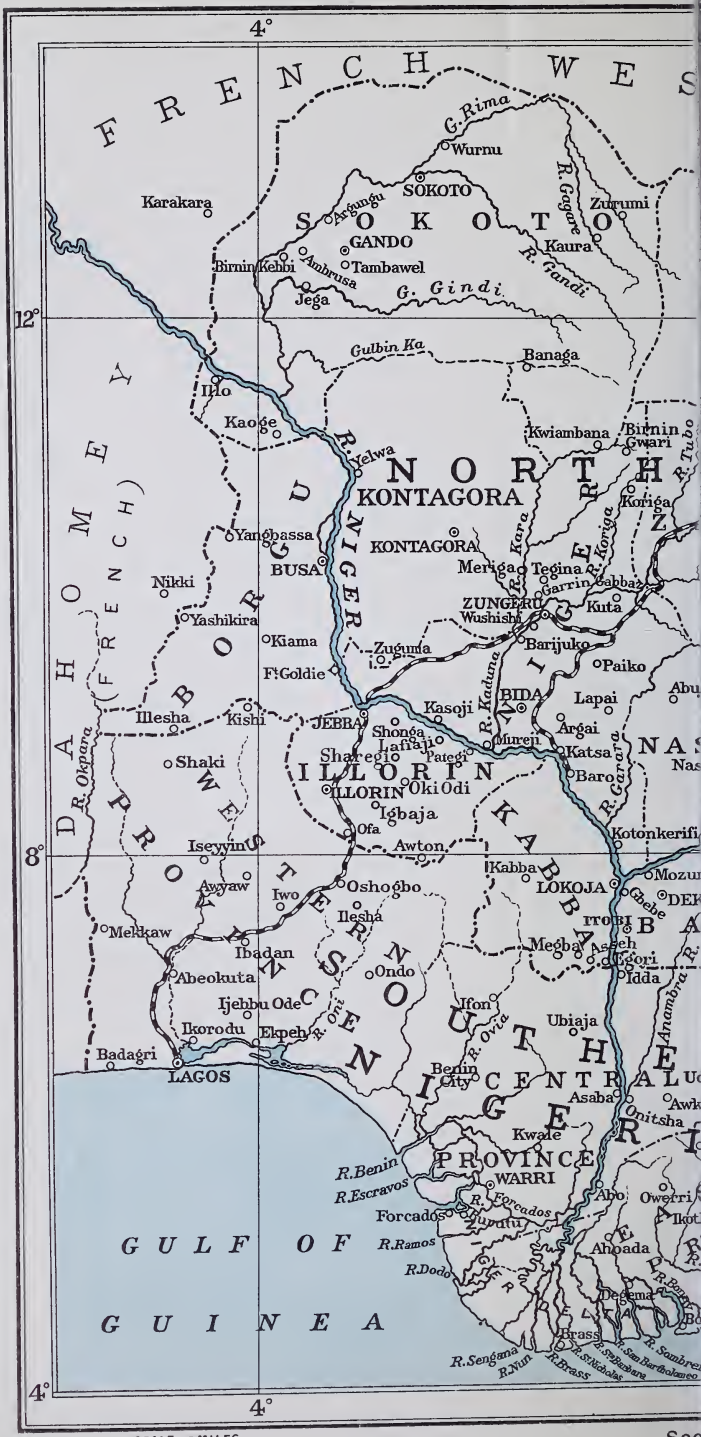
After a while they came near to the grave, and the Old Woman was crying that Fate was against her, and saying, "Had I only known that it would come to this I would not have acted so; it is Greed which kills the Dog, not Hunger." Just then a Red Bird flew up, and said, "What are you crying for, Old Woman?" And she replied, "Alas, because of my greed my Daughter is to be buried alive!" Then the Bird said, "Old Woman, leave off crying. I will dry your tears for you, but if I do you a good turn you must not return me a bad one."

Then the Old Woman called out, "O Burier-alive, my

Daughter has silken cords for her neck, will you not allow her to fetch them?" And he said "Bring them." But the Red Bird took them, and tied them around her neck, and became a Girl, while the Girl turned into a Red Bird, and flew up and returned to the Old Woman. Then the Burier-alive made the Red Bird walk in front—he did not know it was a Bird—and made it lie down in the hole, and began mixing earth to plaster it over the grave. But the Bird flew away when he was not looking, and so the Burier-alive made his clay for nothing, for he did not know that she had flown away. Then the Bird returned to the Old Woman, and said, "You must fight against Greed; it is a thing to be avoided, and if you are patient it will disappear."

Most excellent advice, which is recommended to all the Hausas and other natives of the country; but, after all, they are not so bad; it is wonderful sometimes to see what hardships they will put up with. They are fine fellows when unspoilt, and their good humour and cheerfulness under adverse circumstances are an excellent antidote to the European who is working up for a fit of the blues. And in spite of the blackwater, I hope that it is with them, as also with my readers, not a case of "Goodbye," but only of "Au Revoir."

MAP OF NORTHERN NIGERIA



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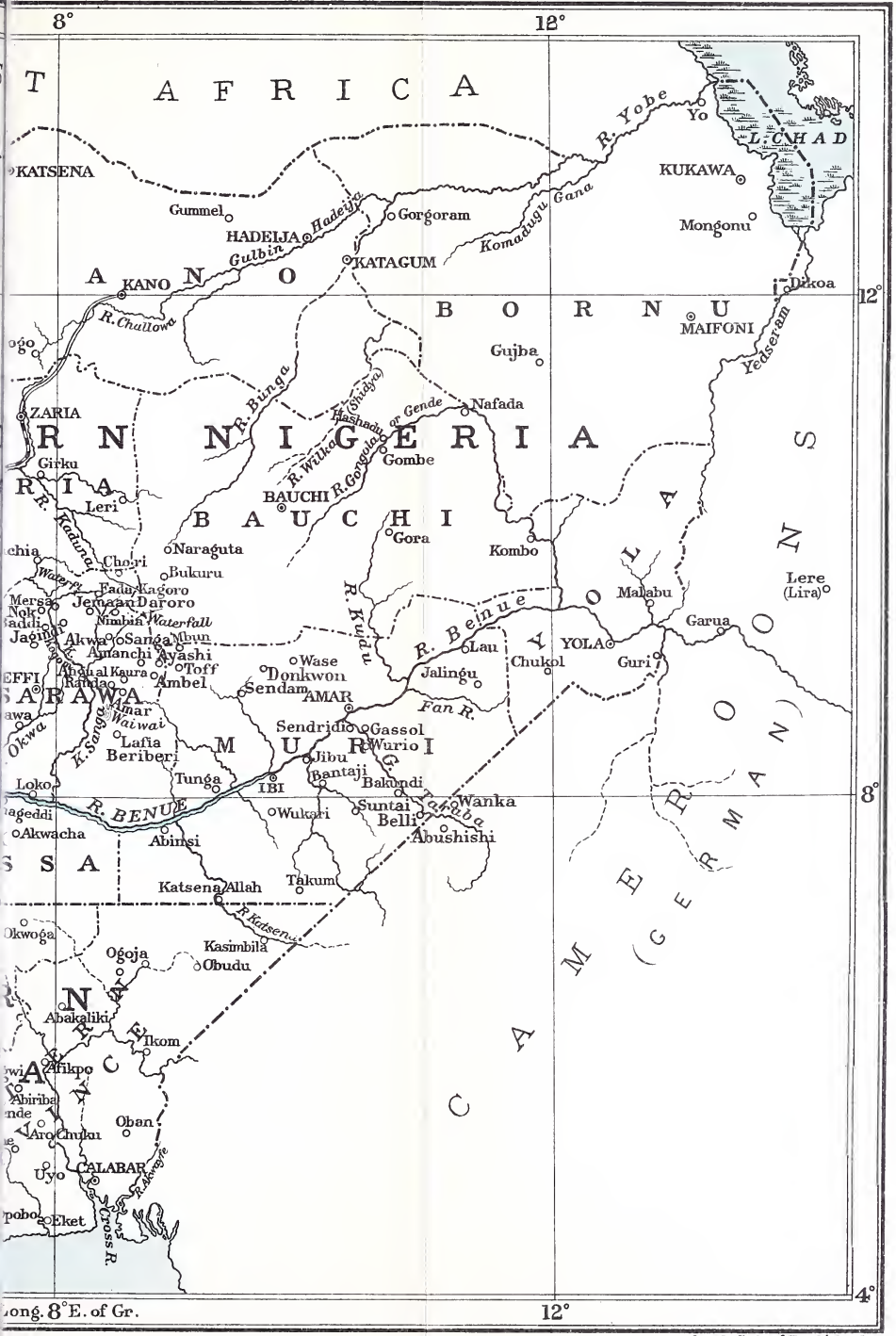
OR "THE TAILED HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIGERIA."



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